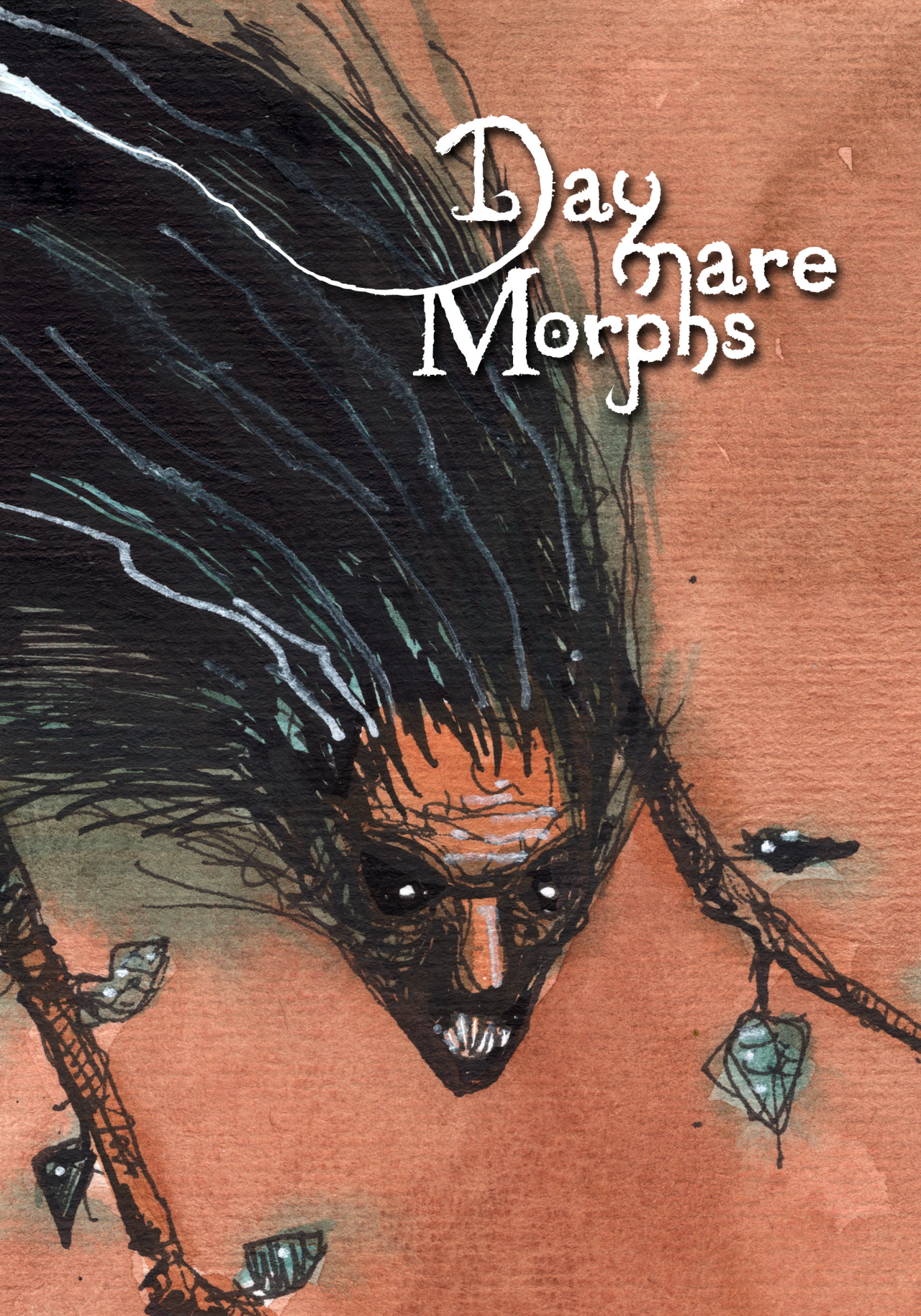


# Daymare Morphs





# Daymare Morphs

"Daymare Morphs"

written by Nikodem Skrodzki

created by Mateusz Skutnik 1997-2001

ebook release 2021

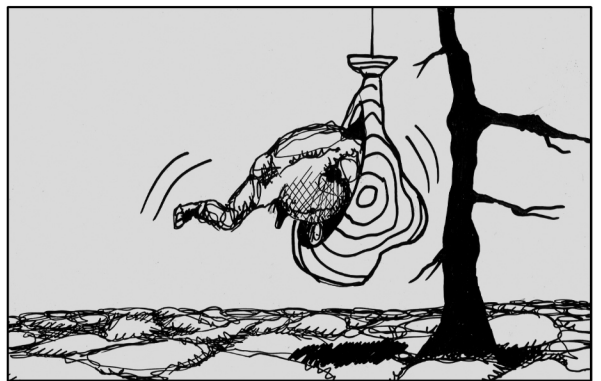
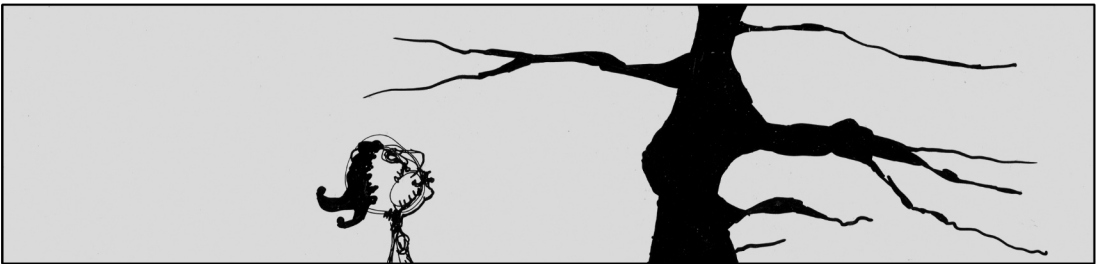
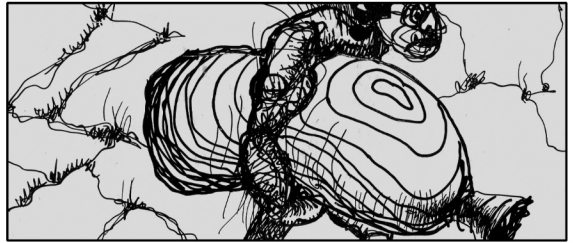
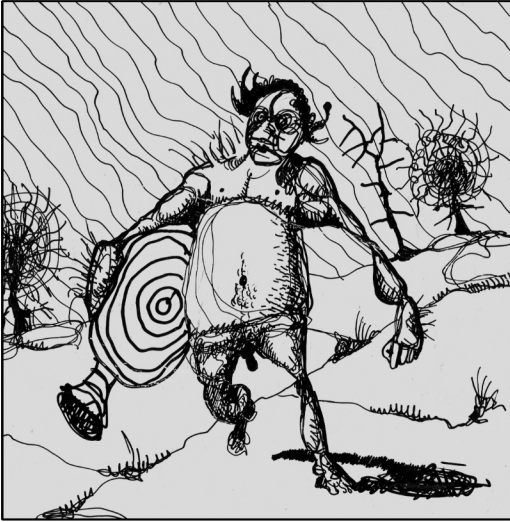
Translation by Mateusz Skutnik

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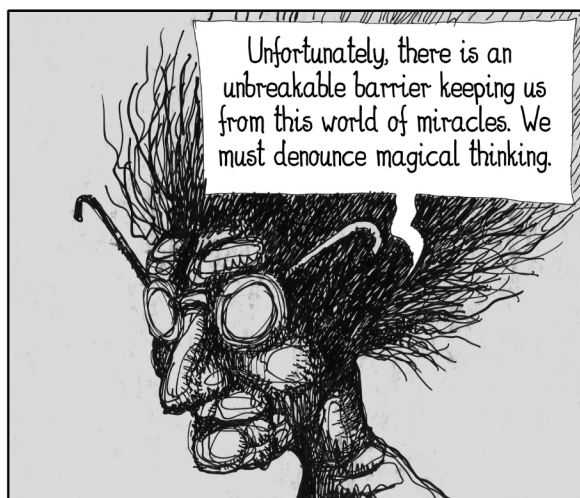




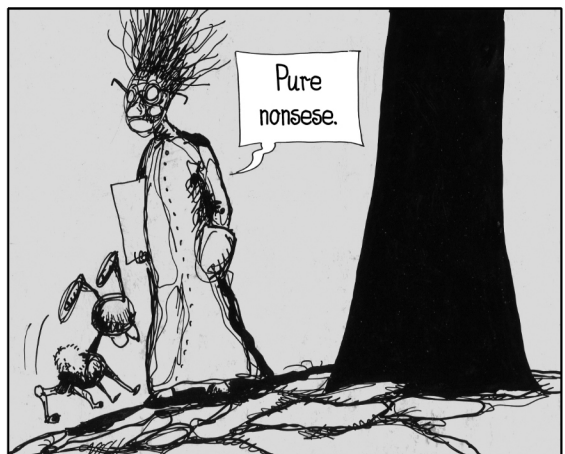
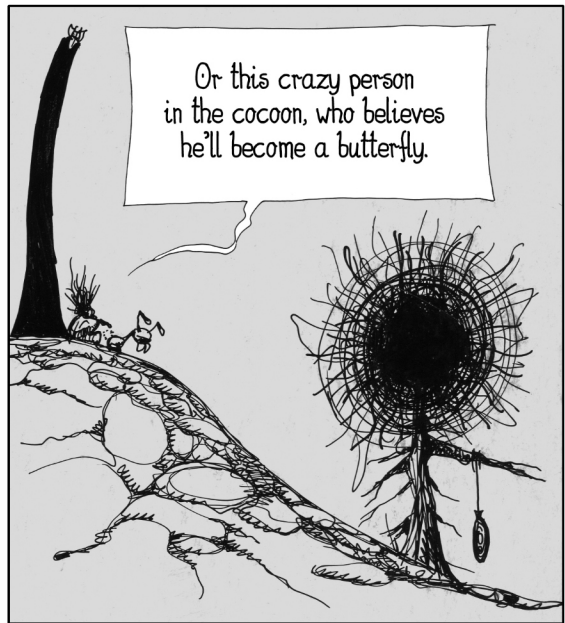
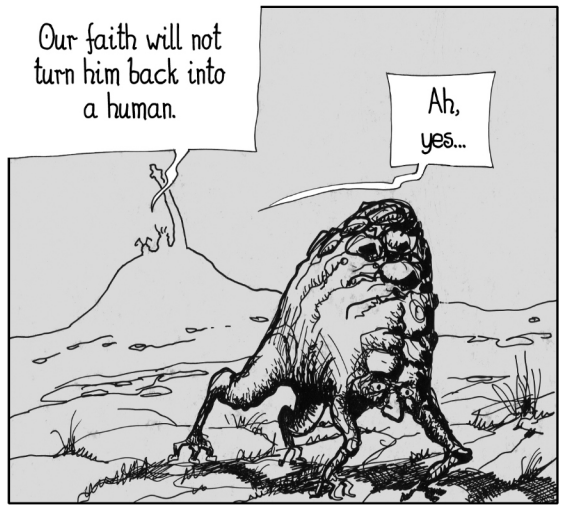


As I was telling you  
before, objectively  
speaking - matter does  
not exist...

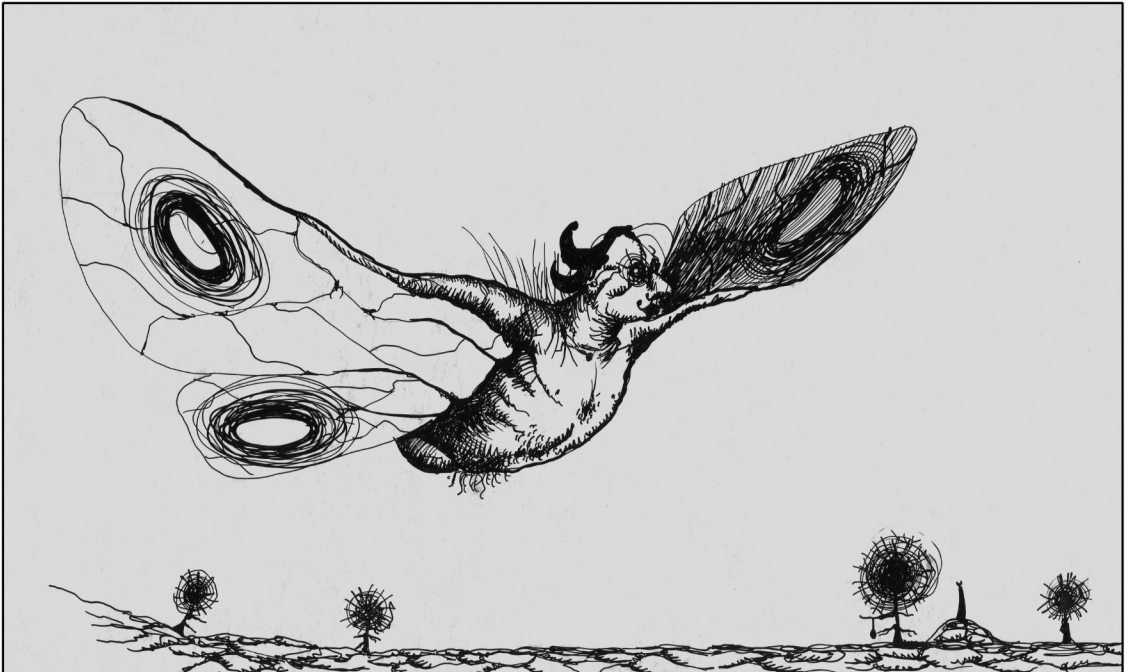
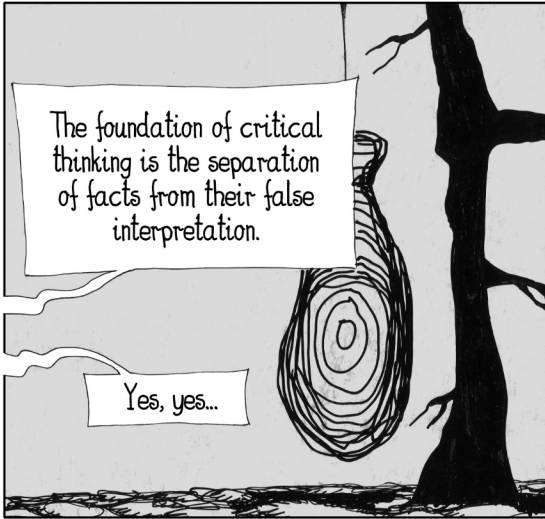




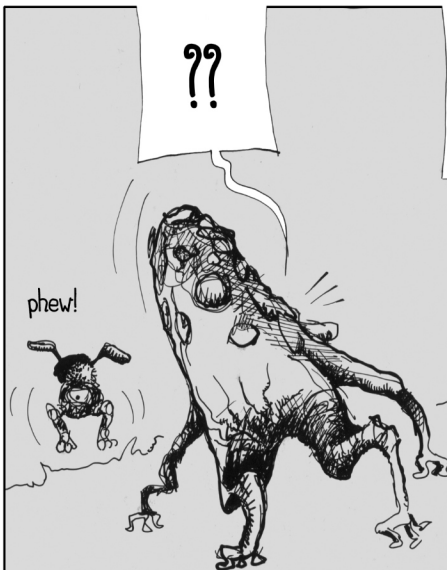
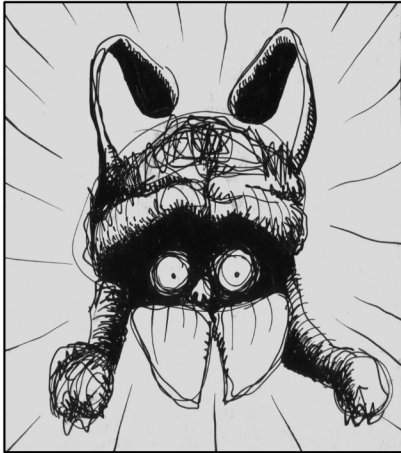
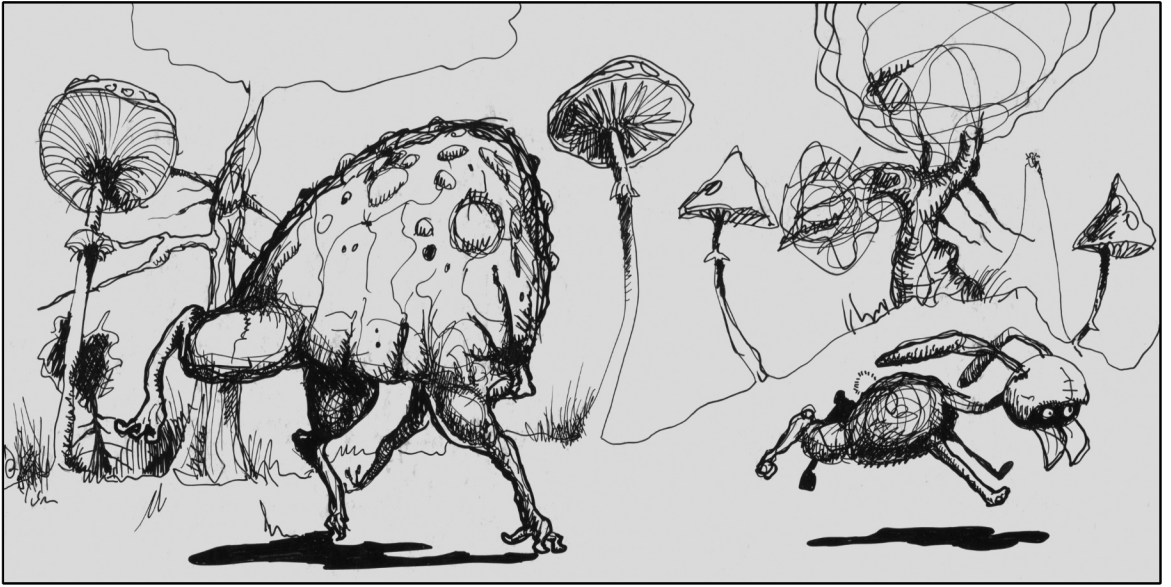










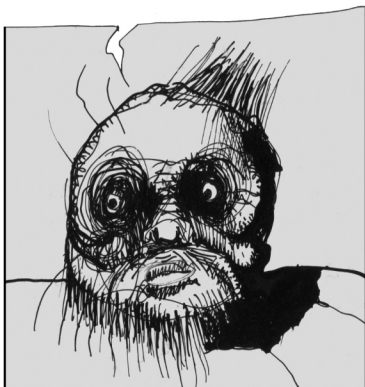


Look at yourself, you're pathetic!  
You live in the woods, eating  
whatever you can catch...  
Come back to civilisation!





Weremorph! Your duty is to take responsibility for yourself, as a man you once were!

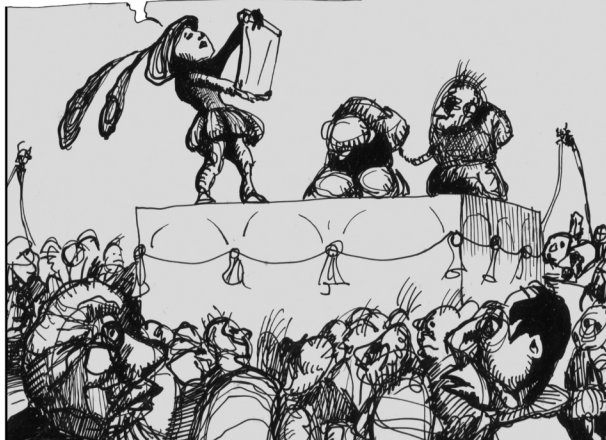


Work on improving yourself and the world around you in coherent collective of society!



Meanwhile, somewhere else...

Hereby those two cutthroats are sentenced to beheading by executioner's axe...



... with possibility of changing the sentence to death by trying to convert the Weremorph.

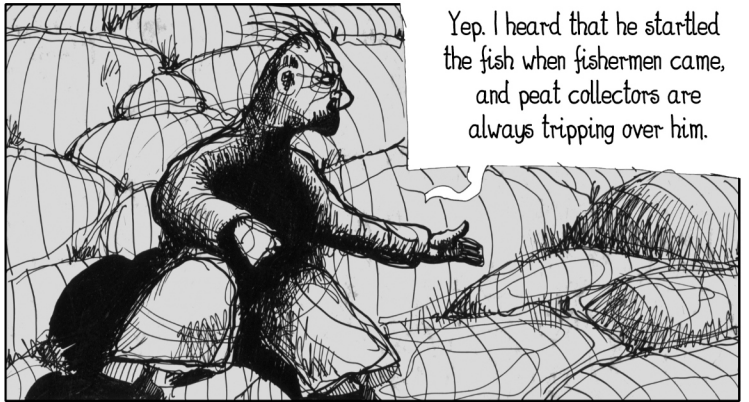




Did you notice,  
that everywhere anyone goes,  
they always meet the Stilter?



Yep. I heard that he startled  
the fish when fishermen came,  
and peat collectors are  
always tripping over him.



The hunters gathering  
the game from snares  
have seen him yesterday  
as well. Strange...



He's behind  
us now  
as well!!!



Yesterday?

Yes.

Maybe it's stupid,  
but you know what...

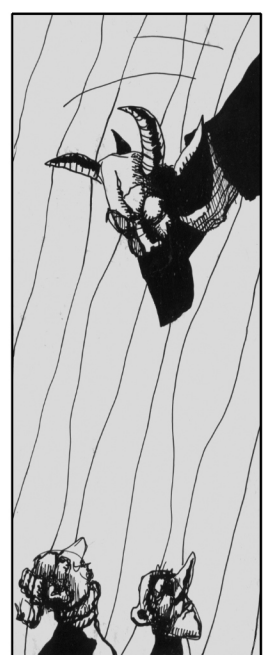


What?









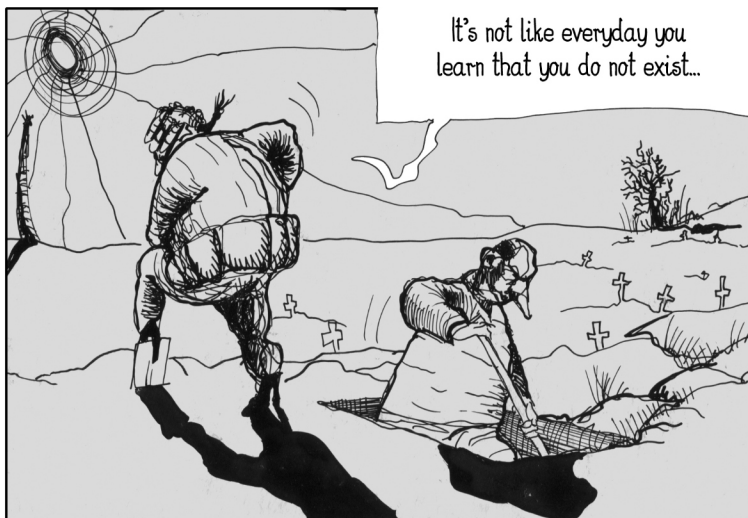
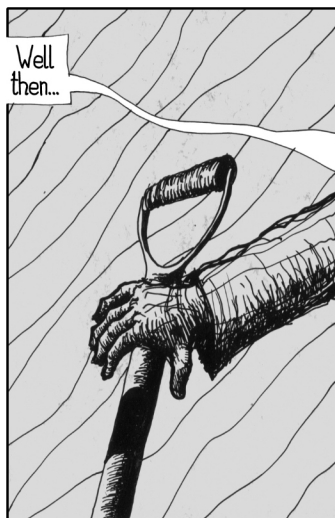
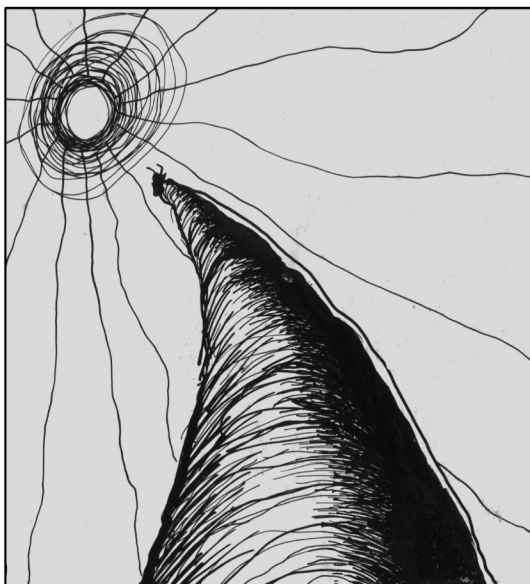
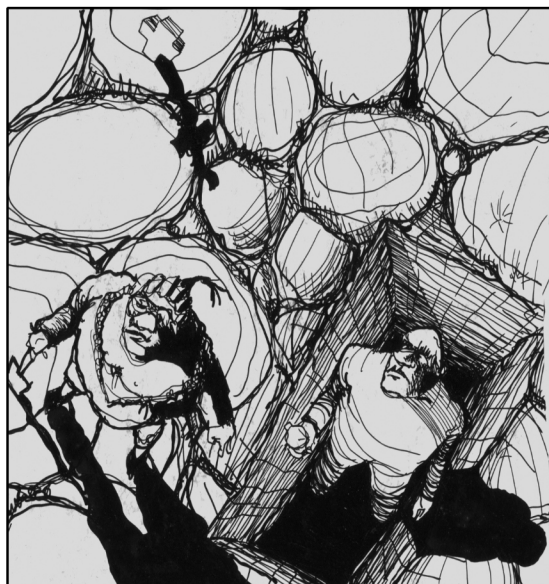
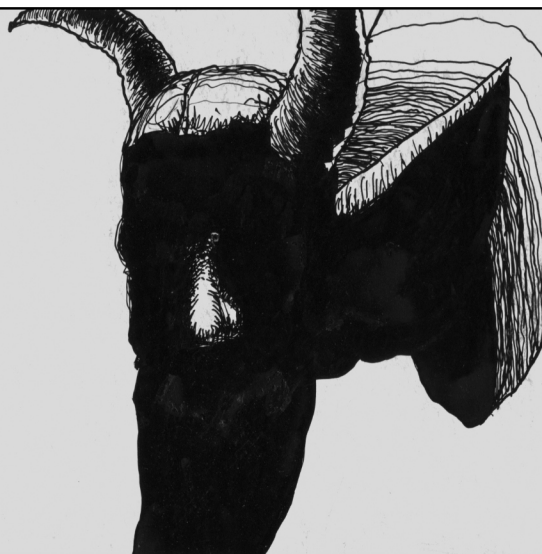


I can.  
But there's no point in talking to you,  
because you don't exist.

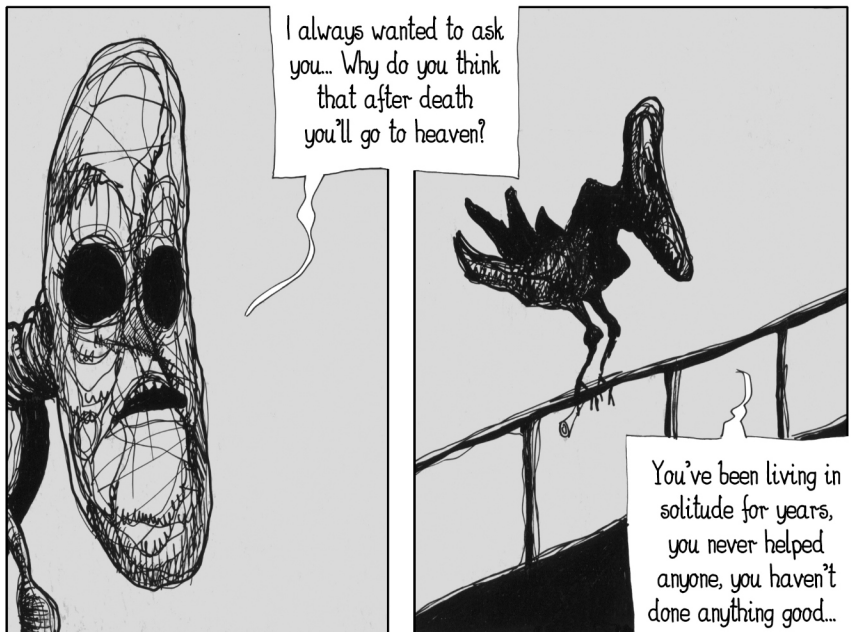
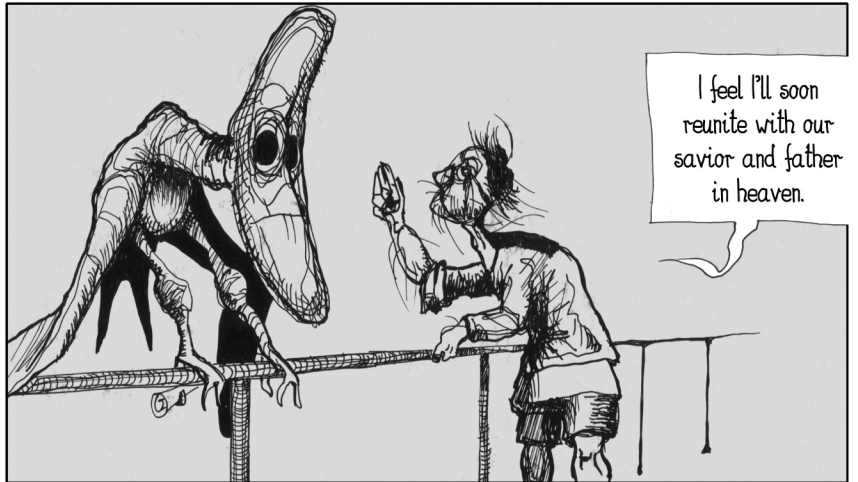
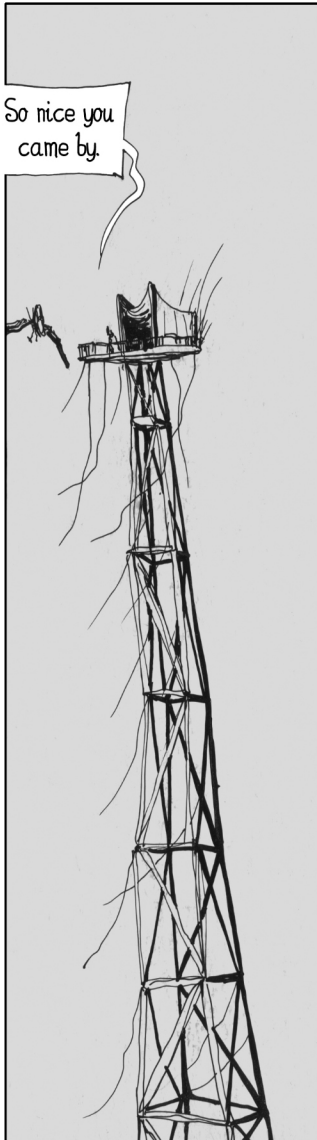
You are nothing  
but a projection  
of my mind.

The only existing thing is me,  
I am the sole subject of knowledge.

There's no need for a conversation  
in a non-existing universe.

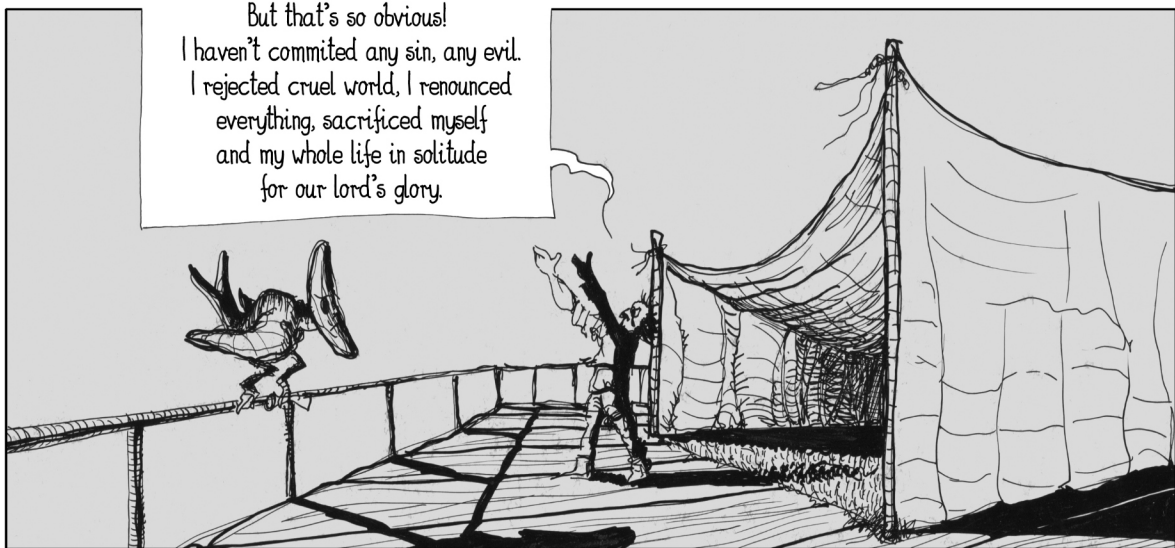








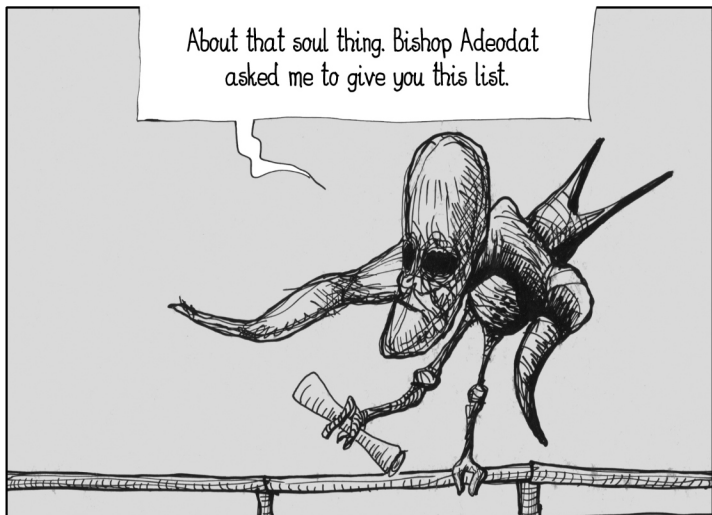
But that's so obvious!  
I haven't committed any sin, any evil.  
I rejected cruel world, I renounced  
everything, sacrificed myself  
and my whole life in solitude  
for our lord's glory.



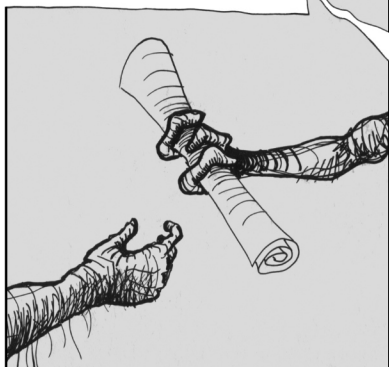
My pure soul will rest  
by the right hand of our lord  
after my soon to come release  
from this plane of reality.



About that soul thing, Bishop Adeodat  
asked me to give you this list.



These are requests of  
the believers to our holy lord.  
If you could deliver that  
once you get to paradise...



But of course... Hmmm... Yes...

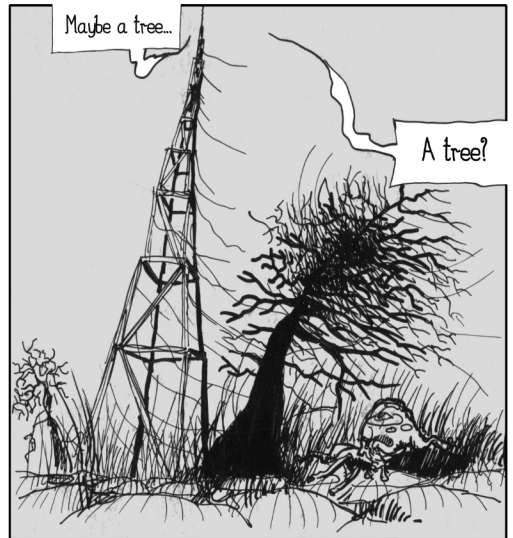




How about you, don't you have any requests?

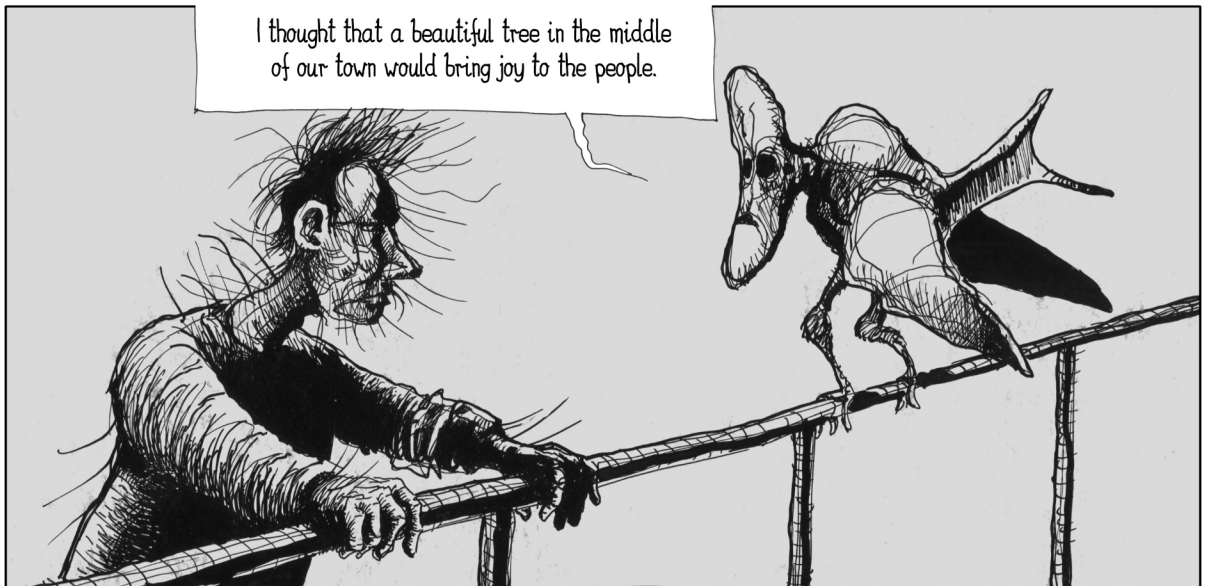


HMM...

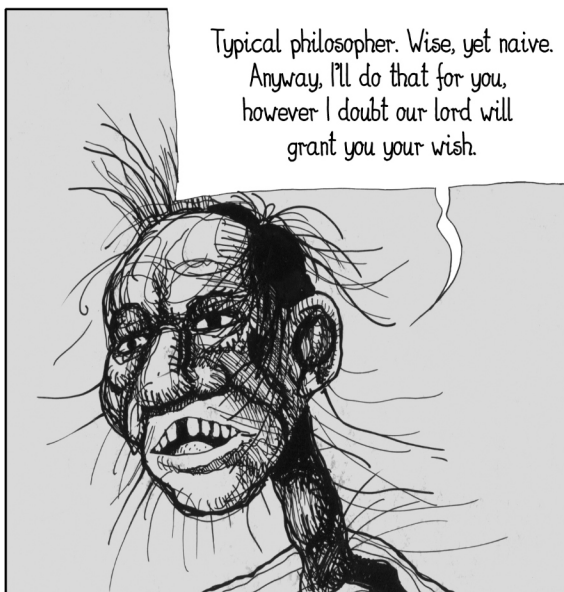


Maybe a tree...

A tree!



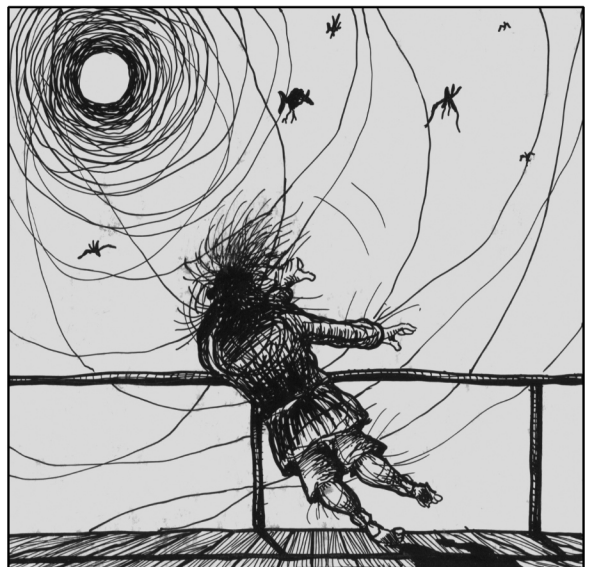
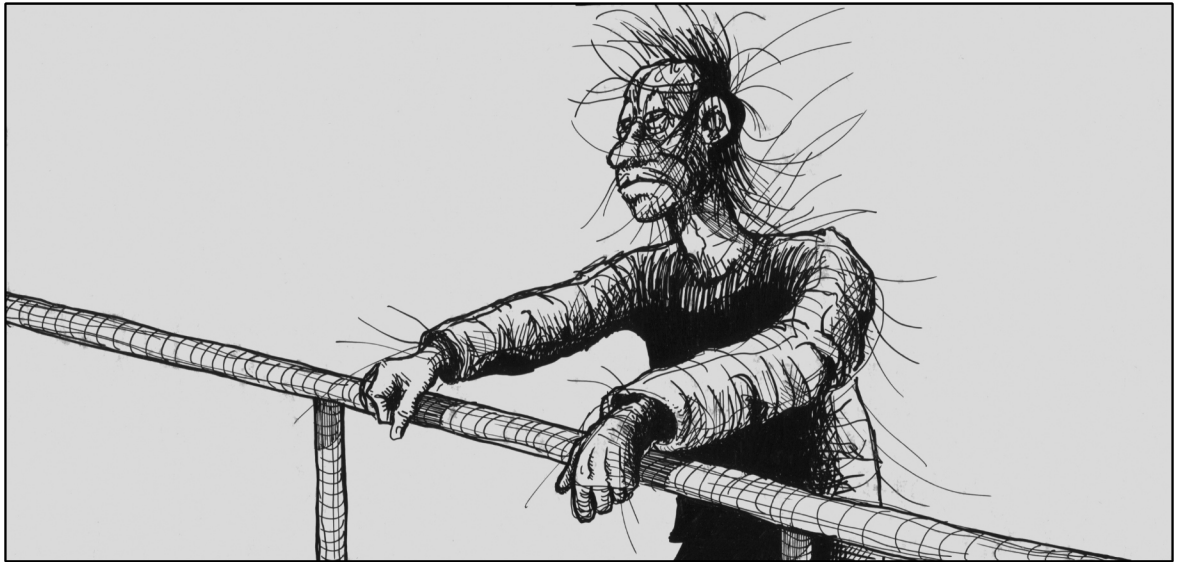
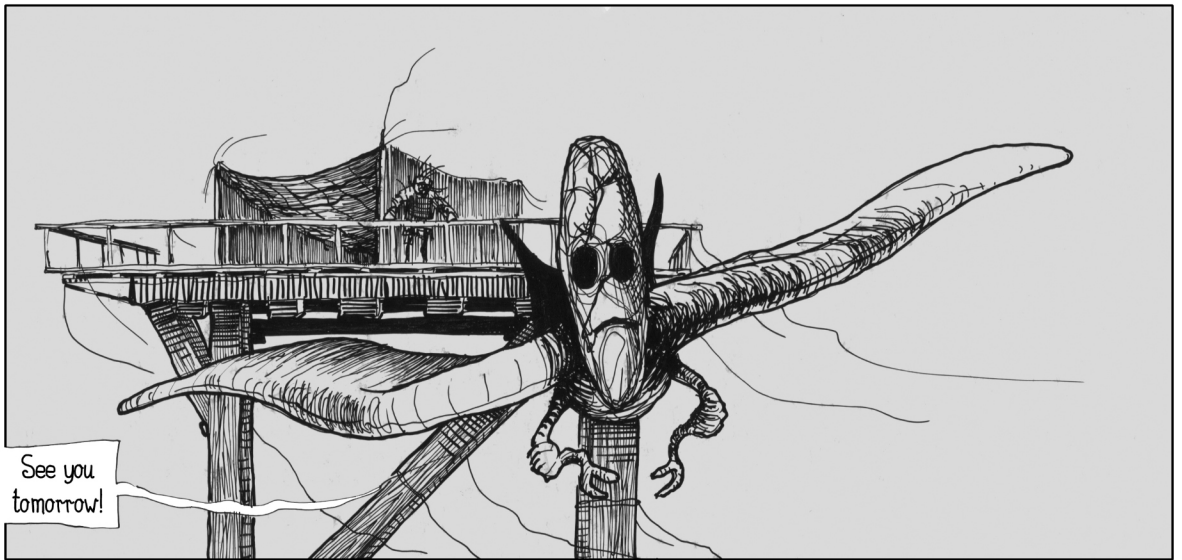
I thought that a beautiful tree in the middle of our town would bring joy to the people.

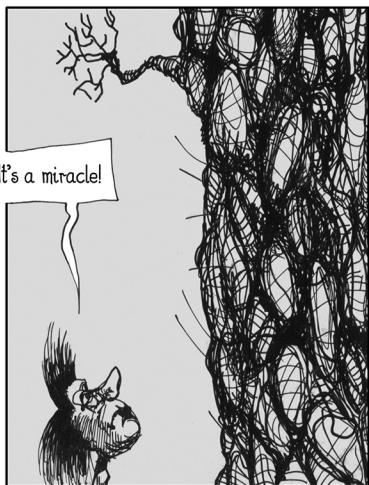


Typical philosopher. Wise, yet naive.  
Anyway, I'll do that for you,  
however I doubt our lord will  
grant you your wish.



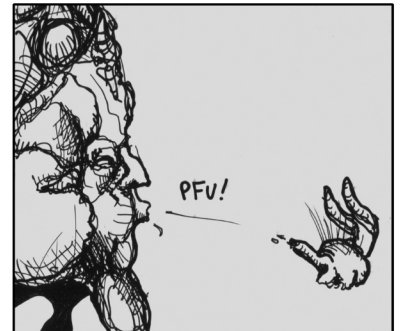
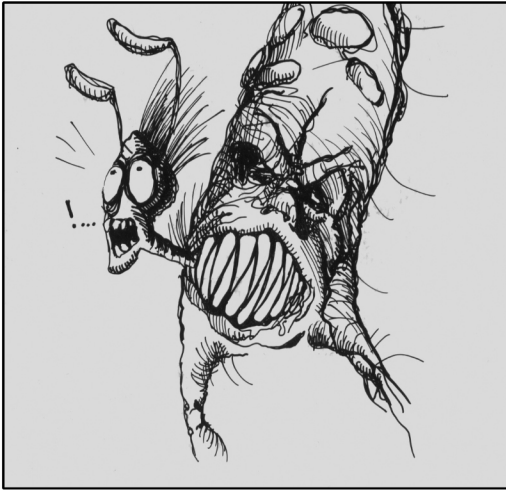
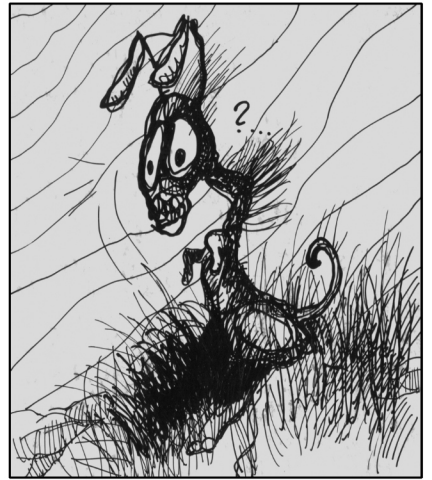
Oh well. I hope you'll get  
better and postpone  
your journey to other realms.

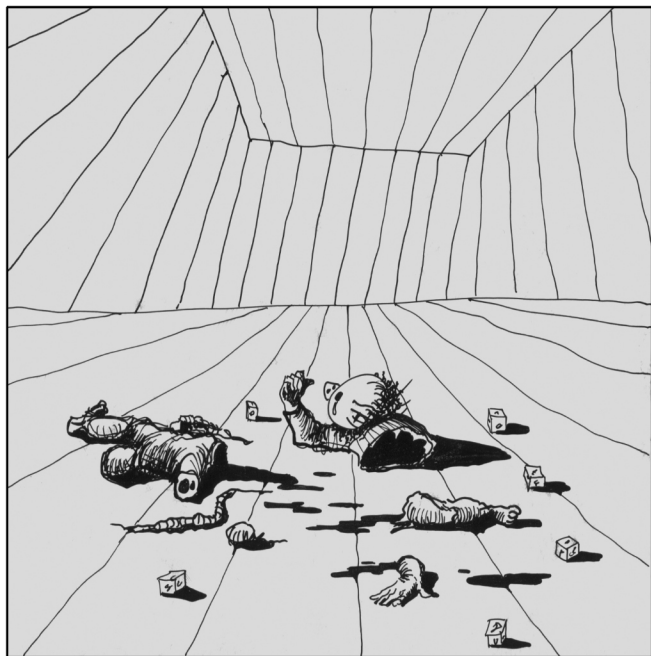
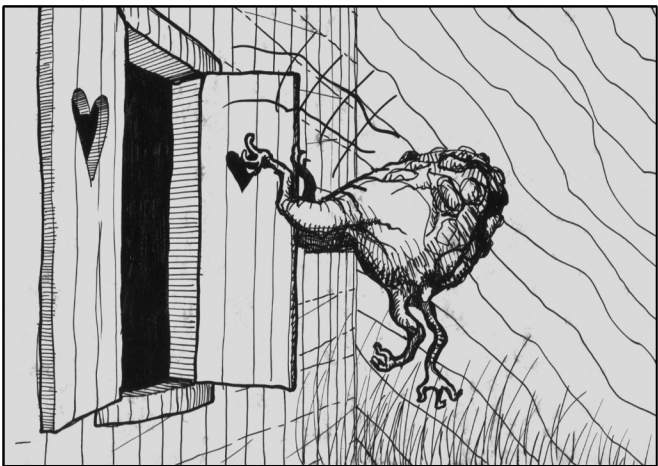
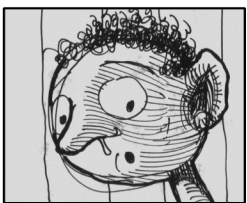
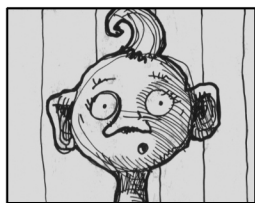
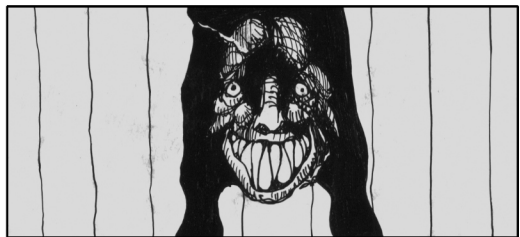
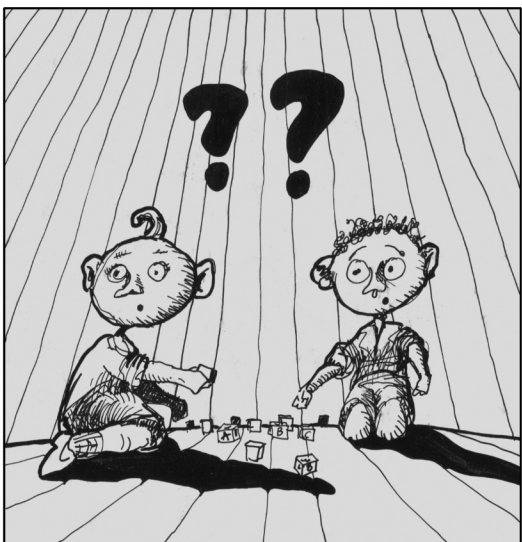
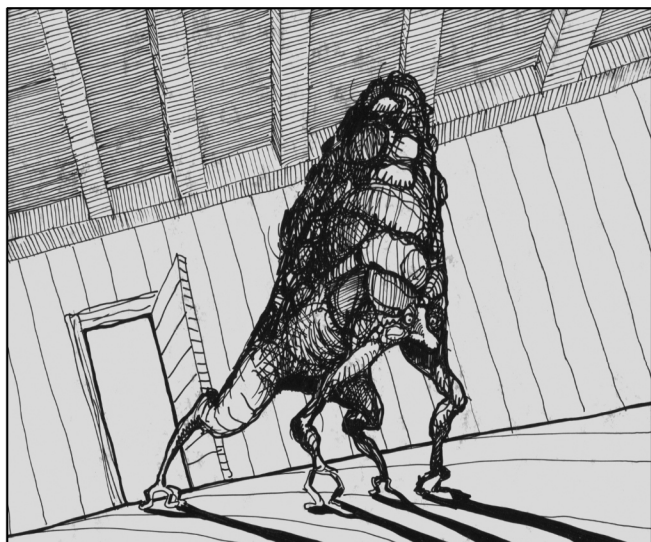


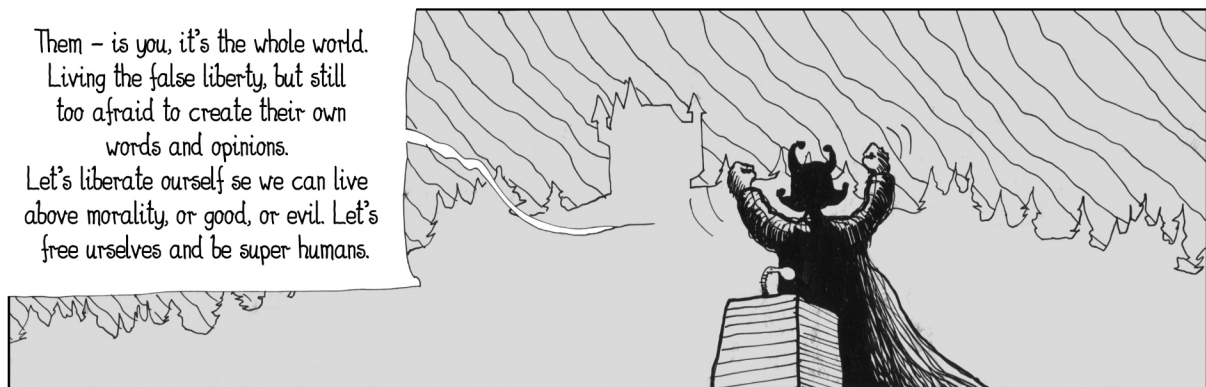
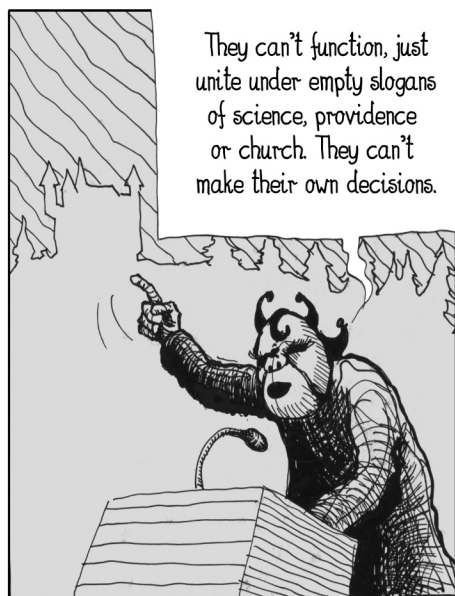
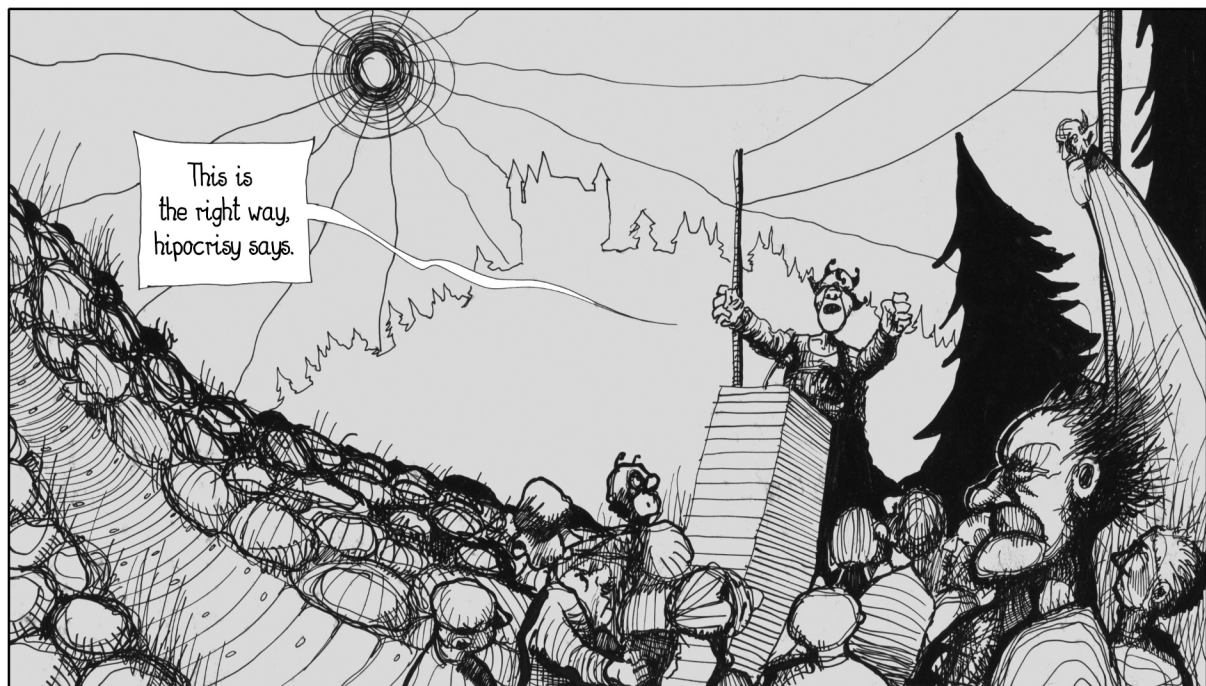






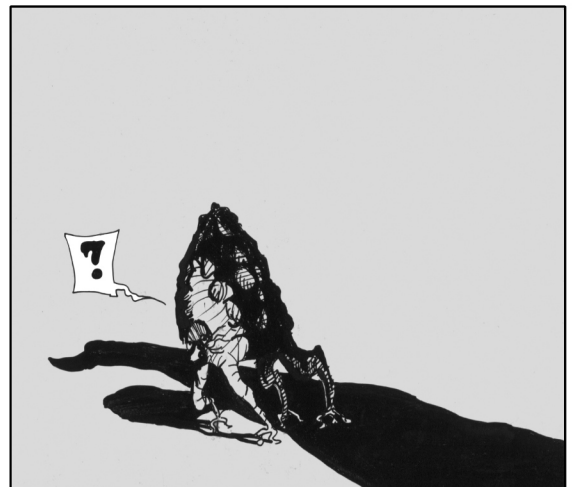
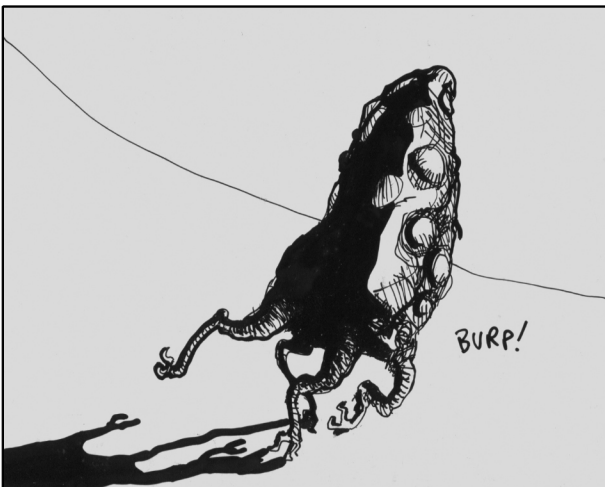
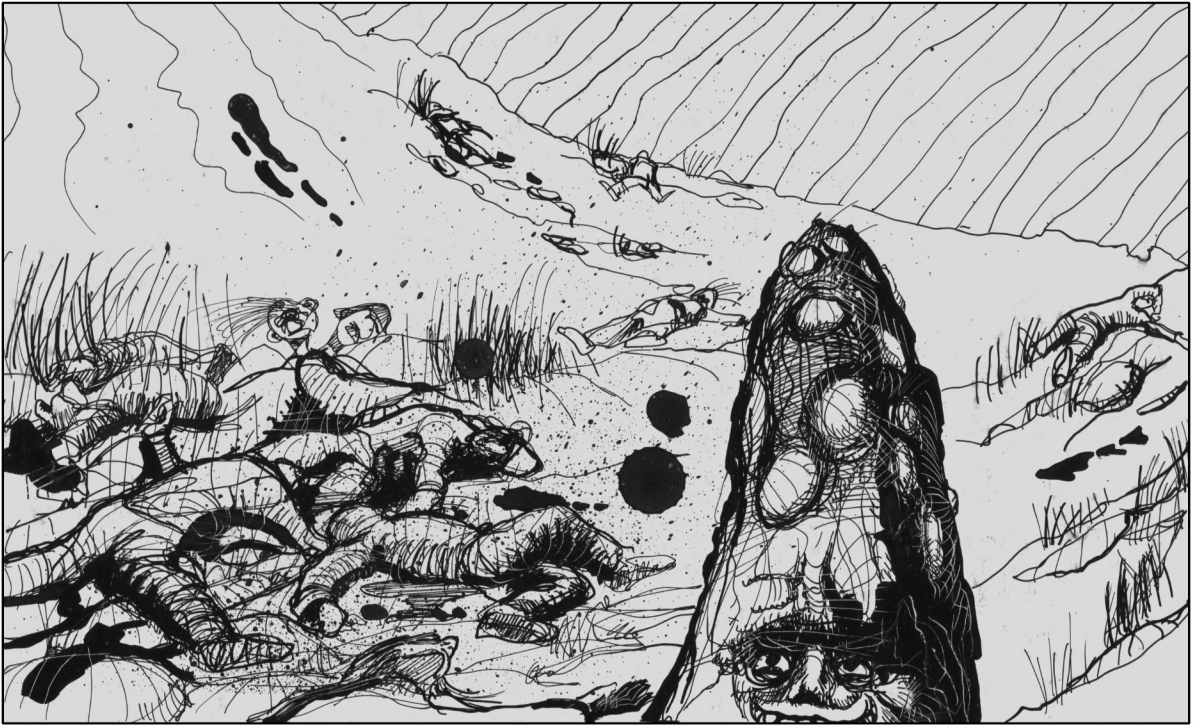
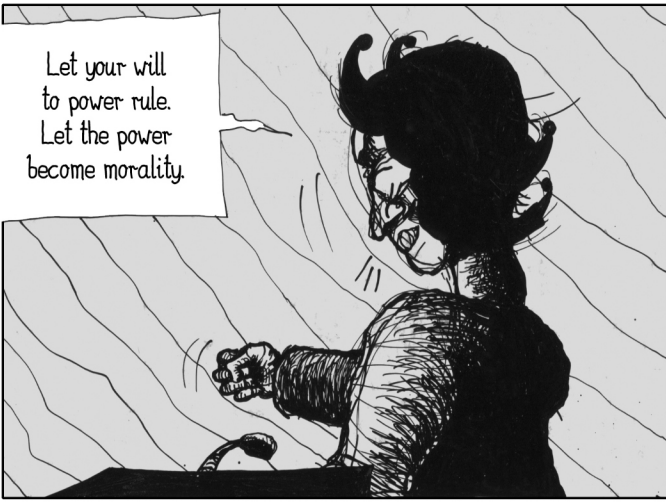


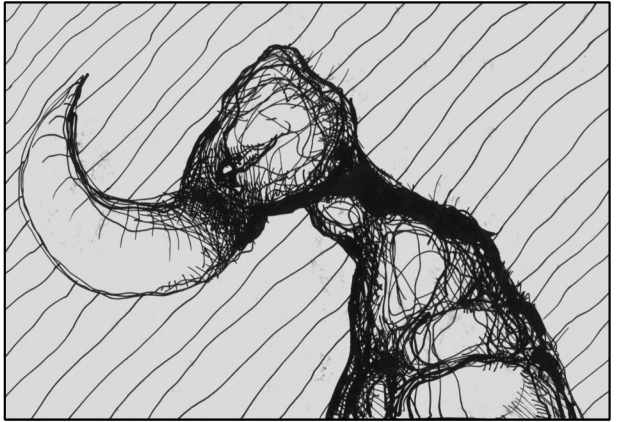
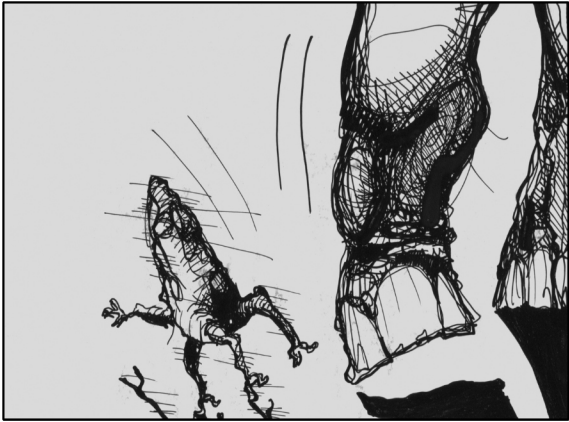
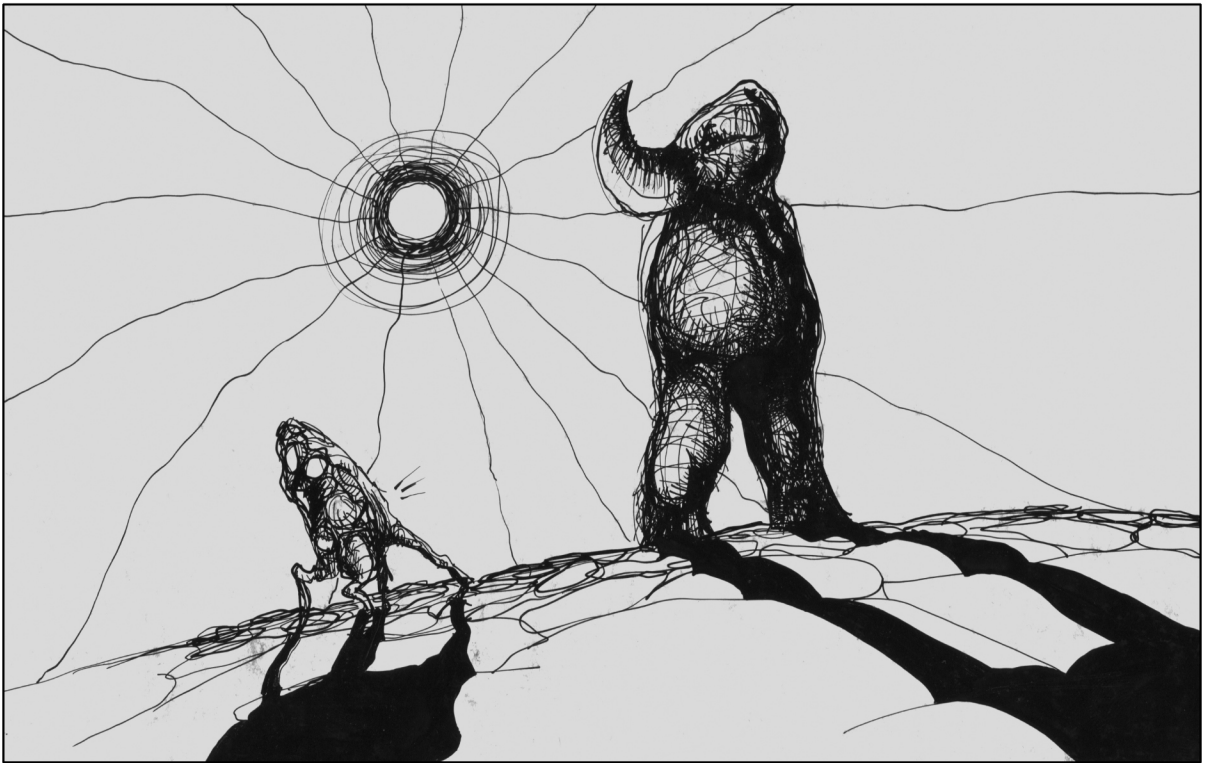




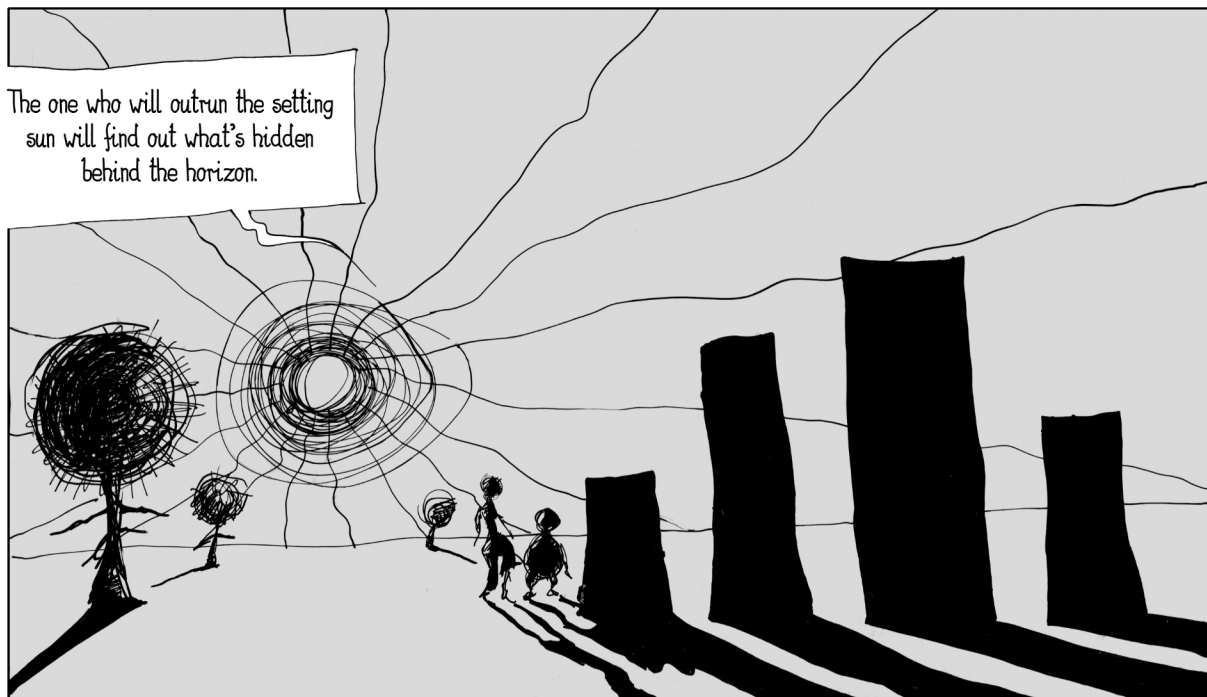


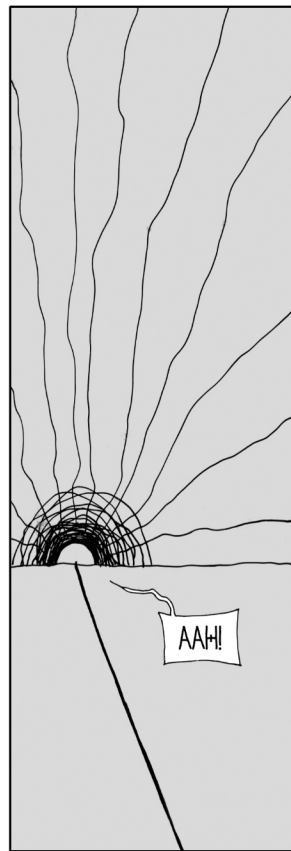
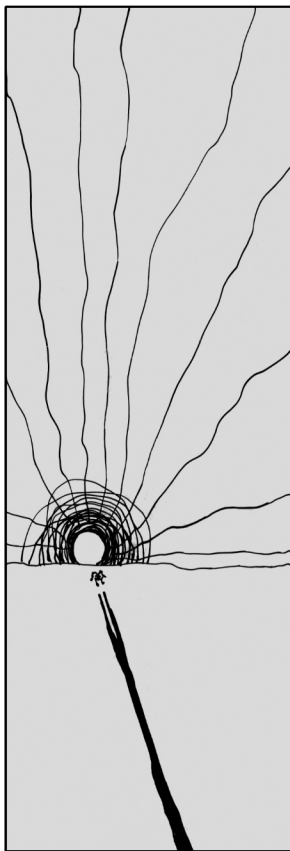
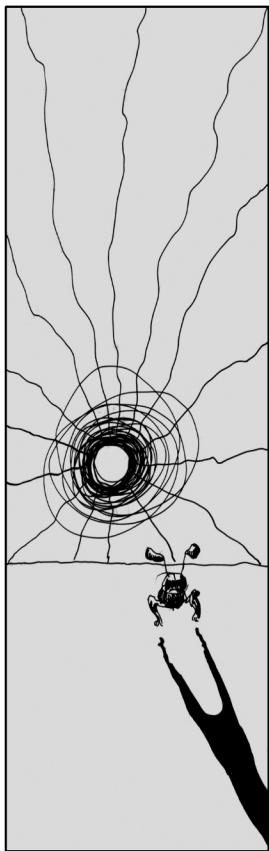
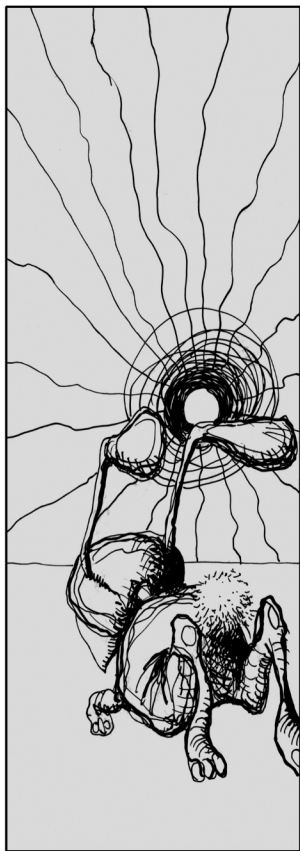
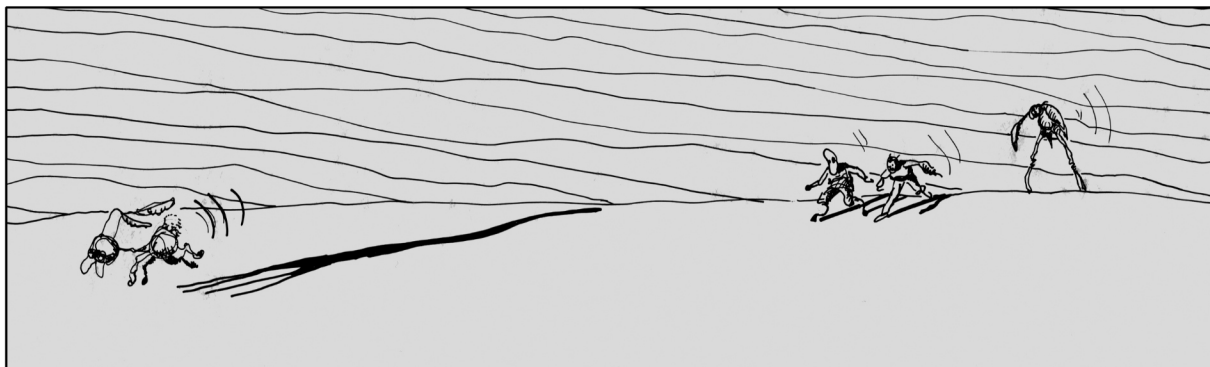
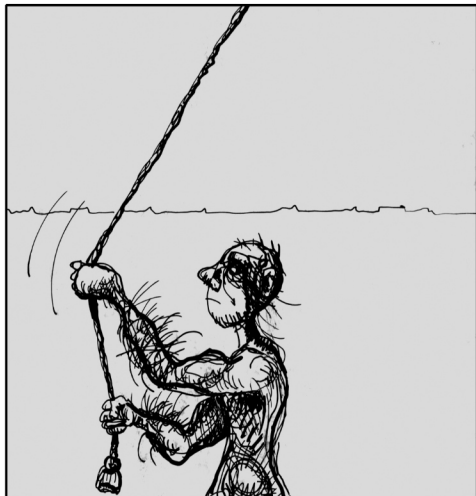
Let your will  
to power rule.  
Let the power  
become morality.





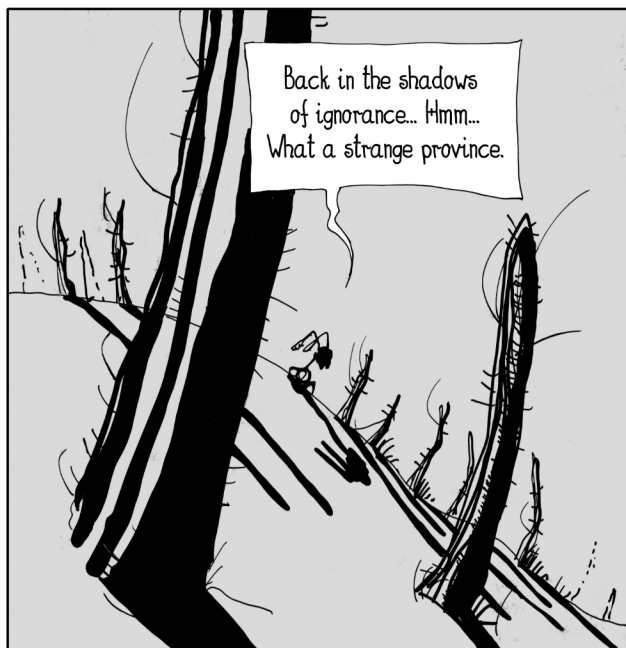
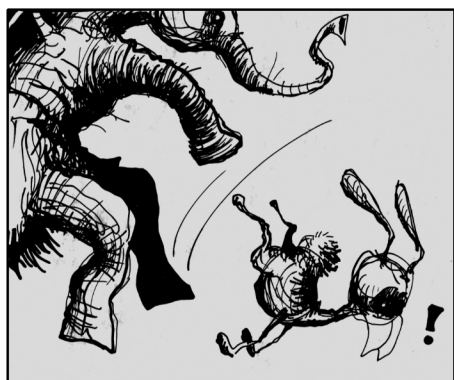










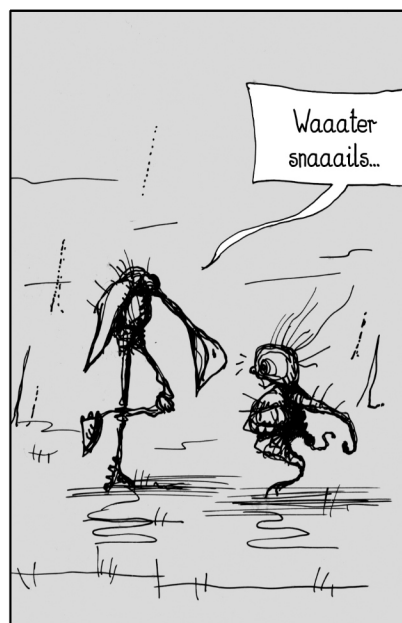
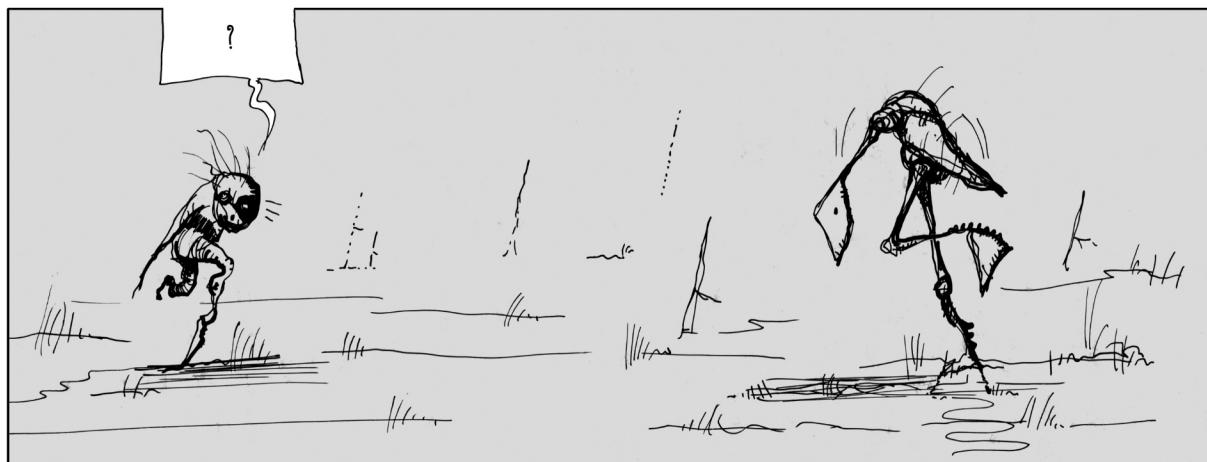


Back in the shadows  
of ignorance... Hmm...  
What a strange province.



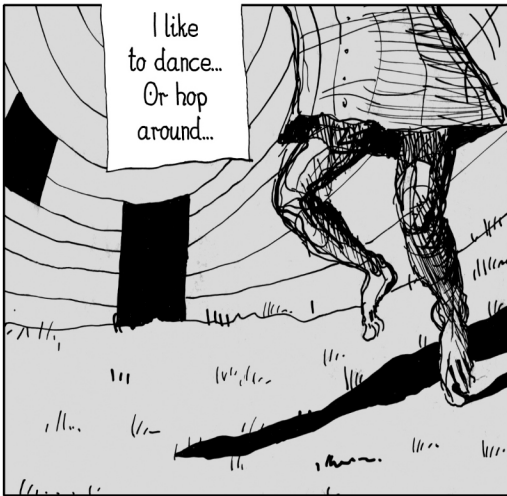
Anyway.  
What's the  
way home...



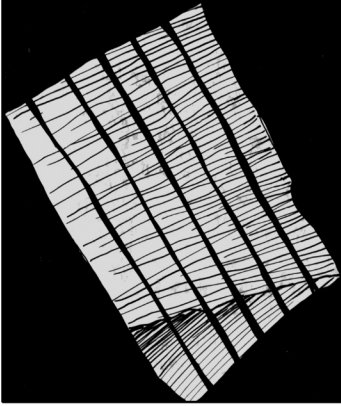




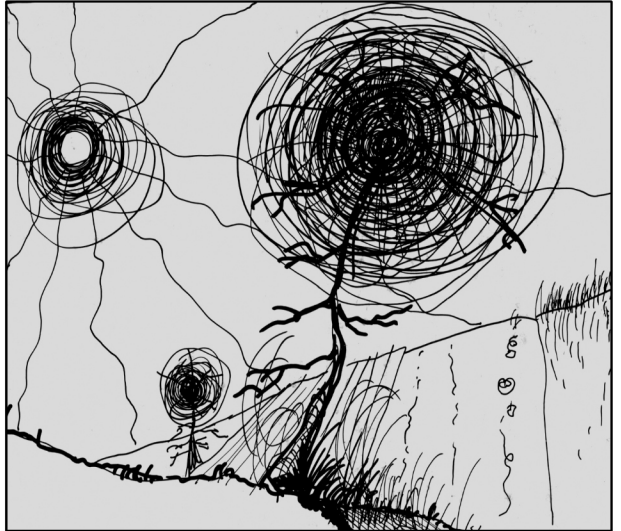




Please come...



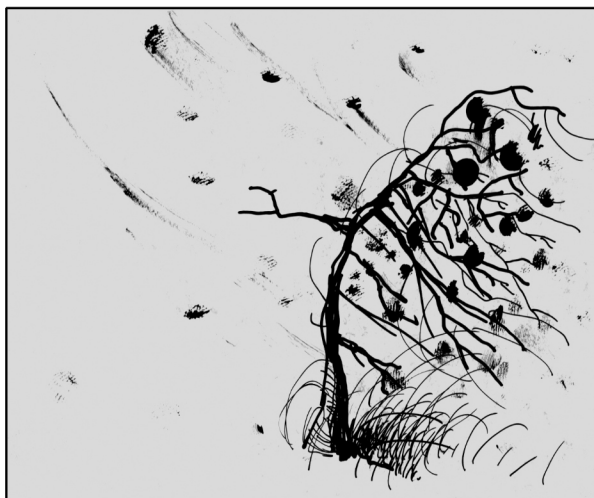
Come  
and take  
me away...

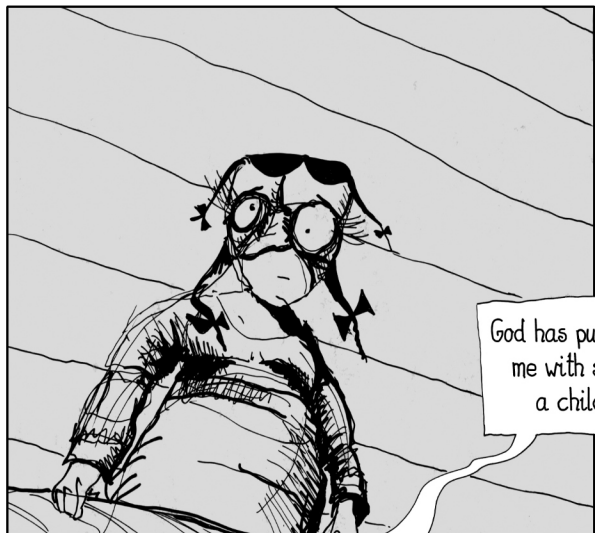


Look, that dwarfy Avrila  
is slacking off again.



Not only ugly,  
but clumsy  
as well...





God has punished  
me with such  
a child!



Go on then. Too bad  
metamorphs didn't take  
you when there was still  
time, you ungrateful brat.  
Reach that shelf,  
will you?



Here?

Yes. Hurry up,  
clumsy.  
Do you know that  
when you die  
and face  
the judge...



... and he will ask you why  
haven't you taken care of  
your sick mother...

And then...

We'll give me that bloody  
medicament already, you sloth!



And then,  
you know  
what the  
judge will do?

I know.  
He'll throw me  
to hell.





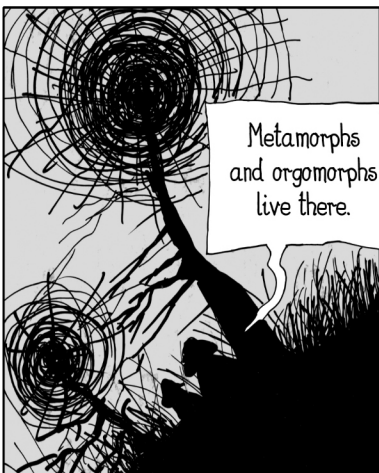
When you look at the horizon,  
you can see a pale, grey  
line just behind it.



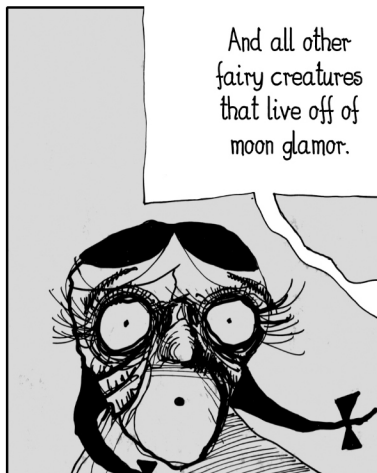
Lots of different  
animals live there.  
They say you can  
find the other end  
of the rainbow there...



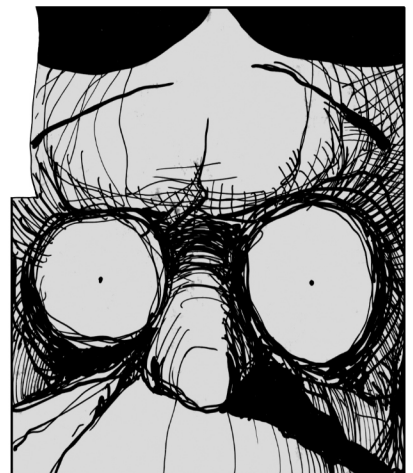
It's where clouds float over  
to our realm from.



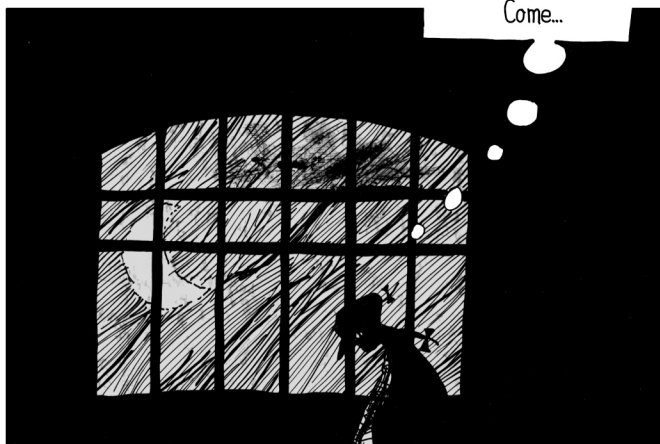
Metamorphs  
and orgomorphs  
live there.



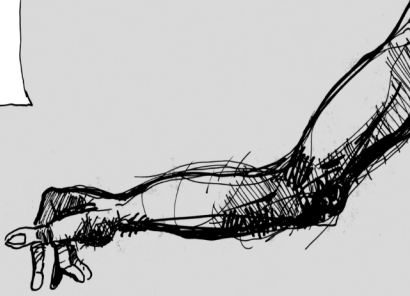
And all other  
fairy creatures  
that live off of  
moon glamor.







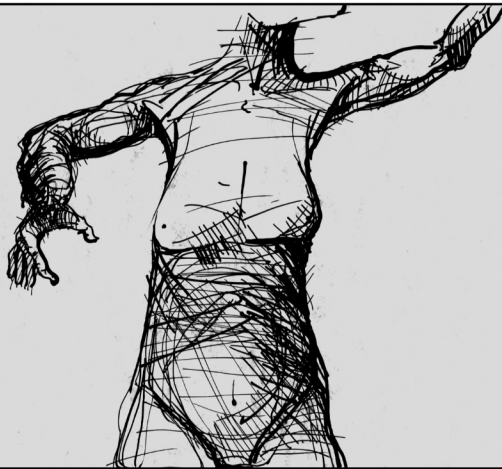
I always  
wanted  
to dance.



I like  
dancing.



One,  
two,  
three...



To dance...  
Forever...

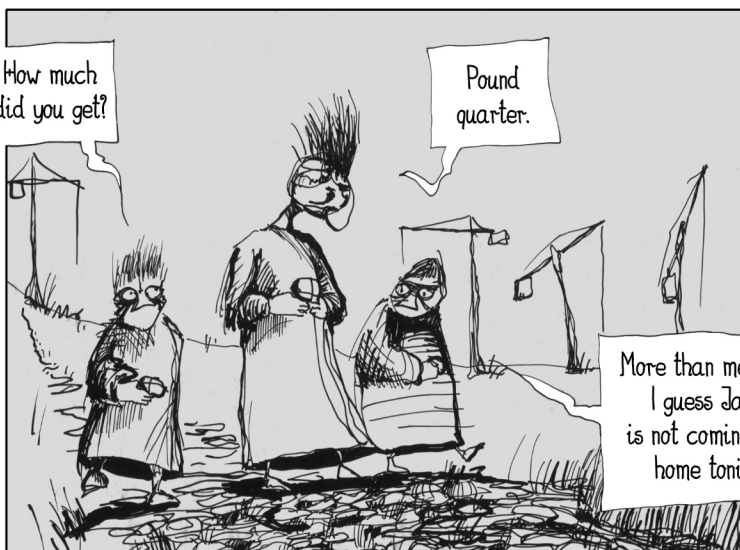






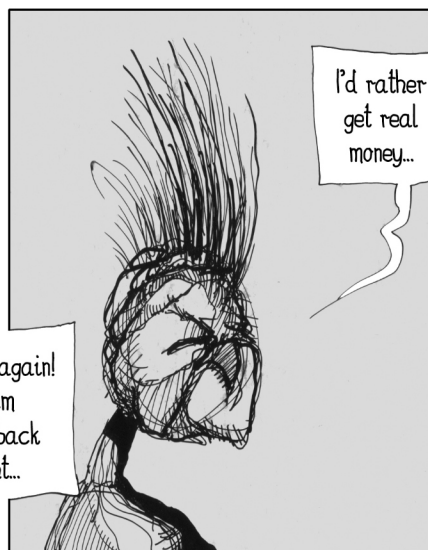
How much  
did you get?

Pound  
quarter.

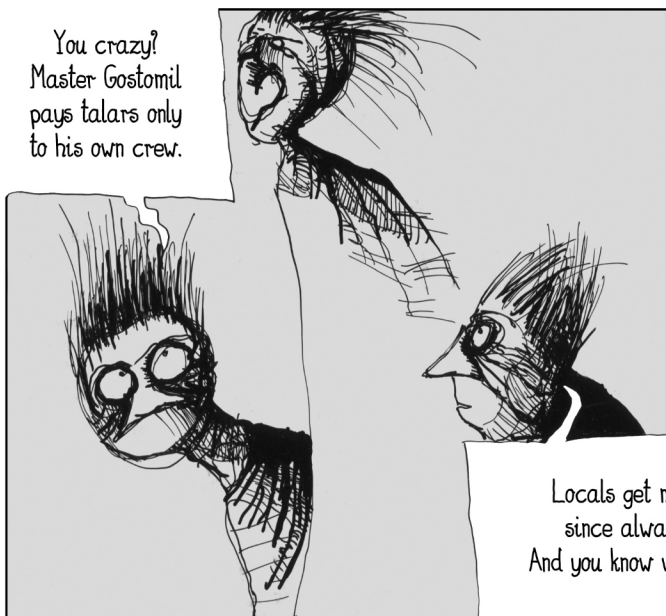


More than me, again!  
I guess Jahim  
is not coming back  
home tonight...

I'd rather  
get real  
money...



You crazy!  
Master Gostomil  
pays talars only  
to his own crew.



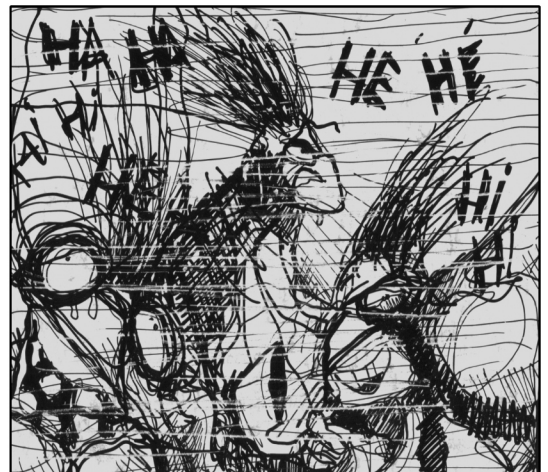
Locals get meth  
since always.  
And you know what?...

I'm very happy  
for it.  
He he he.

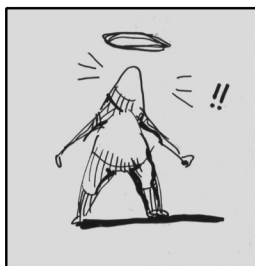




Nice place, right?...











Daddy! Daddy!!



What you got there, kid?...



So pretty!



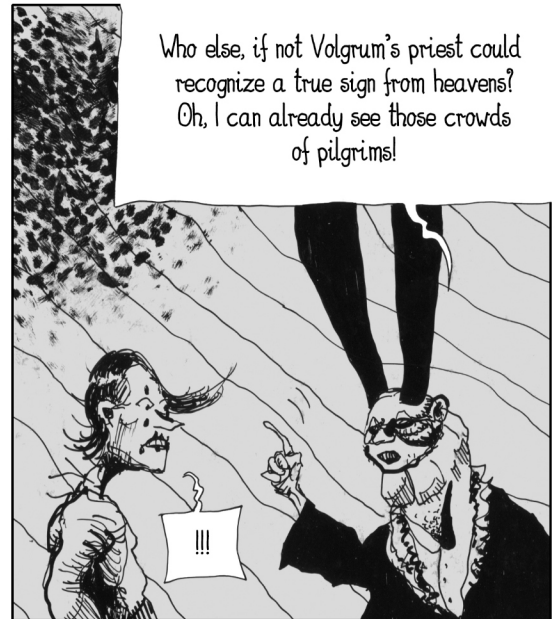
Come on, let's take it home.



Hold right there, my good people.





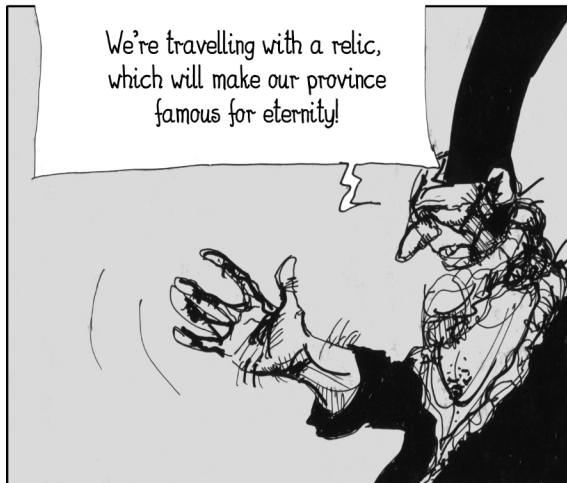




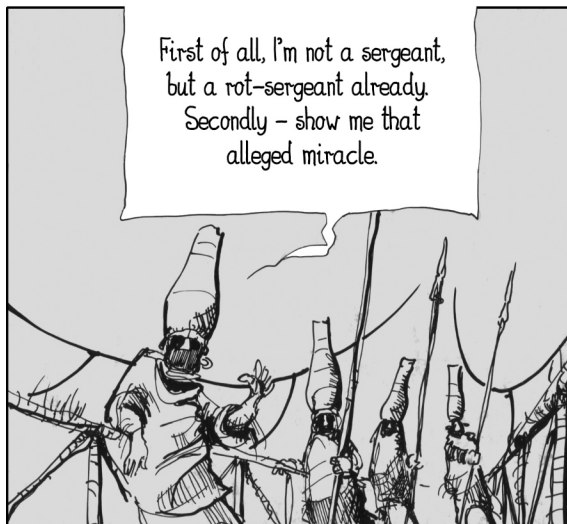
You have to let us through  
immediately, seargent.



We're travelling with a relic,  
which will make our province  
famous for eternity!



First of all, I'm not a sergeant,  
but a rot-sergeant already.  
Secondly - show me that  
alleged miracle.



Oh, how nice!

What  
a beauty!







As I see it, this is an item  
from suzerain's de Graaf treasury.  
We have to deliver it to Graafe Castle  
immediately!

But...



Let's go!



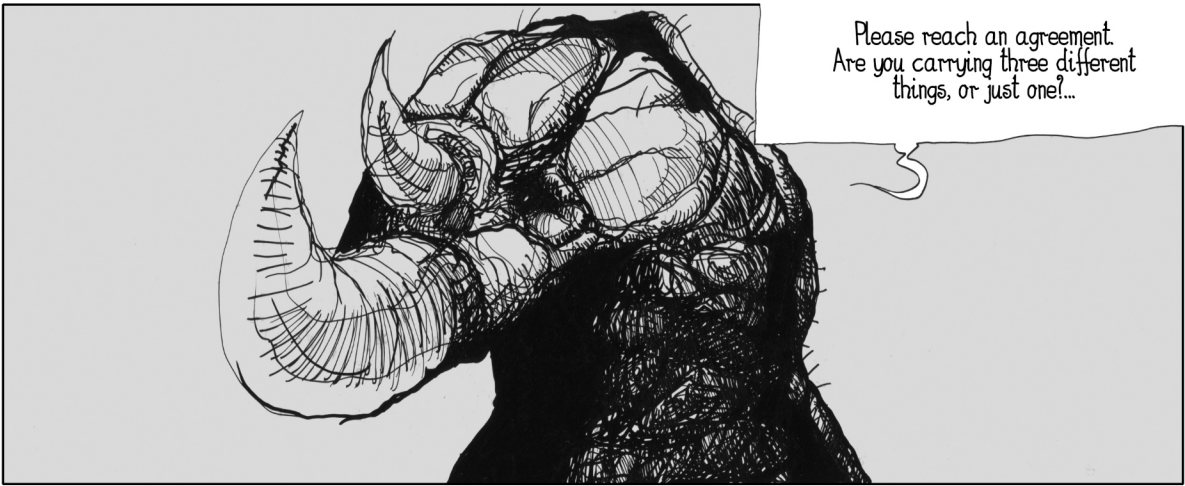
Out of  
my way!



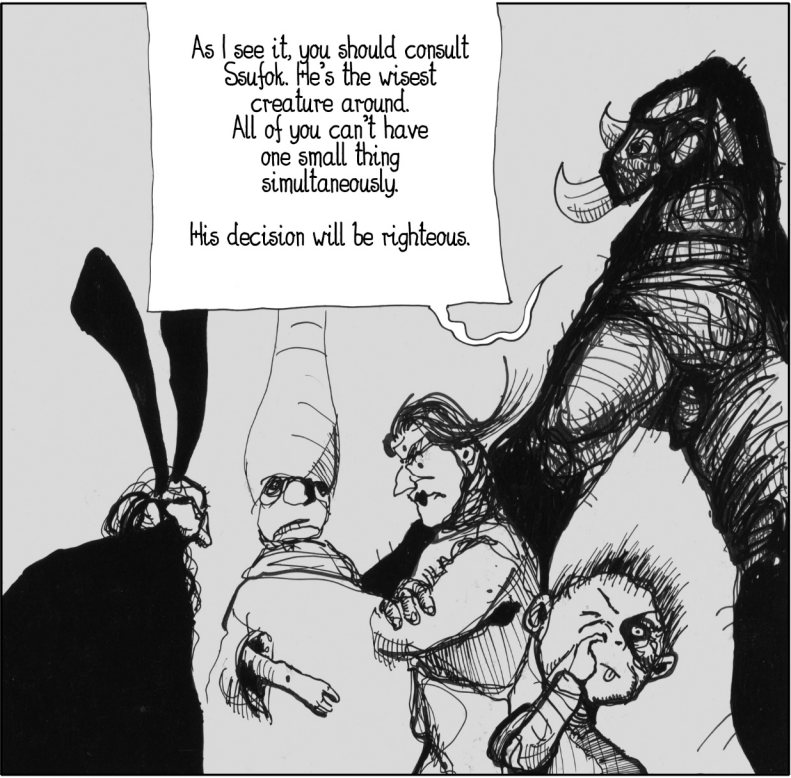
Make way!  
We're carrying  
a relic!

Suzerain's  
treasure!

My son's heritage!



Please reach an agreement.  
Are you carrying three different  
things, or just one?...



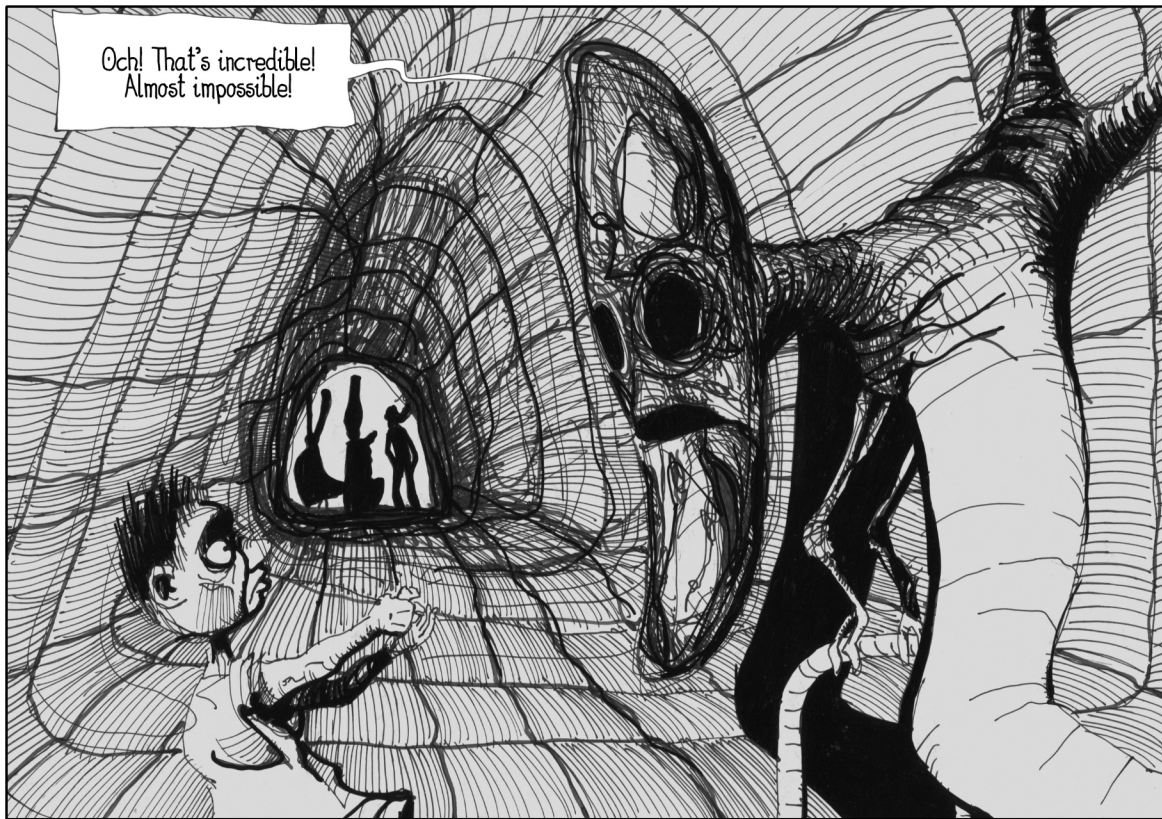
As I see it, you should consult  
Ssufok. He's the wisest  
creature around.  
All of you can't have  
one small thing  
simultaneously.  
  
His decision will be righteous.



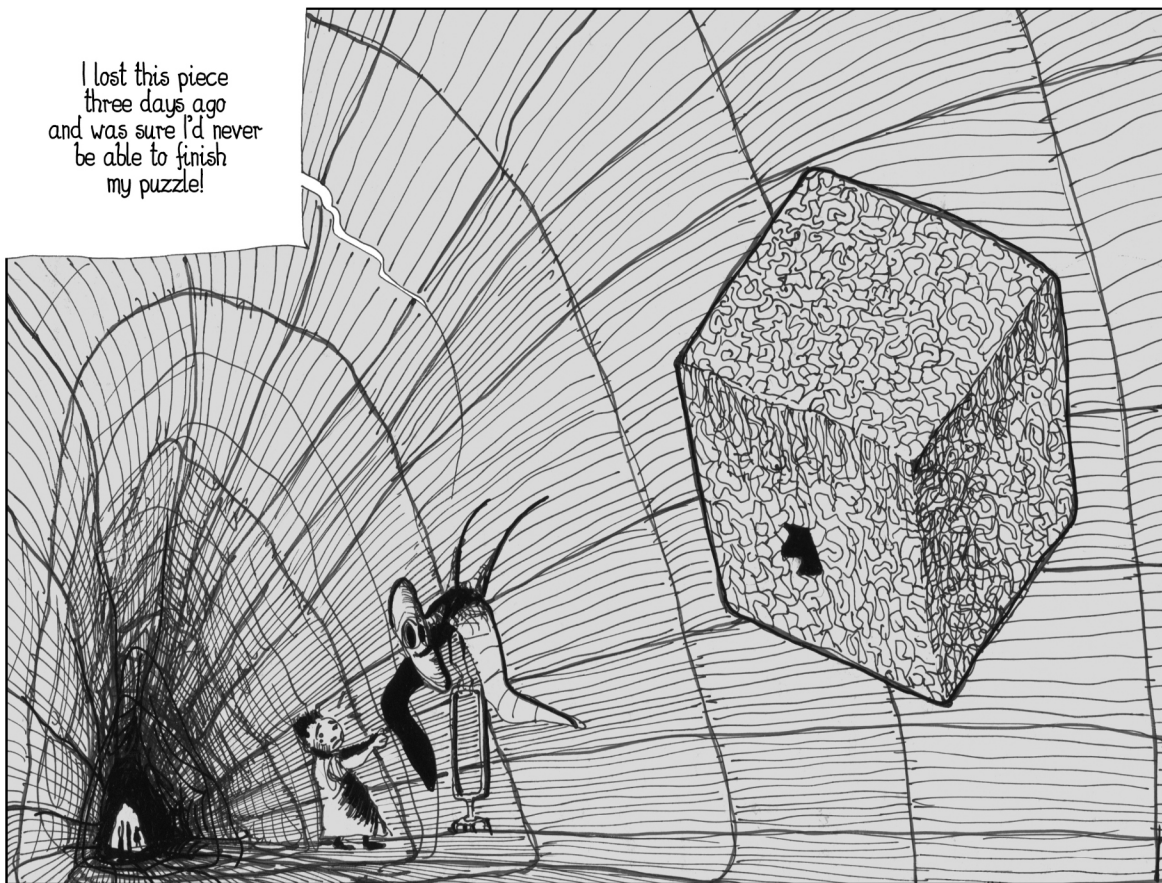
And  
who's  
is it...



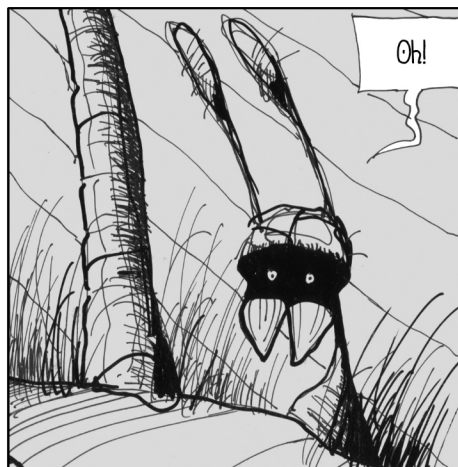
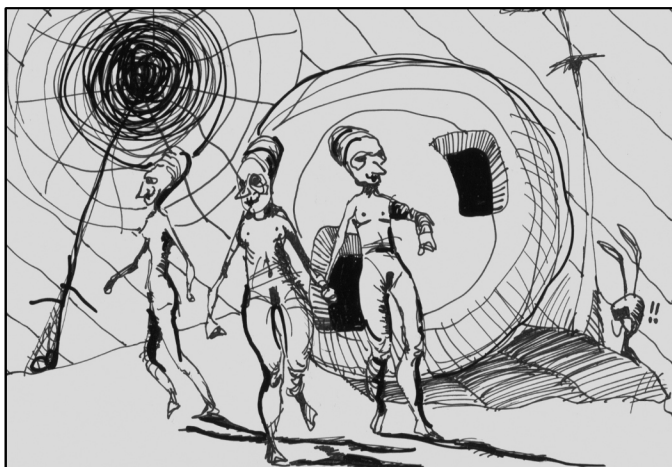
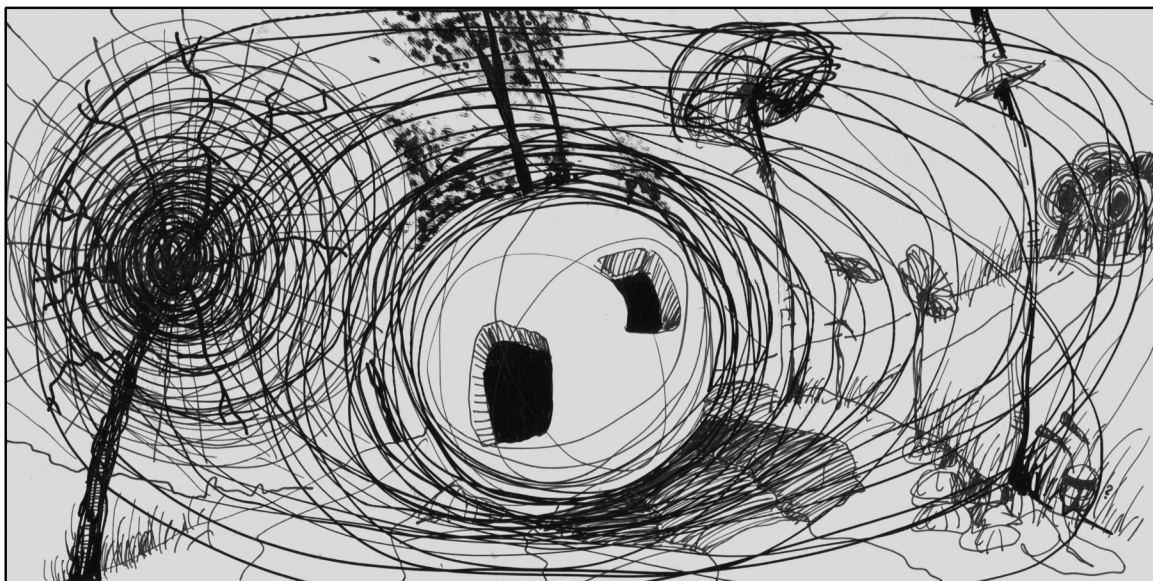
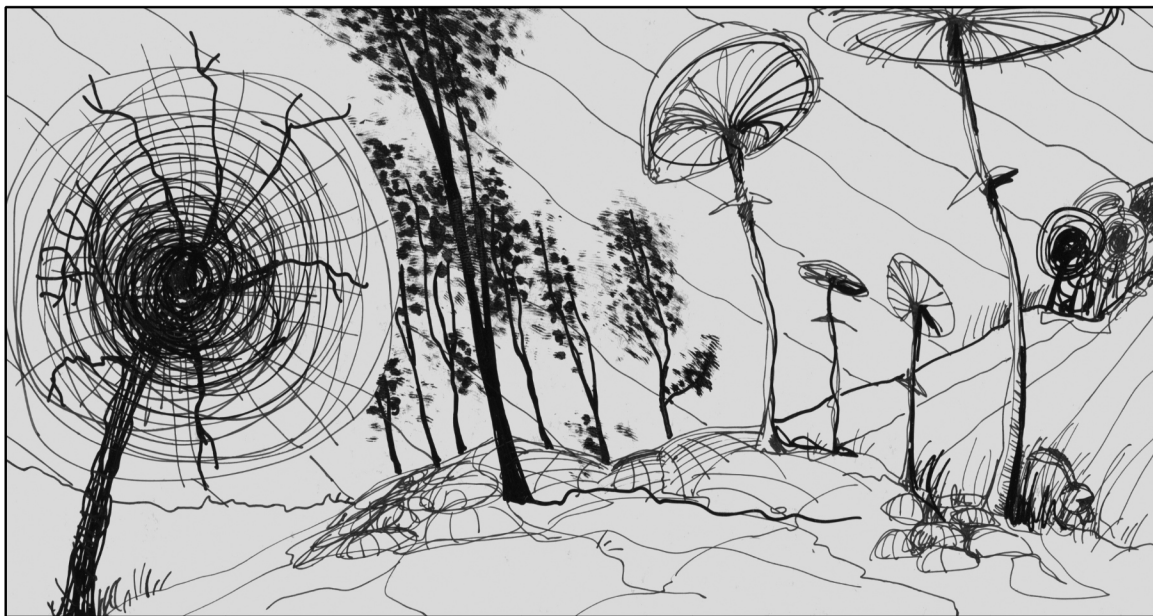
Och! That's incredible!  
Almost impossible!



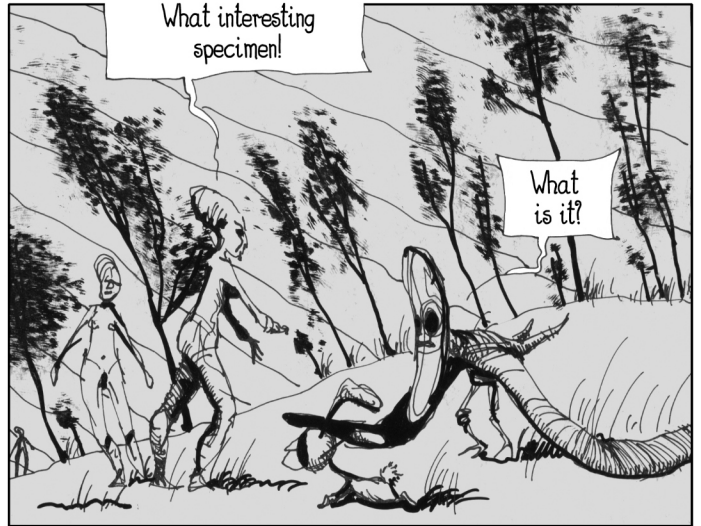
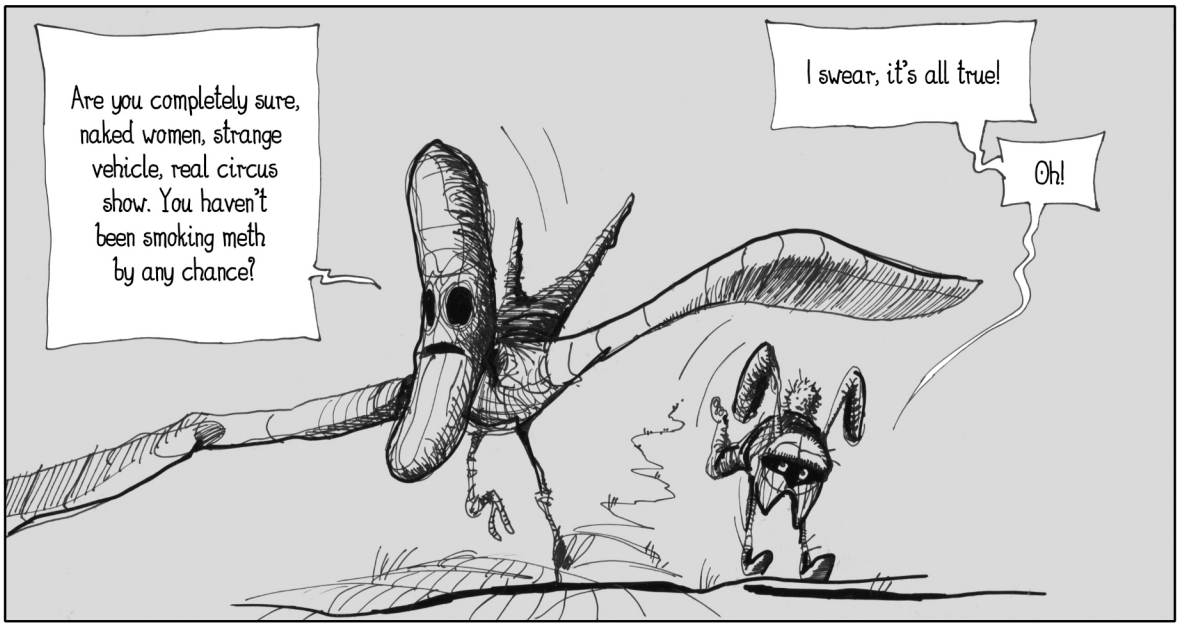
I lost this piece  
three days ago  
and was sure I'd never  
be able to finish  
my puzzle!



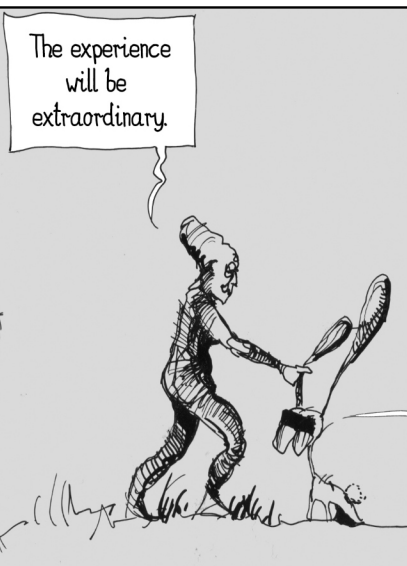
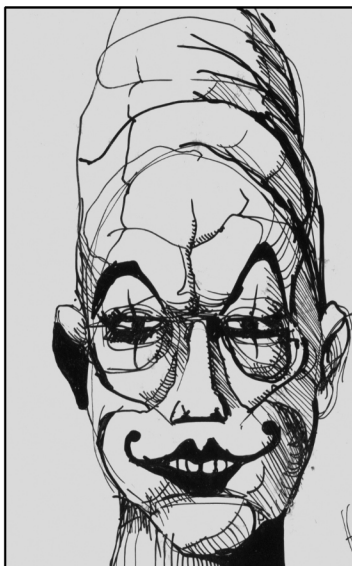






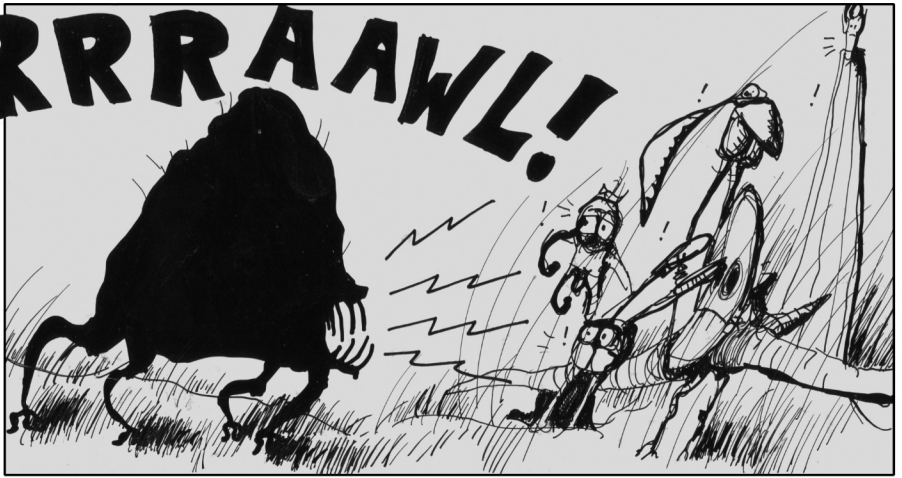








**GRRRAAWL!**



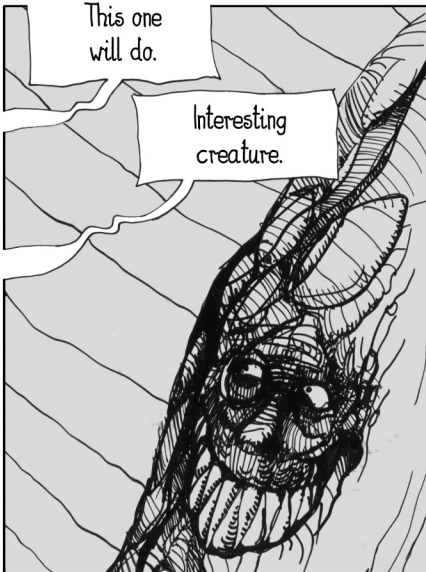
Let me do  
the selection.



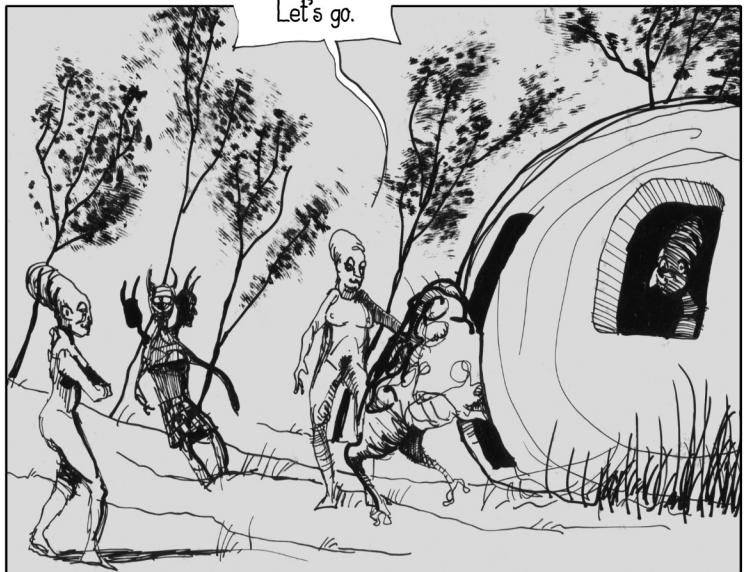
This will be  
unusual.

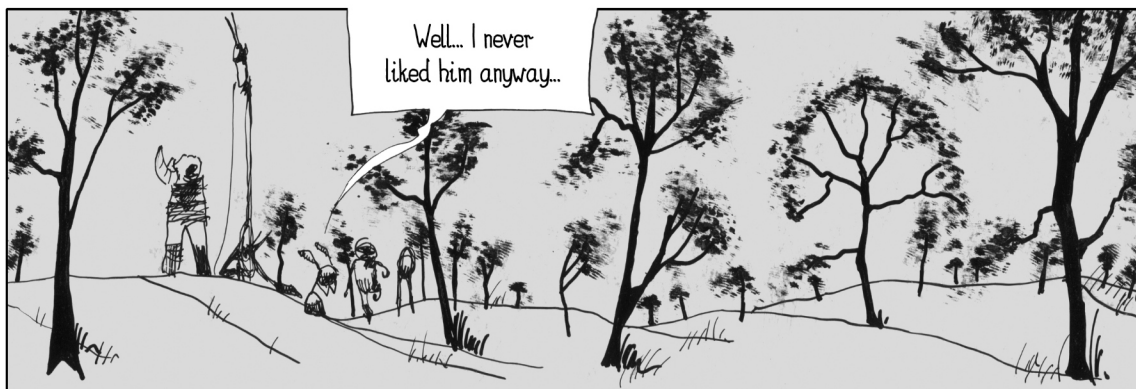
This one  
will do.

Interesting  
creature.

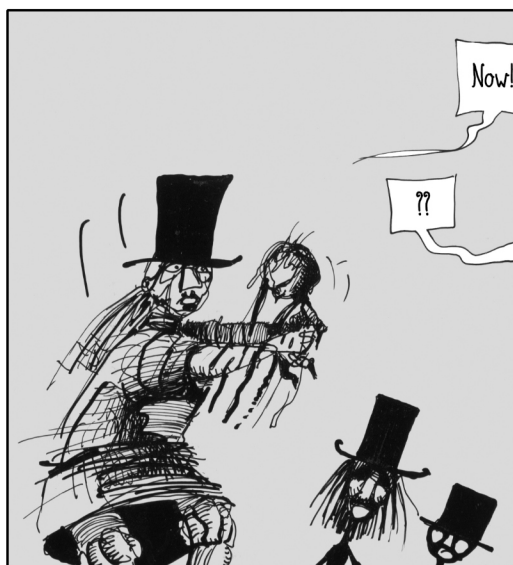


Let's go.

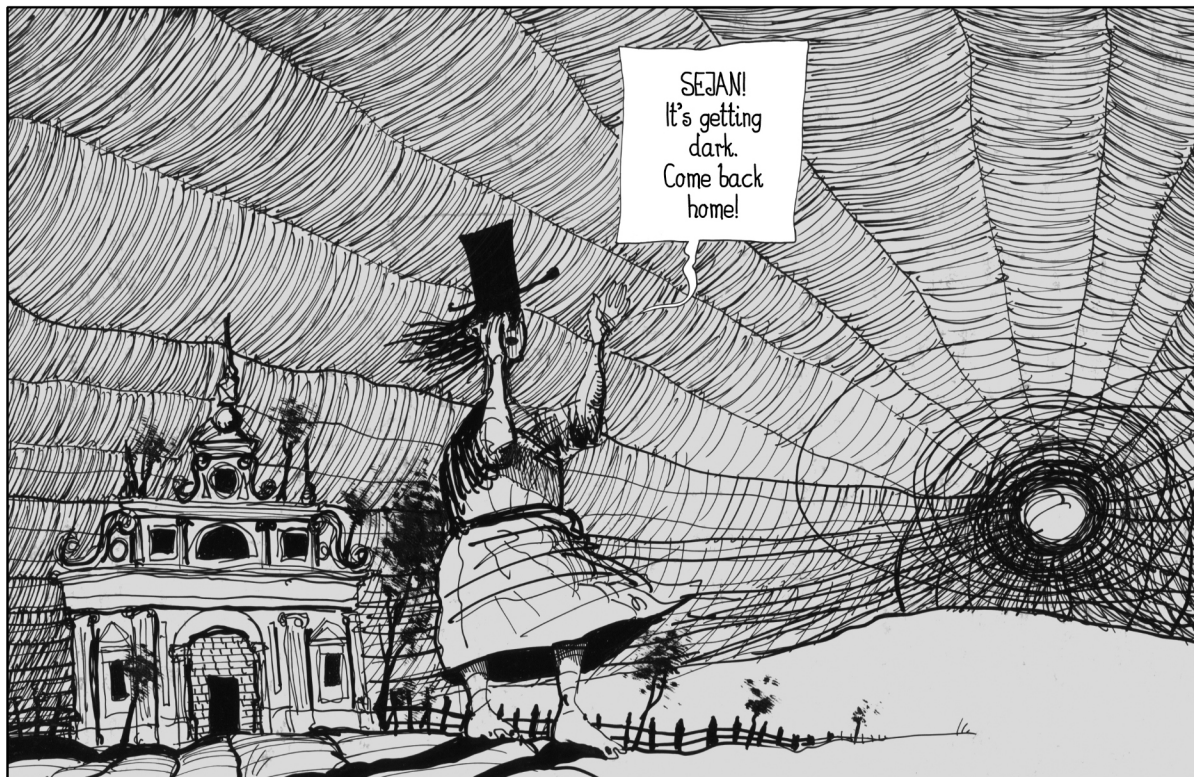












SEJAN!  
It's getting  
dark.  
Come back  
home!



I'm not afraid  
of the dark.

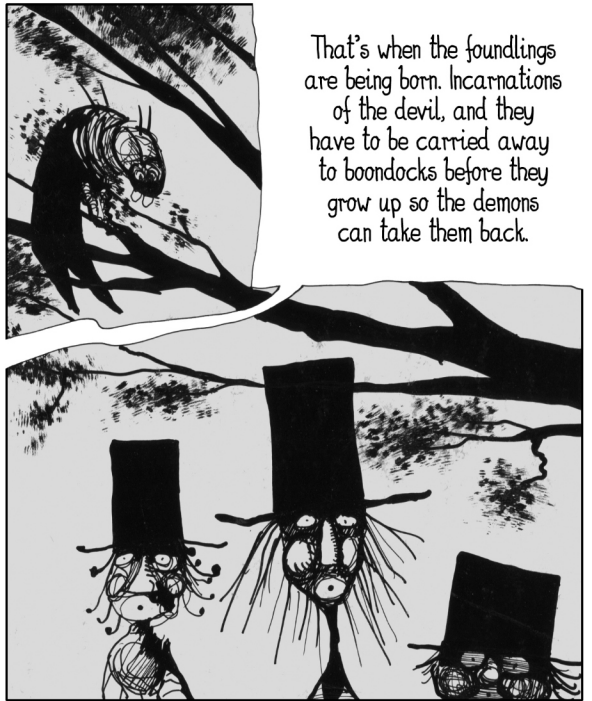
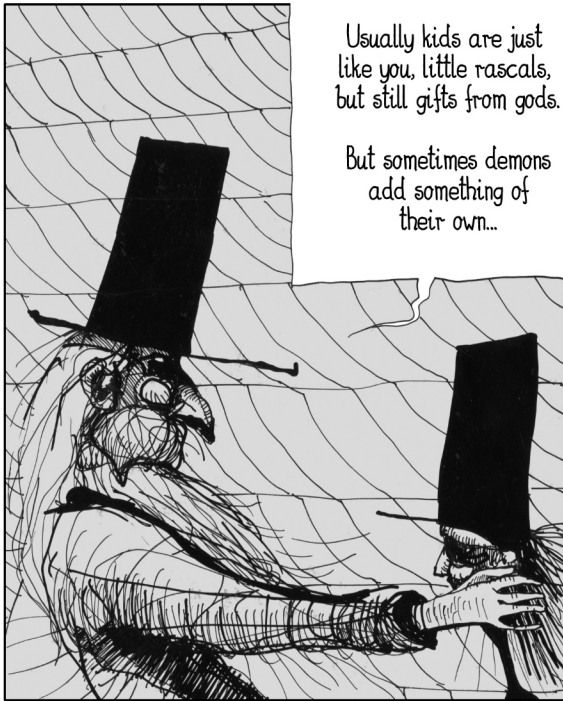
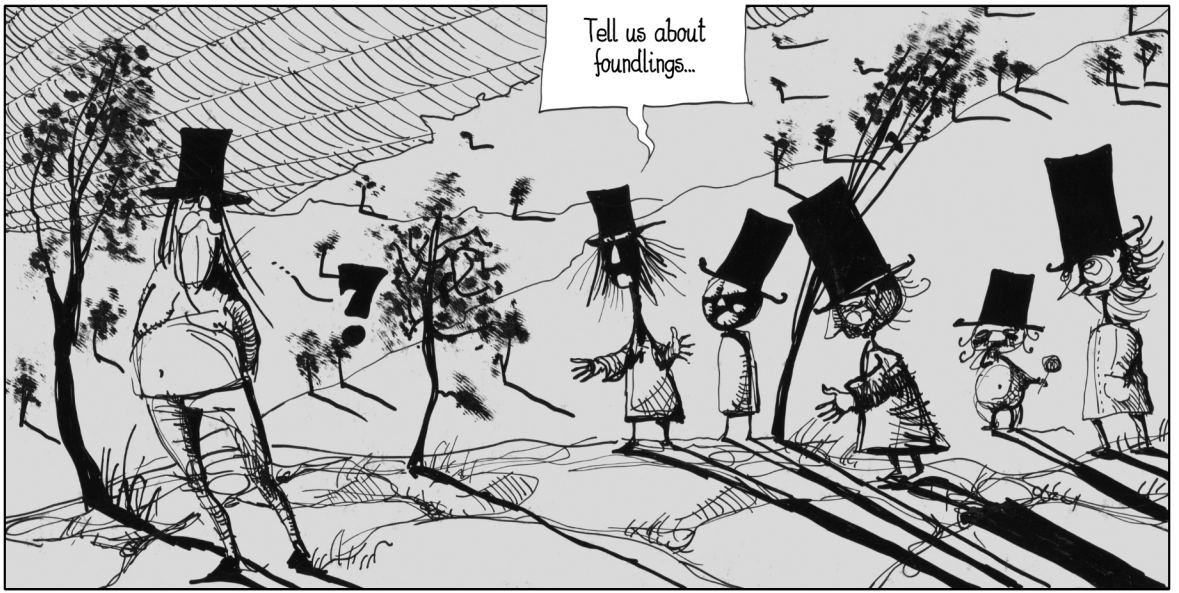


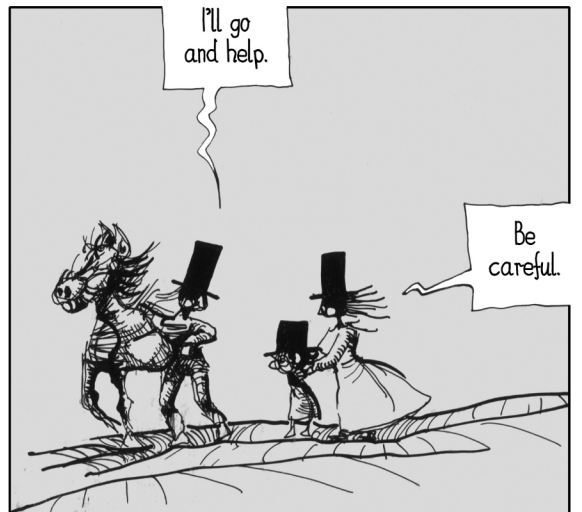
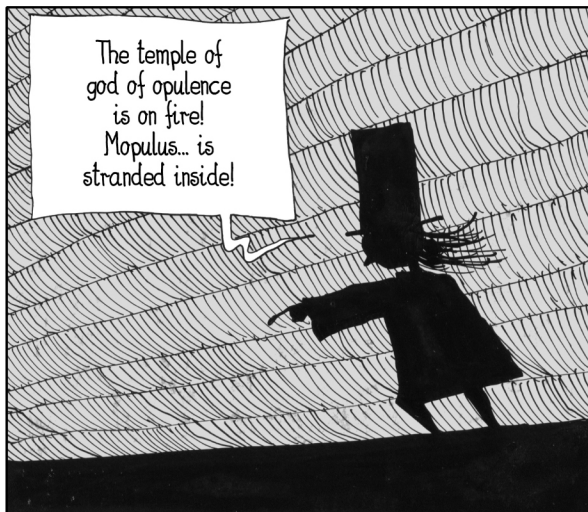
Who said, that  
we were afraid of it?



Come on.









Sejan...

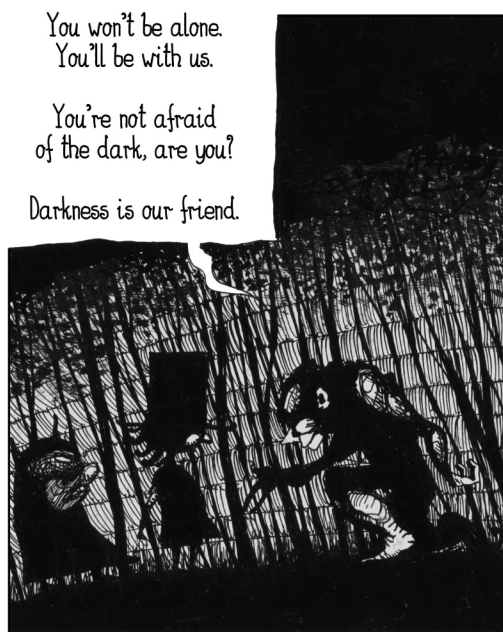


Who's there?

It's us, your brothers.  
You didn't know you  
had brothers? Well,  
unfortunately we were  
separated.  
Come play with us.



Mom forbids me  
going into the forest  
by myself.



You won't be alone.  
You'll be with us.

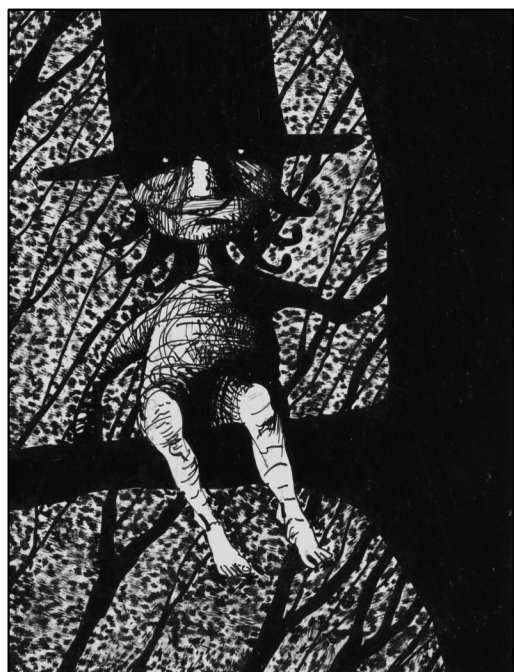
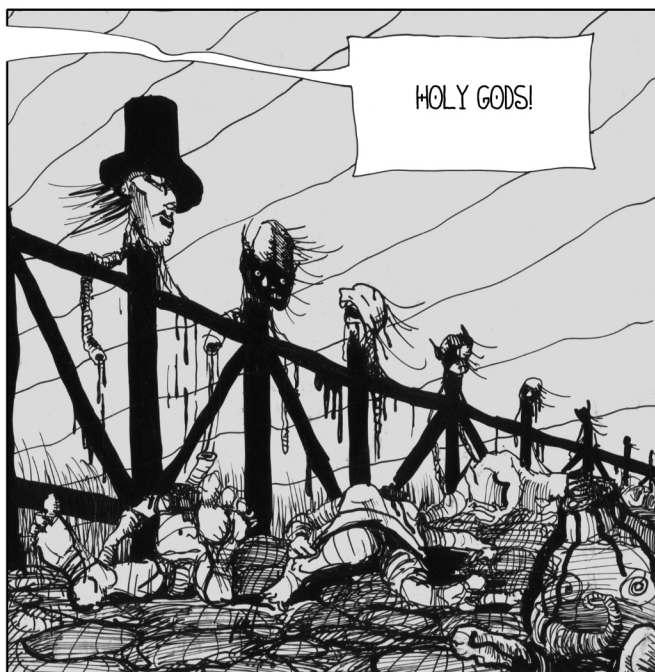
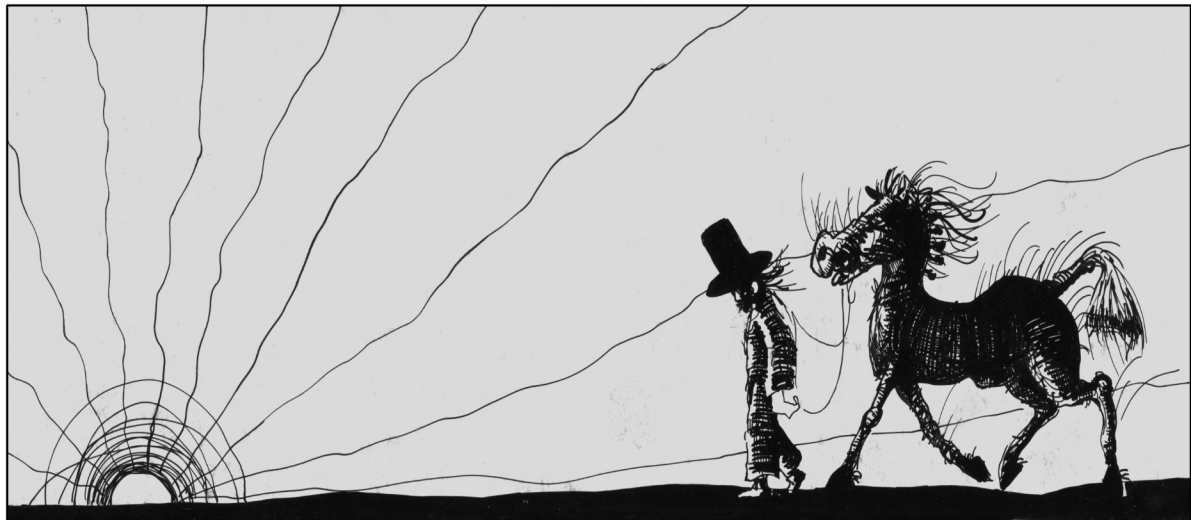
You're not afraid  
of the dark, are you?

Darkness is our friend.



Yes...  
A friend...





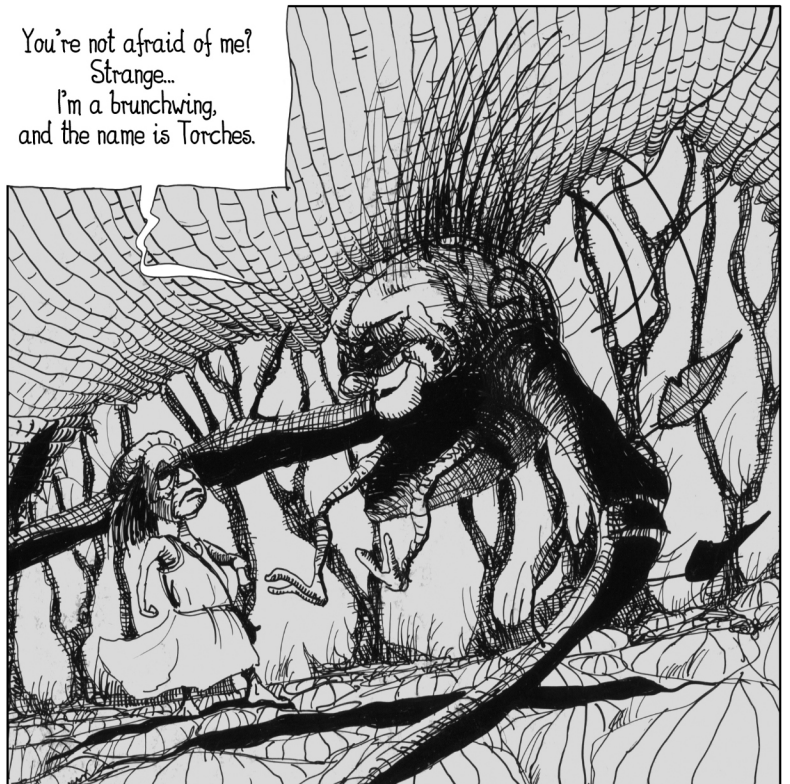




Hey, little girl,  
what are you  
doing here?



I'm on a trip.  
And who are you?



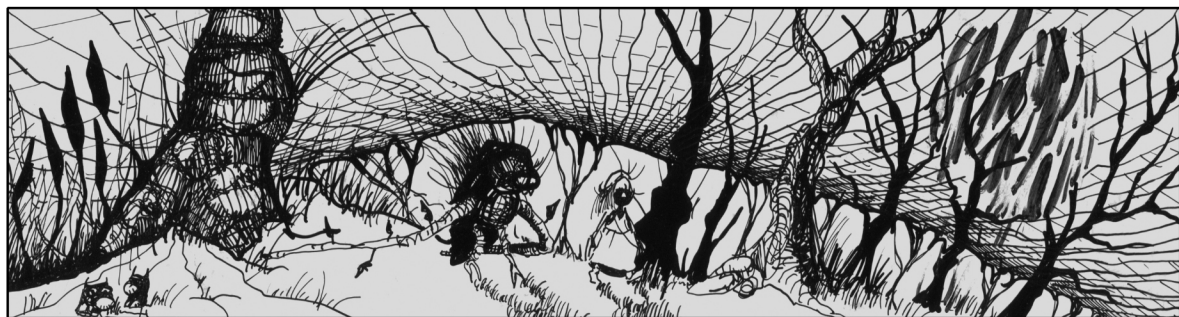
You're not afraid of me?  
Strange...  
I'm a brunchwing,  
and the name is Torchis.



I'm Uj'nale and I'm travelling to the Green Hillside.

If you know how...

Ho, ho! I know exactly where the Green Hillside is. If you want me to I'll lead you there.



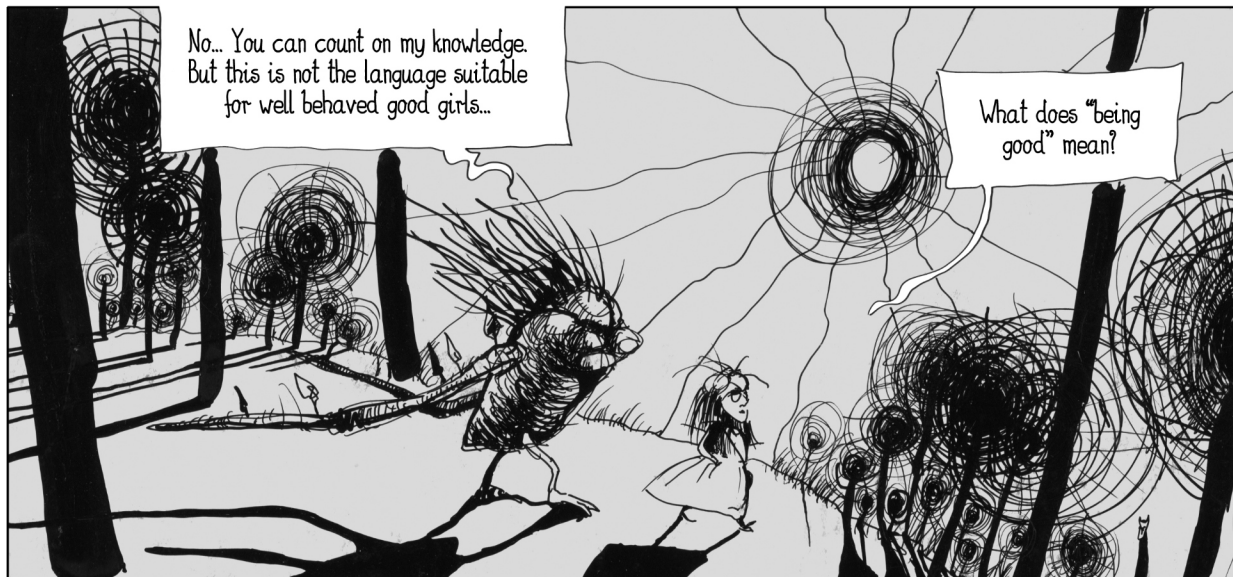
It's a beautiful forest, but not for human children.

They should stay at home and help their mothers peel the Penkiv, not look for the Green Hillside.

You probably don't know where it is, you wise guy and you want to back out.

No... You can count on my knowledge.  
But this is not the language suitable  
for well behaved good girls...

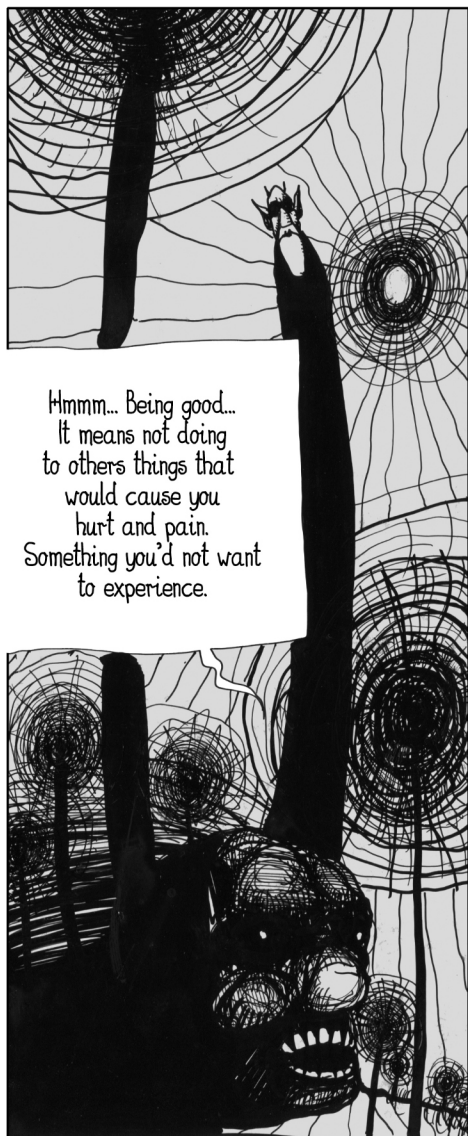
What does "being  
good" mean?



And if you're  
a masochist?



Hmmm... Being good...  
It means not doing  
to others things that  
would cause you  
hurt and pain.  
Something you'd not want  
to experience.

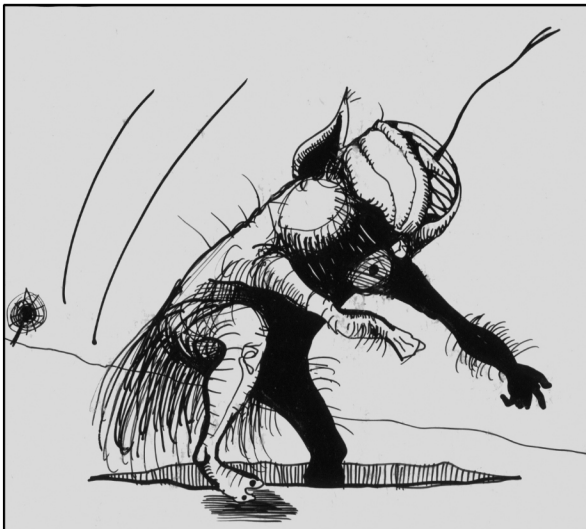
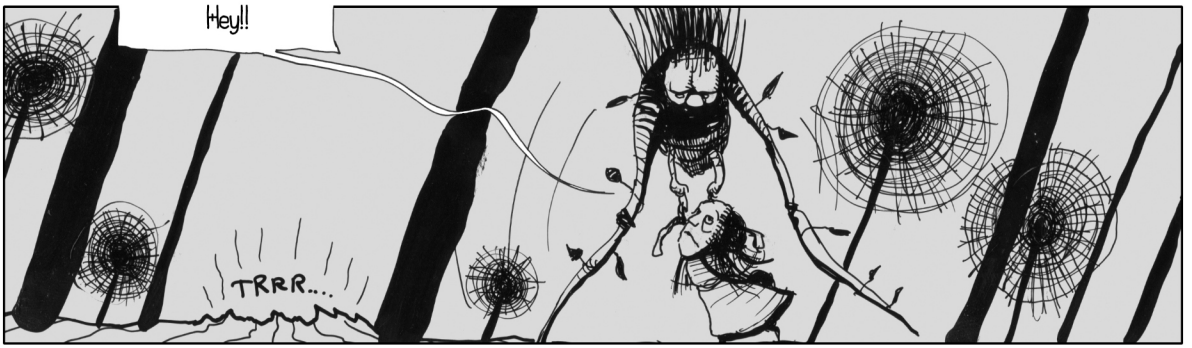


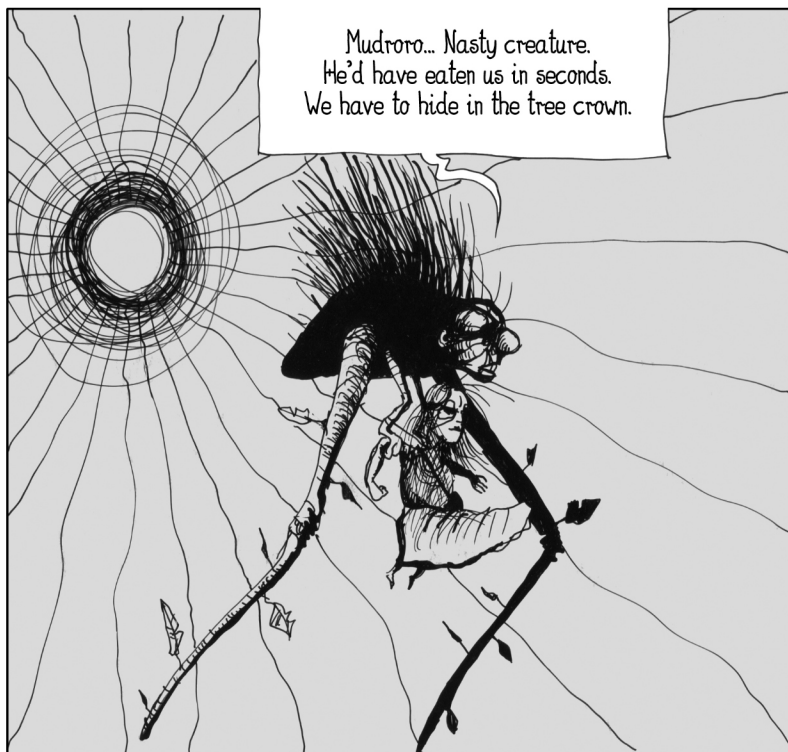
I don't know what  
a masochist is, but I'm  
still standing by  
what I said.



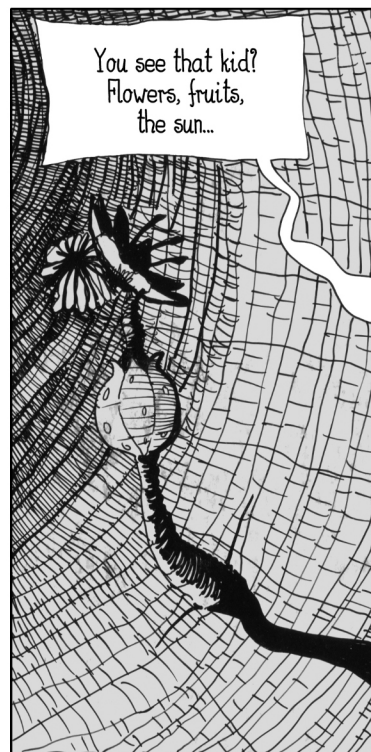
?... Wait...







Mudroro... Nasty creature.  
He'd have eaten us in seconds.  
We have to hide in the tree crown.



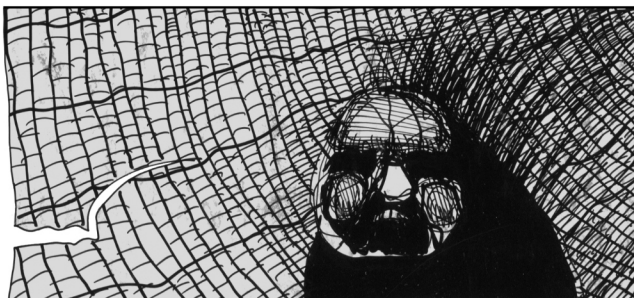
You see that kid?  
Flowers, fruits,  
the sun...



It's all good.  
And Mudroro, well...

He's evil?  
He wanted to kill us.  
And he wouldn't want  
that for himself, right?

No. He did what animals have to do.  
He's killing to survive. He's thoughtless  
and doesn't recognize evil.  
It's us, creatures sapiens, who have to  
remember that we shouldn't do evil,  
because only us can see the distinction  
between good and evil.





You're such a smart bird, aren't you.

For a kid without home and relatives you sure are audacious.

Look around you. This is the best place and time for such disputes. Besides, I didn't come up with all this knowledge. I'm only quoting.

Quote some more!

How come lack of family is supposed to be depressing?

Maybe I got rid of them myself?...

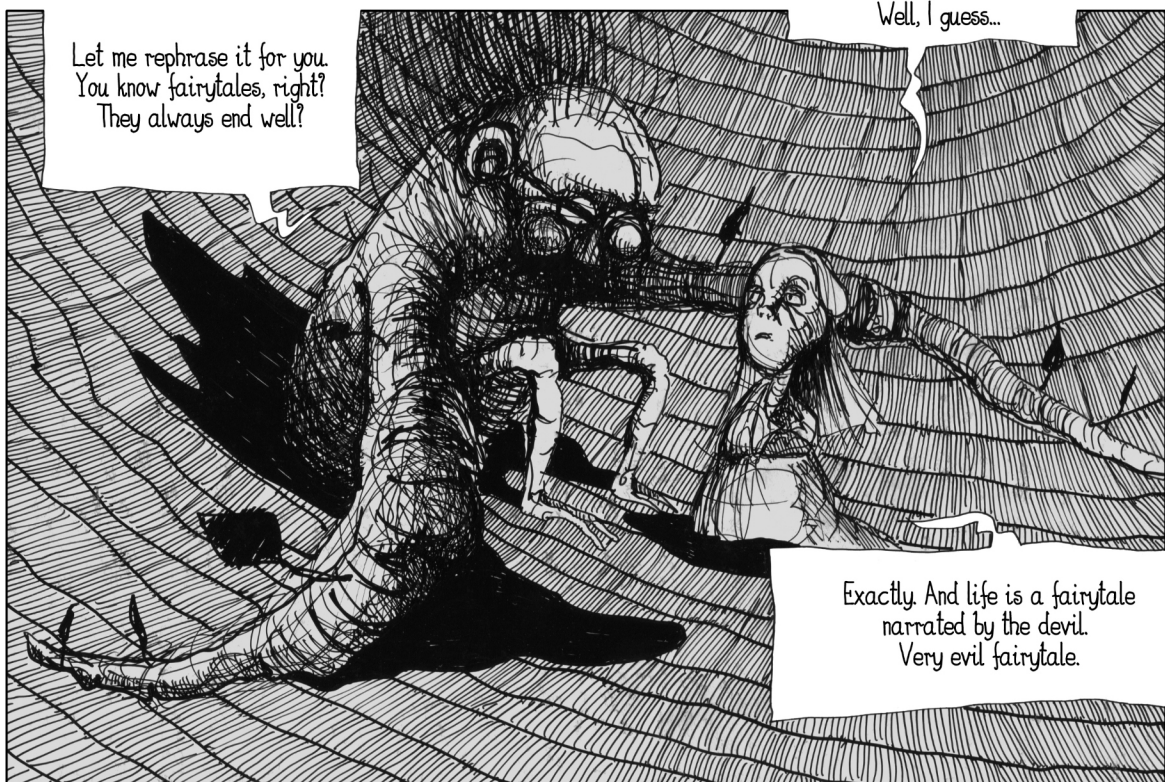
Doesn't matter. I'll tell you about who's evil, and you just listen, because it's a once in a lifetime opportunity for you. All animals, depending on their specification have a special code. Let's say, when a wolf is defeated in a fight...

... he exposes his throat and rolls over his back like a puppy. He recognizes being inferior, being weaker and beaten. That's enough for other wolves to stop attacking him. All animals have some kind of gesture which prevents extinction. The only exception is humans. By your standards being defenseless, weak, sensible is an open invitation for others to end the misery.

And that's what's evil.

I didn't understand...

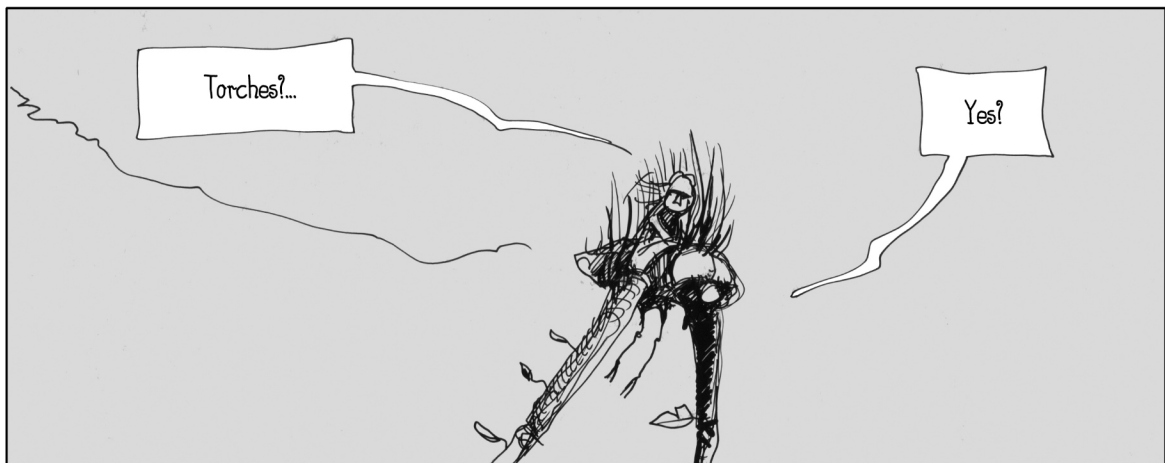




Let me rephrase it for you.  
You know fairytales, right?  
They always end well?

Well, I guess...

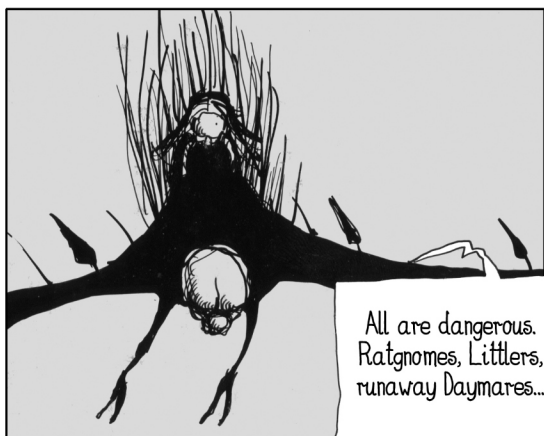
Exactly. And life is a fairytale  
narrated by the devil.  
Very evil fairytale.



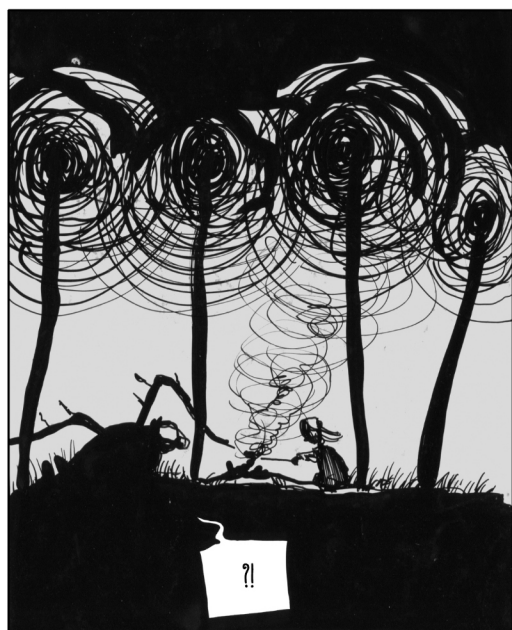
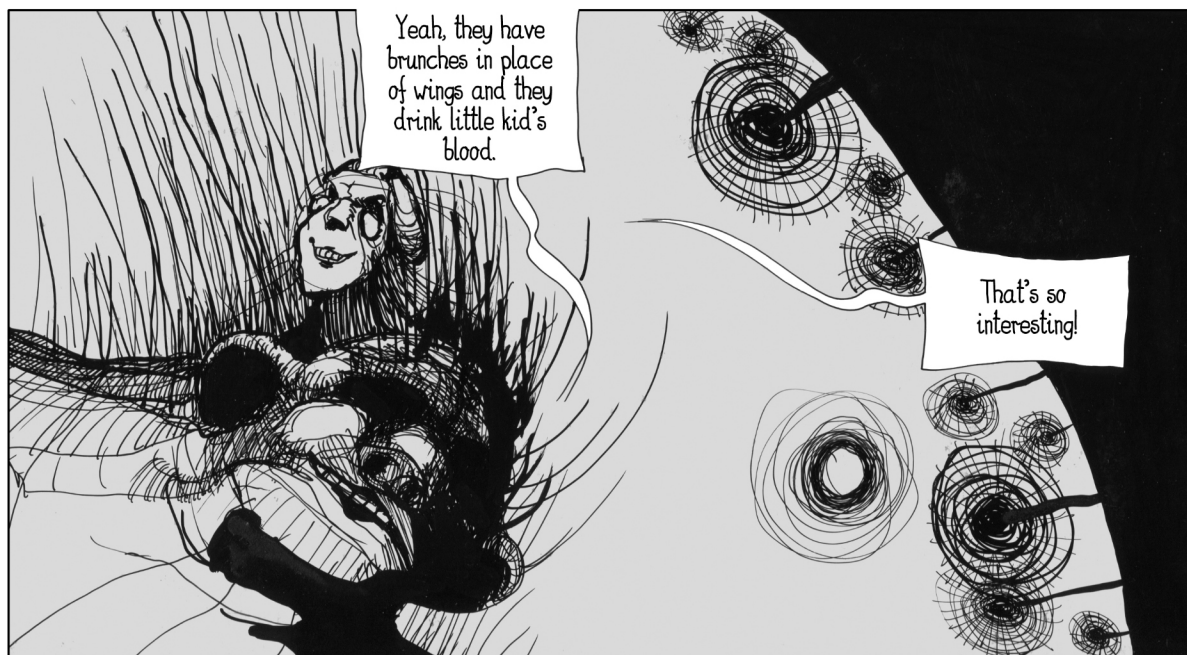
Torches?...

Yes!

What other  
deadly animals  
are in this  
forest?



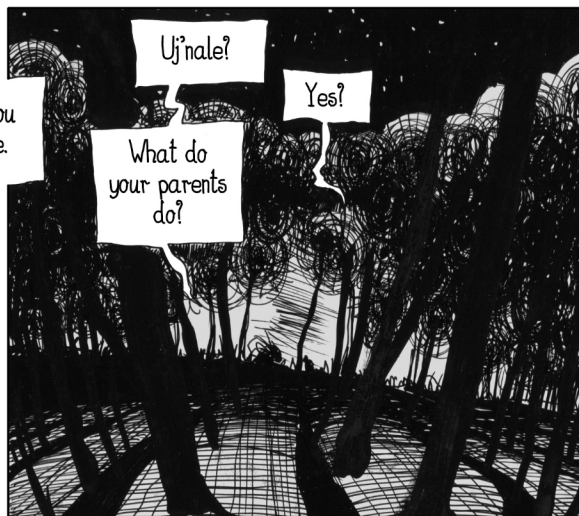
All are dangerous.  
Ratgnomes, Littlers,  
runaway Daymares...





He probably just wanted to keep warm at our campfire.

Remember what you told me about life.



Uj'na!e?

Yes?

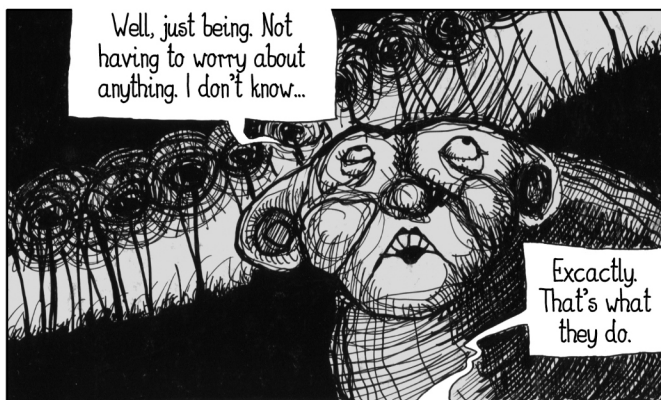
What do your parents do?



They enjoy freedom.

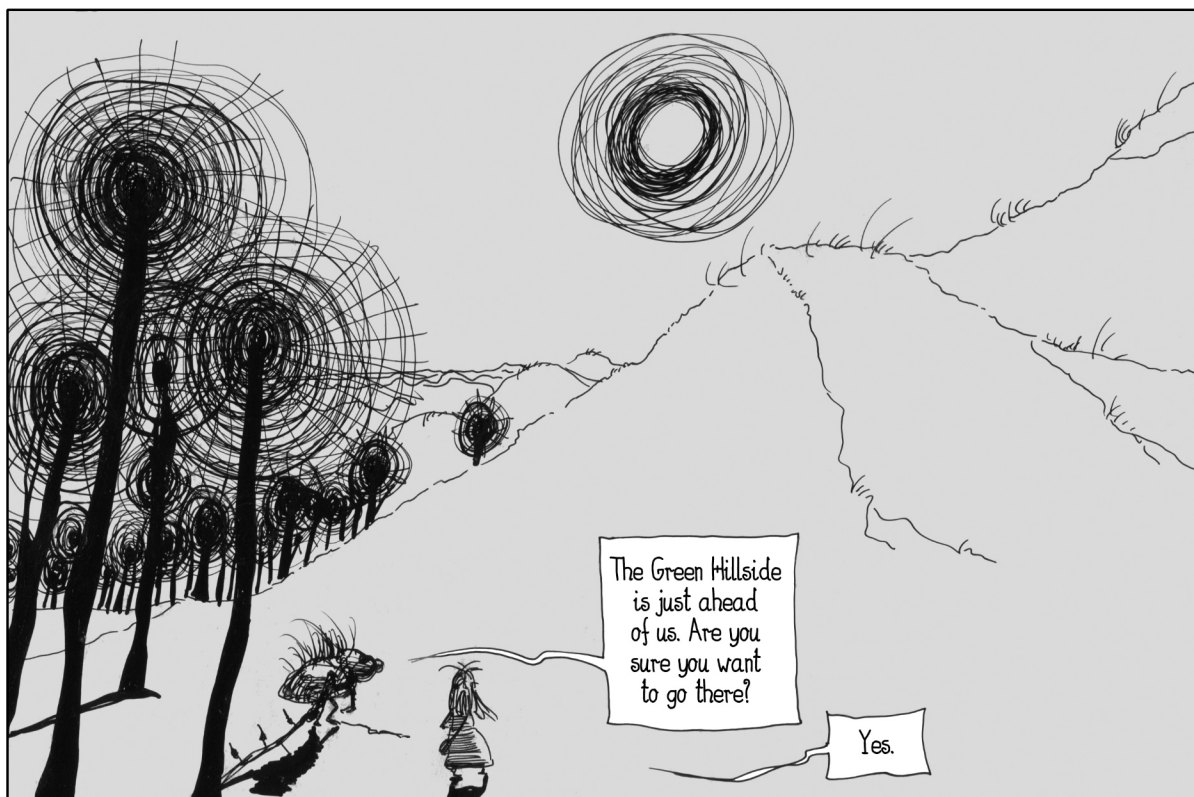
?... I don't understand.

What does it mean to be free?



Well, just being. Not having to worry about anything. I don't know...

Exactly. That's what they do.

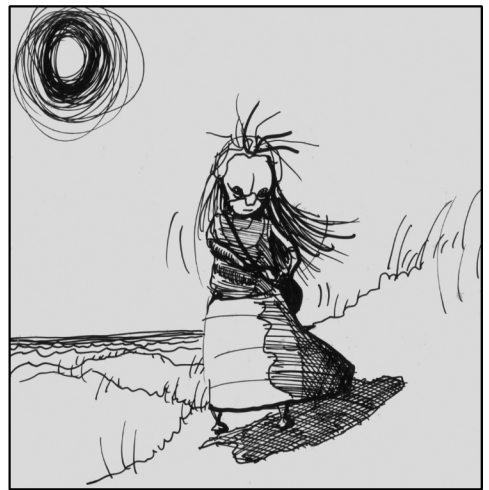
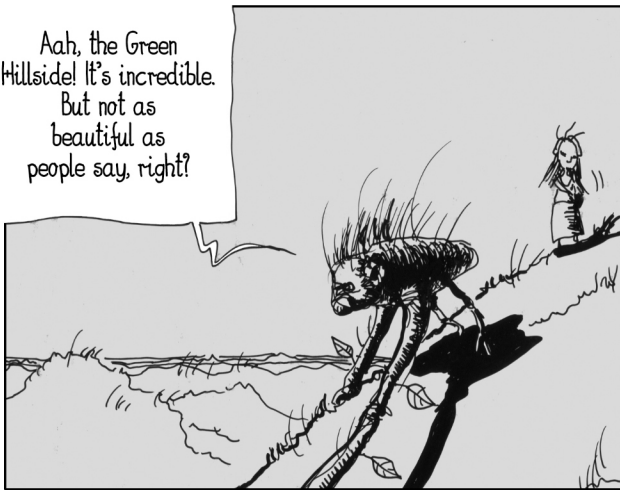


The Green Hillside is just ahead of us. Are you sure you want to go there?

Yes.



Aah, the Green Hillside! It's incredible. But not as beautiful as people say, right?



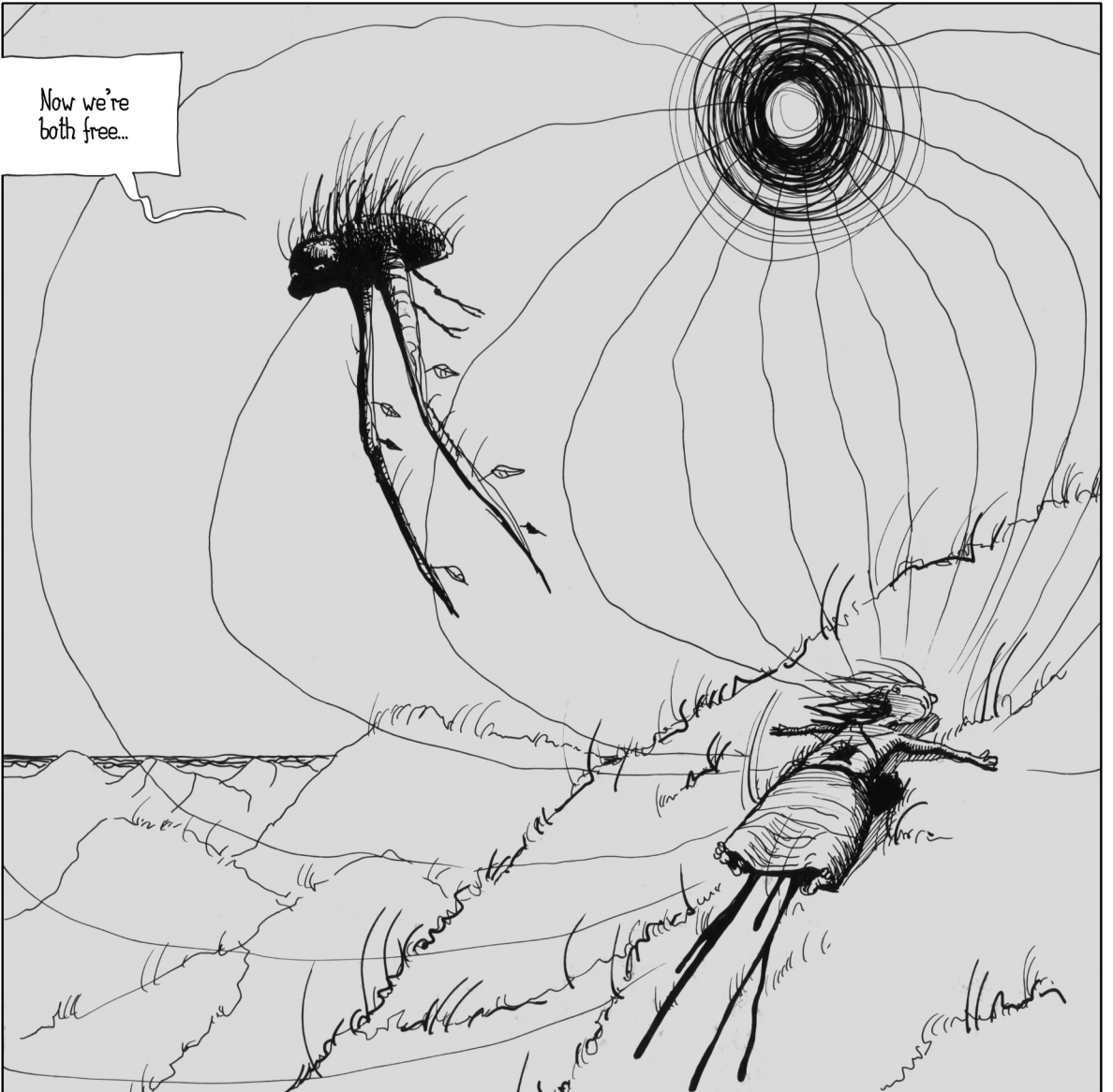
You know that you sound so funny when you ask all your wise questions?



Yeah. I've been working on it for years.









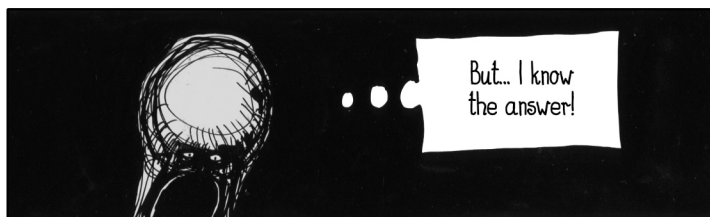




Hey you!  
You either answer  
our questions or  
we'll eat you  
for dinner.



What  
creature  
has a head  
and arms,  
but no neck?

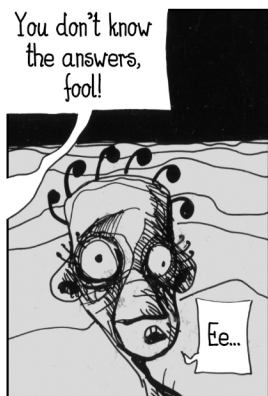


But... I know  
the answer!



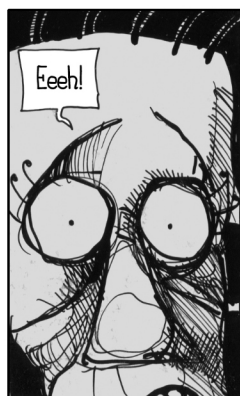
What sees  
with ears?

Where's north if  
on the stronger side  
of a lefty is west?



You don't know  
the answers,  
fool!

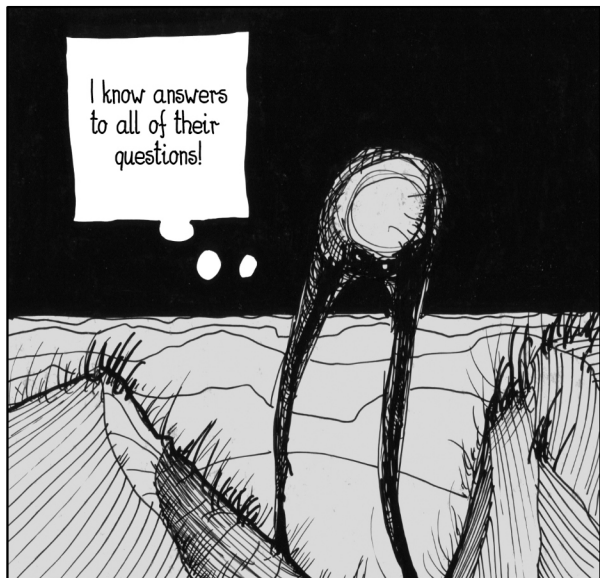
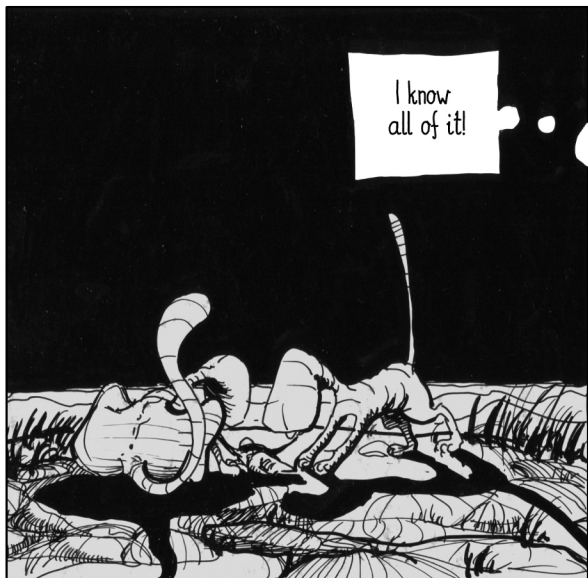
Ee...



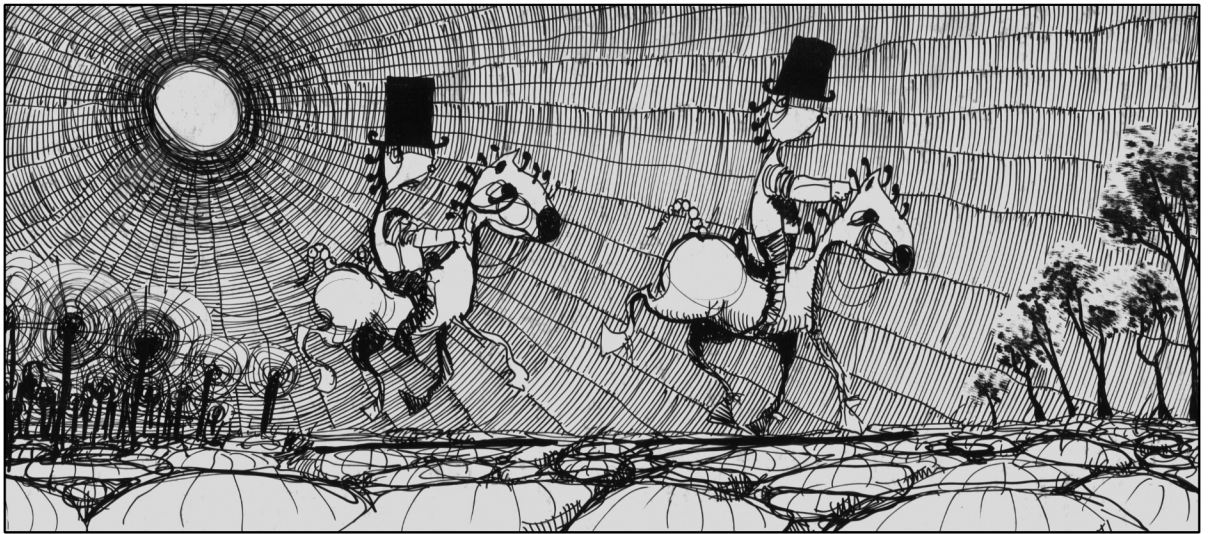
Eeeh!



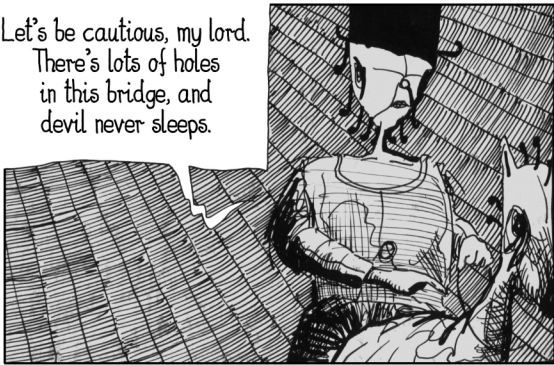
AAARGH+!!!!



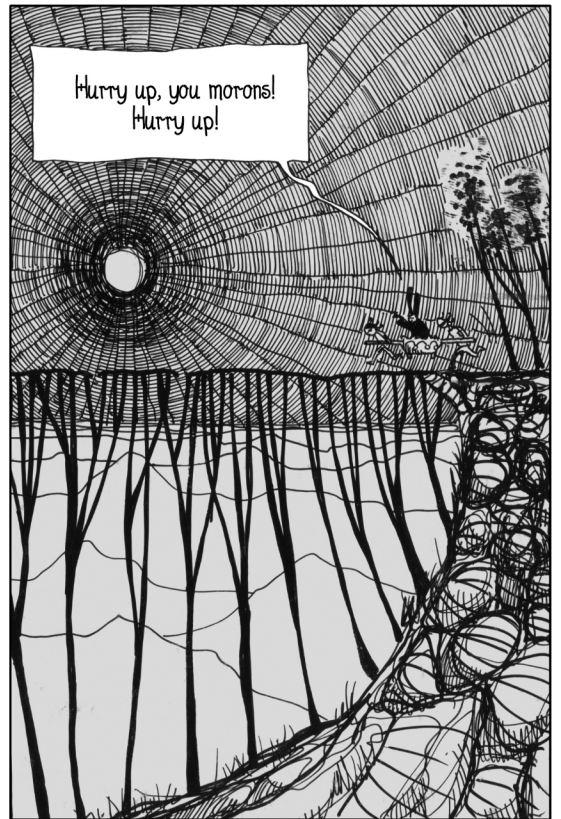
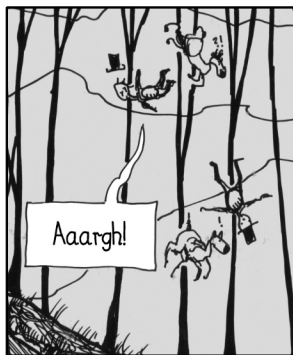
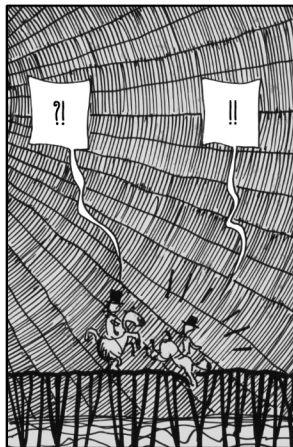
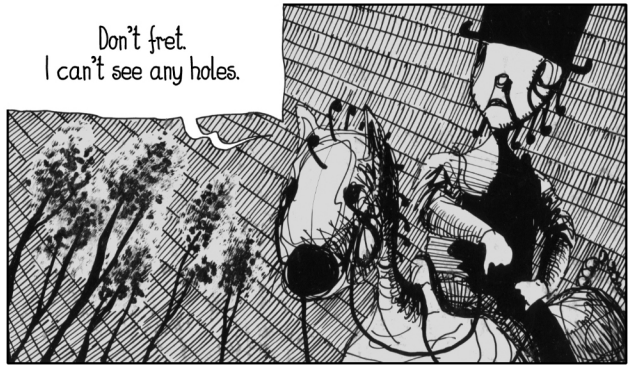




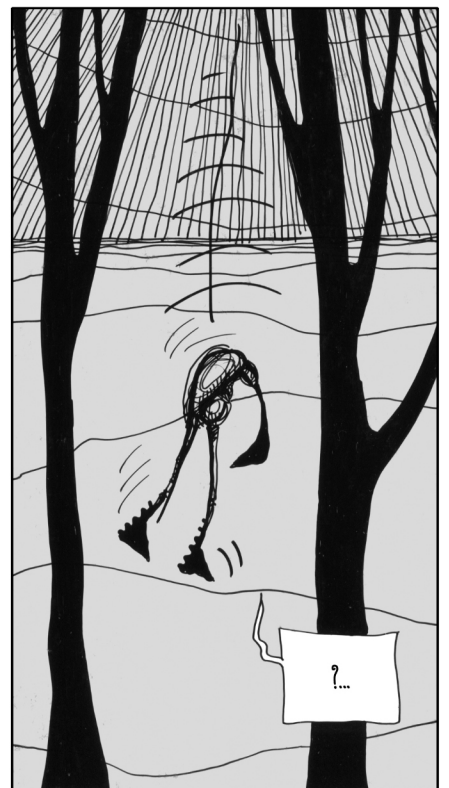
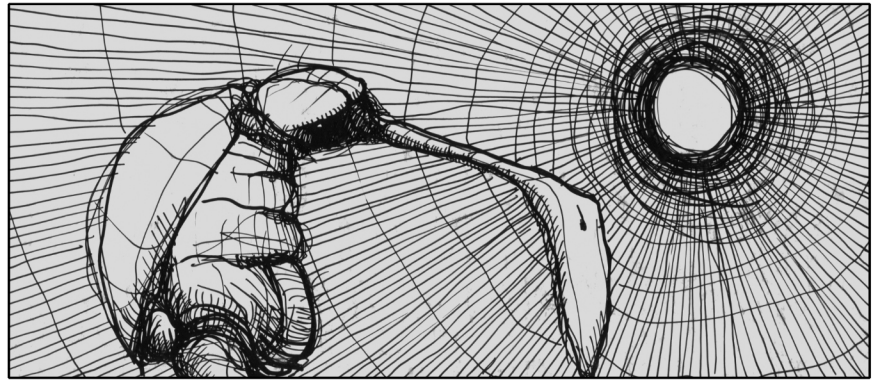
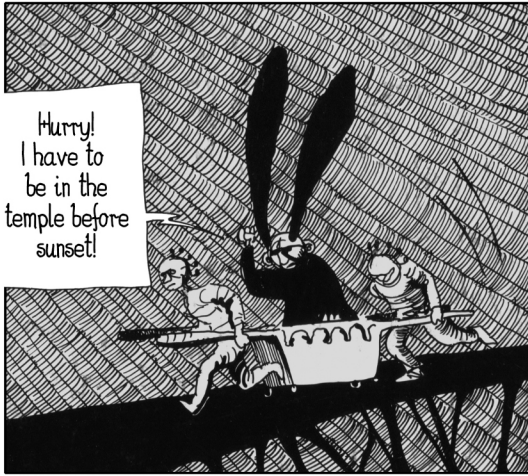
Let's be cautious, my lord.  
There's lots of holes  
in this bridge, and  
devil never sleeps.

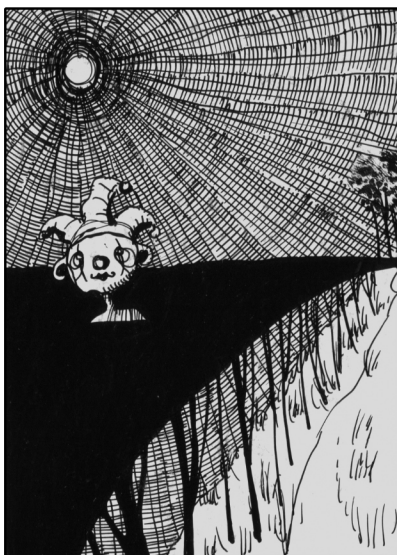


Don't fret.  
I can't see any holes.













Another one...

Something  
is taking  
them.

Or they rise  
by themselves.

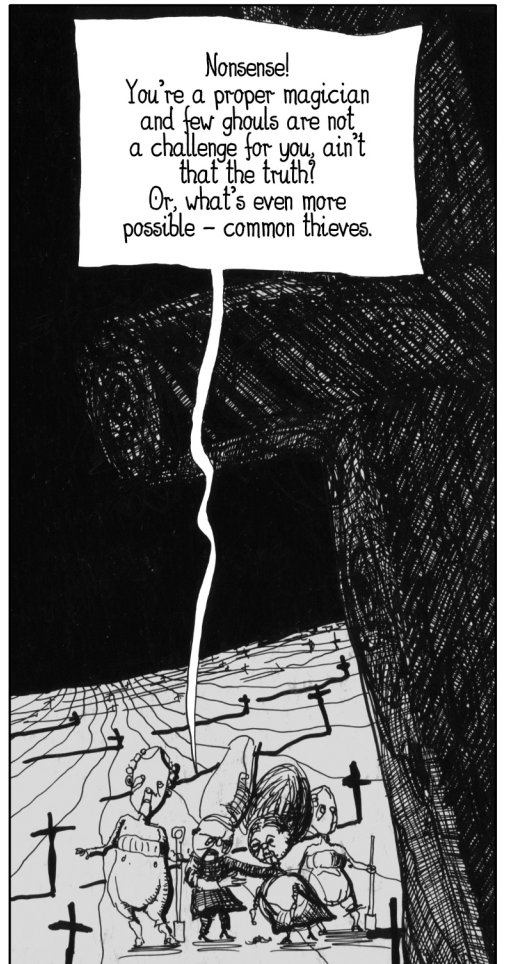


Looks like  
a job for you,  
my dear  
charlatan  
Tarpenblast.



Catch these ghouls.  
Entire city of  
Mylien is counting  
on you.

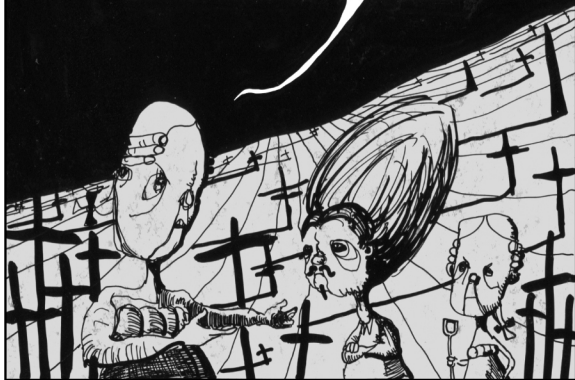
I'd prefer you send a boy  
to Ariddleft to summon  
a priest of Volgrum  
the Great.



Nonsense!  
You're a proper magician  
and few ghouls are not  
a challenge for you, ain't  
that the truth?  
Or, what's even more  
possible - common thieves.



And isn't that a shame to  
go to Aridcleft with something  
simple like this?  
Who would even believe!...



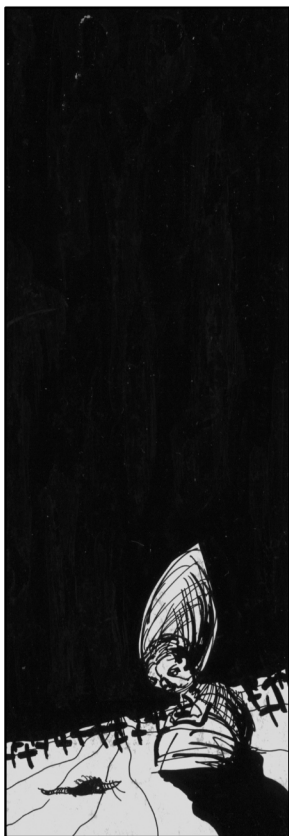
But...



Wait!...



Can you see anything,  
my dear baldy tail?  
I can't... They should  
put a better watch  
on these tumuli  
instead of  
dragging me all  
the way here...



They're keeping an eye  
right now, for sure, but  
outside of the holy  
grounds devoted to  
the dead.

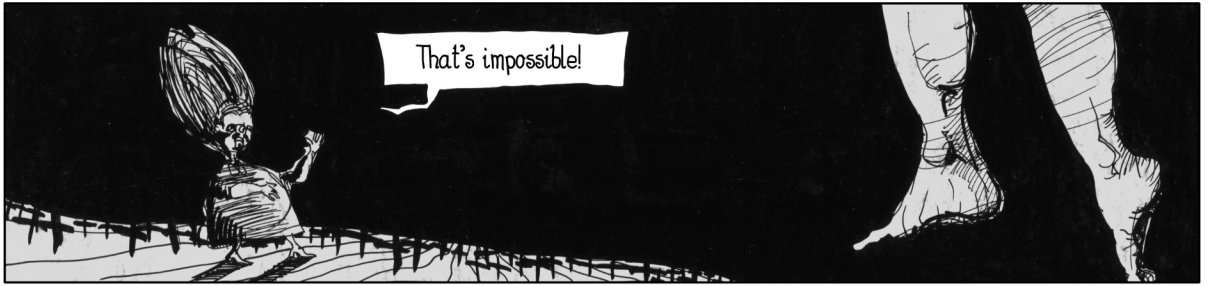
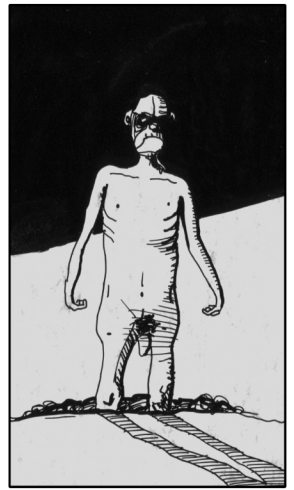
They're probably all  
drunk by now, as per  
usual, and we're  
freezing our butts off  
over here.



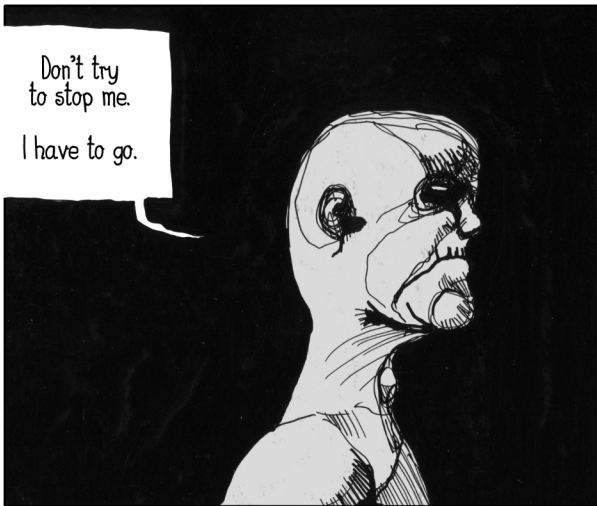
WHAT ?...



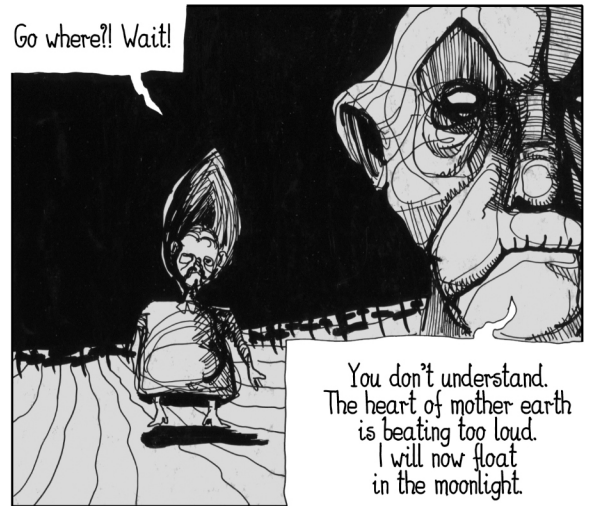




That's impossible!

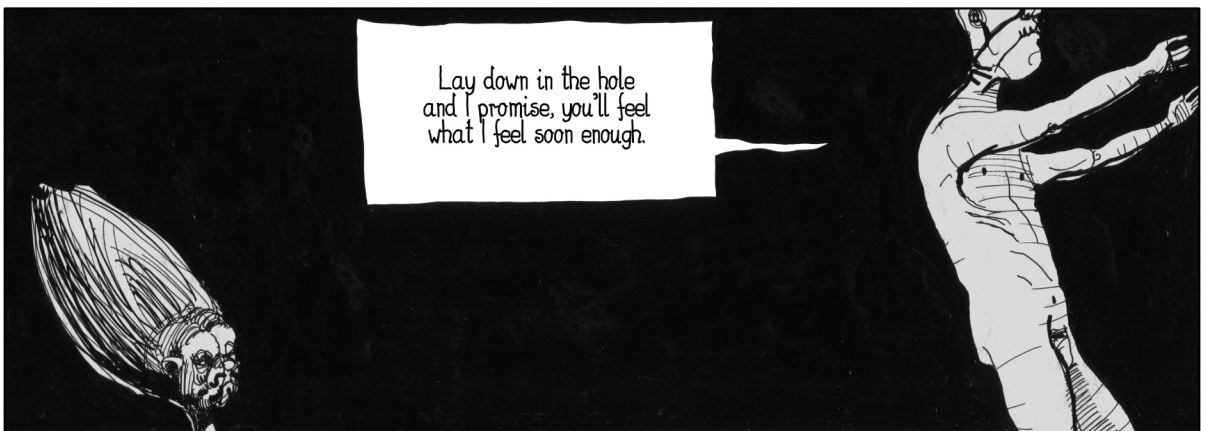


Don't try  
to stop me.  
I have to go.

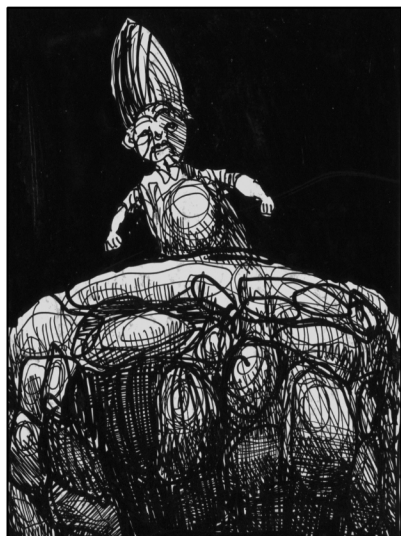


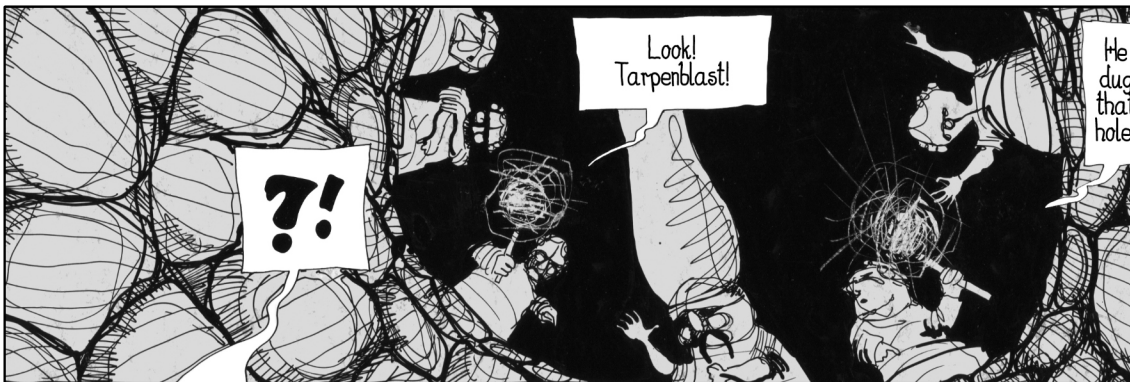
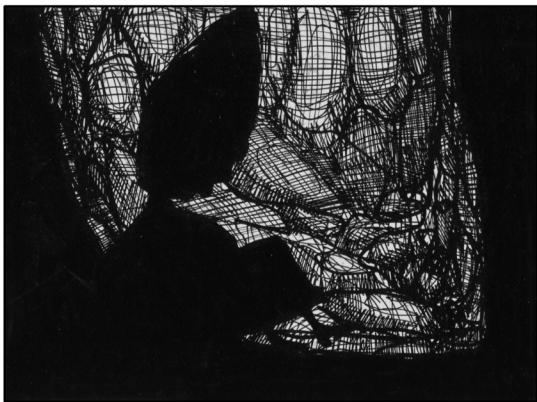
Go where?! Wait!

You don't understand.  
The heart of mother earth  
is beating too loud.  
I will now float  
in the moonlight.



Lay down in the hole  
and I promise, you'll feel  
what I feel soon enough.





Goddamn thief!  
Sneaky as a fox,  
but this fresh  
grave betrayed  
him!...

He dug it so  
quickly!  
It's barely  
after  
midnight.

Let's hang  
the blasphemer!

We should  
burn him!

Yes, burn him  
so he won't be  
able to come  
back to haunt  
after death.

WAIT!!!

Burn until  
there's nothing  
left.

Burn!

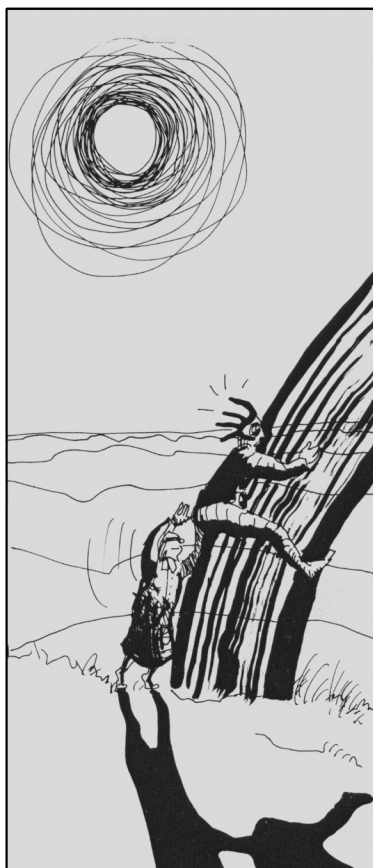
Burn  
to ashes!

Looks like  
the promise  
will be  
broken...

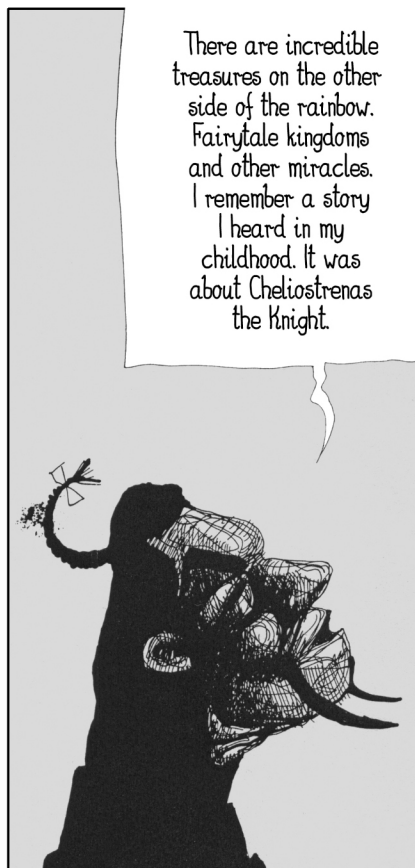




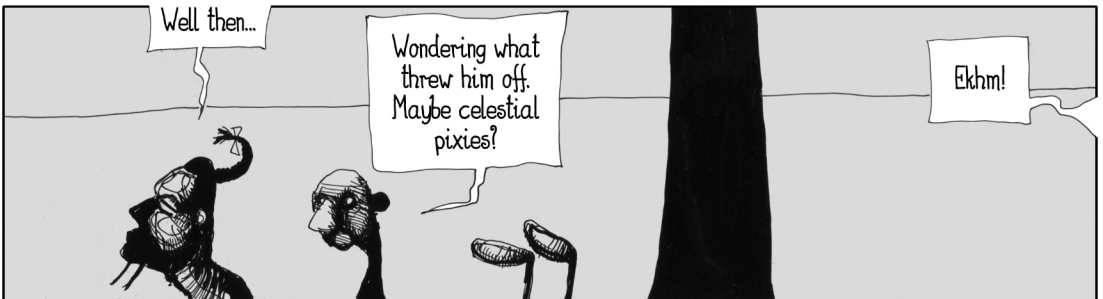
Go on then,  
Binerhim.  
Get on it.

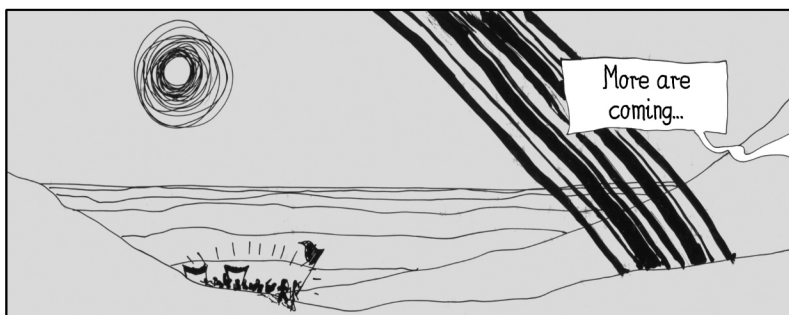
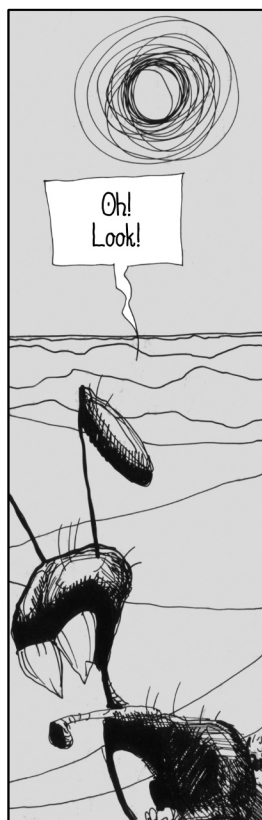
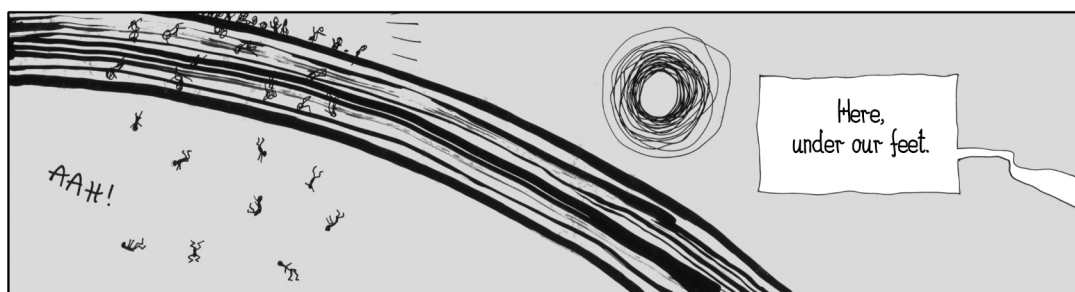
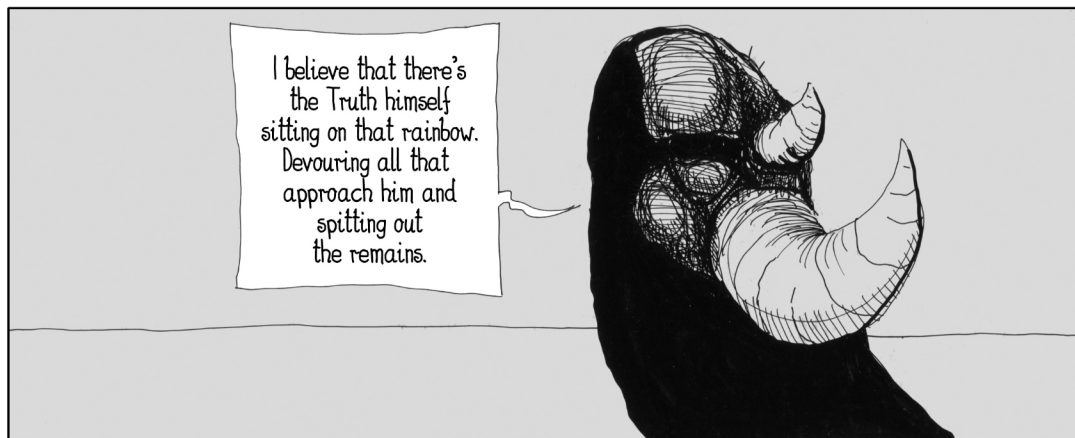


There are incredible  
treasures on the other  
side of the rainbow.  
Fairytale kingdoms  
and other miracles.  
I remember a story  
I heard in my  
childhood. It was  
about Cheliostrenas  
the Knight.

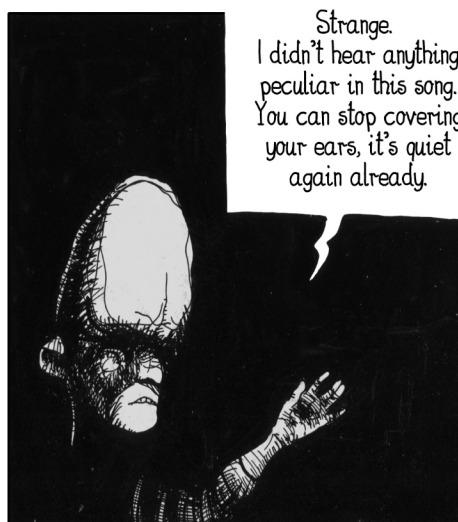












Phew.

Basilisk is up  
on the mountain.  
I could swear he's  
near the slope of Crow.

I hope  
nobody  
on the  
coombs  
heard  
him. Gods  
protect  
them...

I can't grasp why are you  
all so afraid of.  
Anyway, I heard that there  
is an easy route to  
Crow's peak through north?

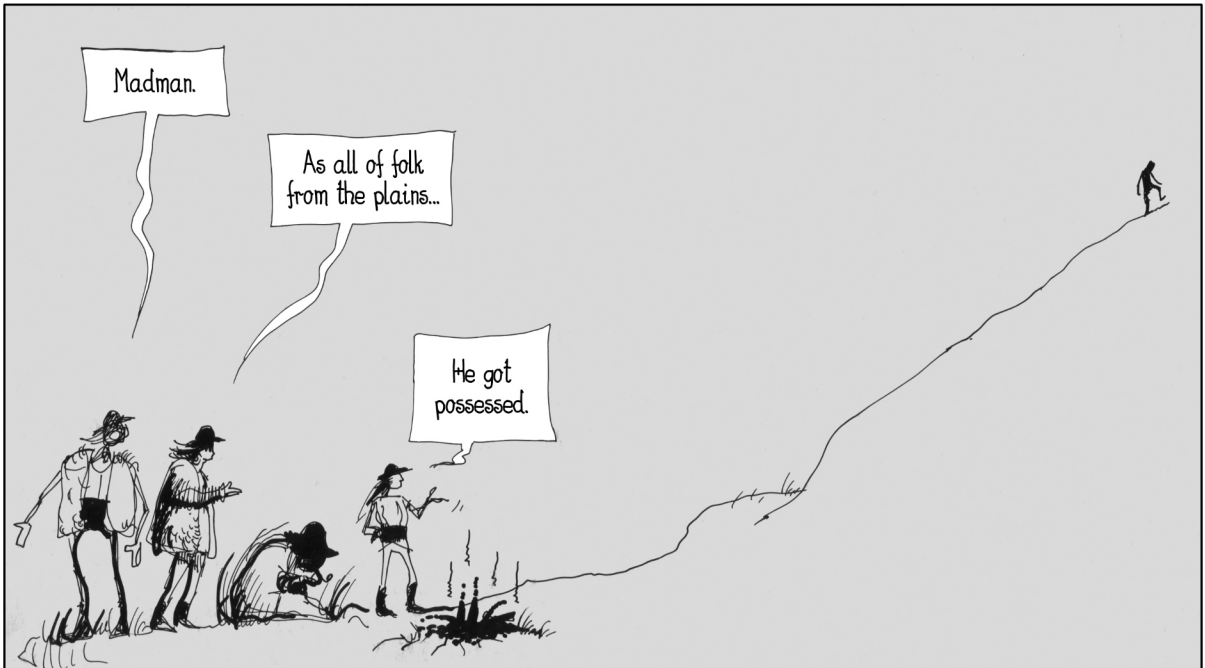
If that's your  
wish - then go.  
It's your life, man  
from the plains.  
At least wait  
until the dawn.

Good night.

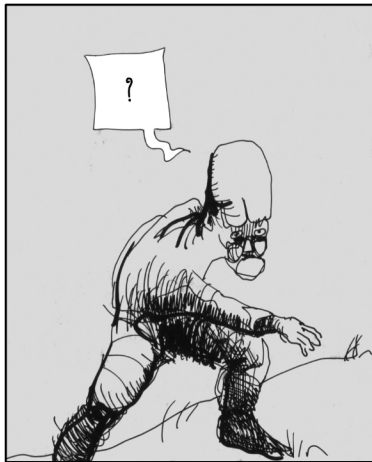
Madman.

As all of folk  
from the plains...

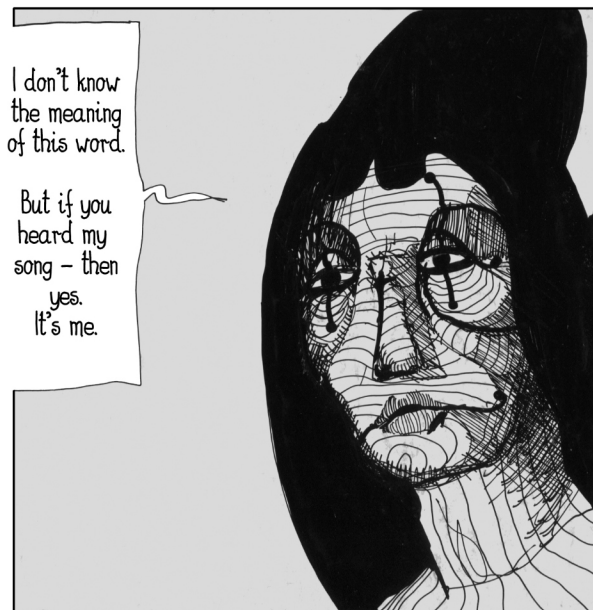
He got  
possessed.





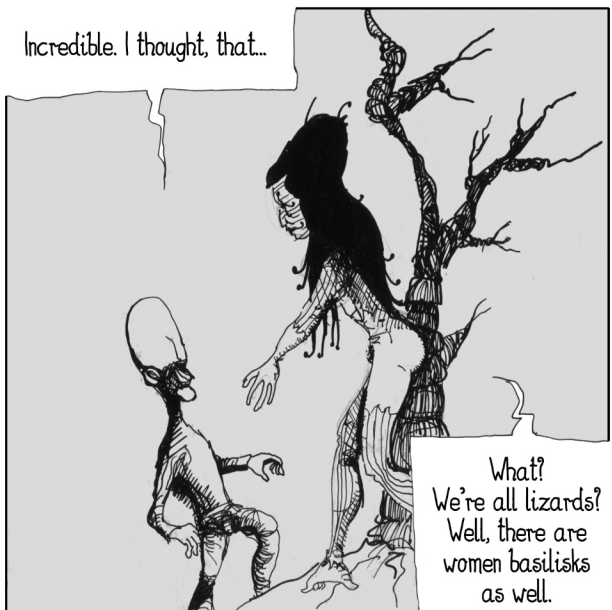


Are you...  
the Basilisk?



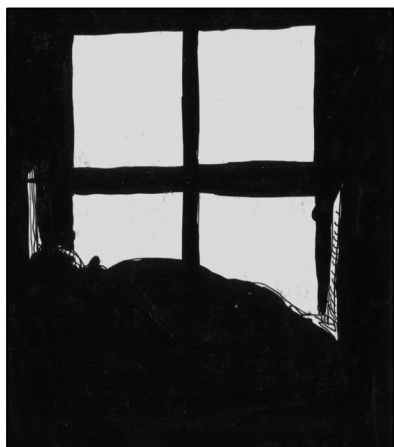
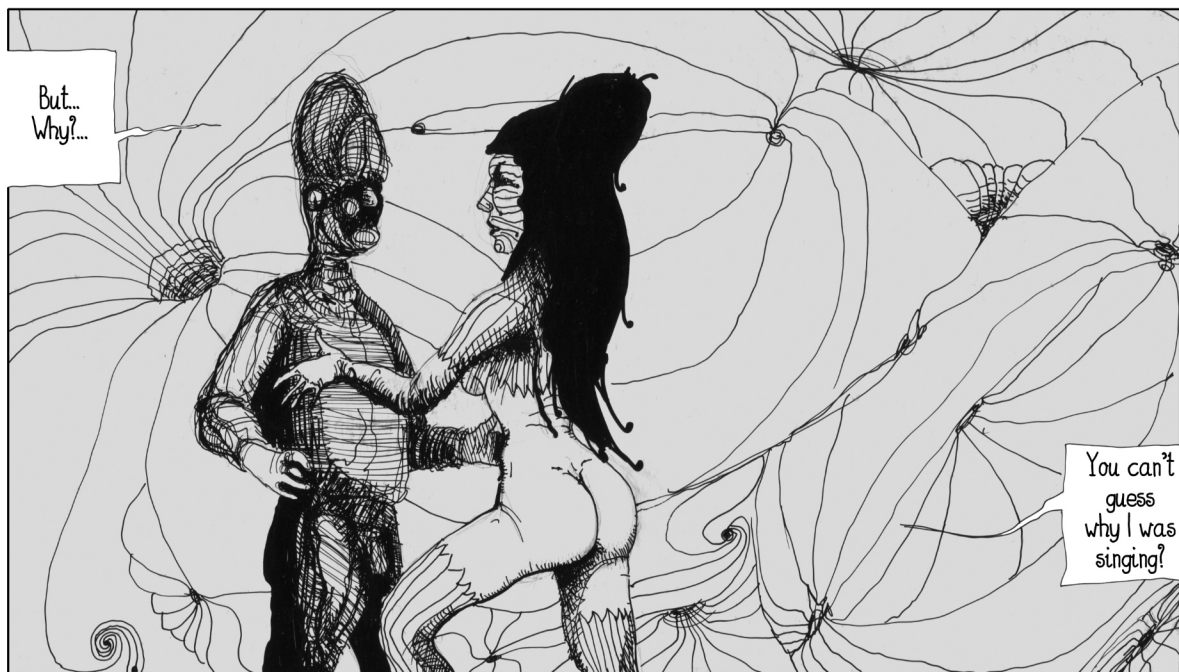
I don't know  
the meaning  
of this word.

But if you  
heard my  
song - then  
yes.  
It's me.



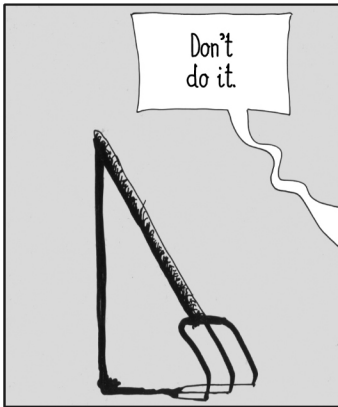
Incredible. I thought, that...

What?  
We're all lizards?  
Well, there are  
women basilisks  
as well.

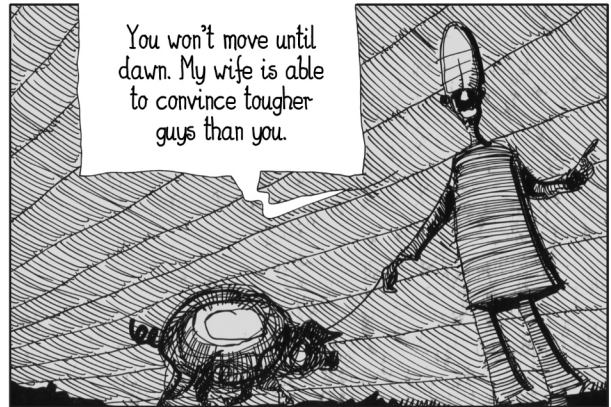




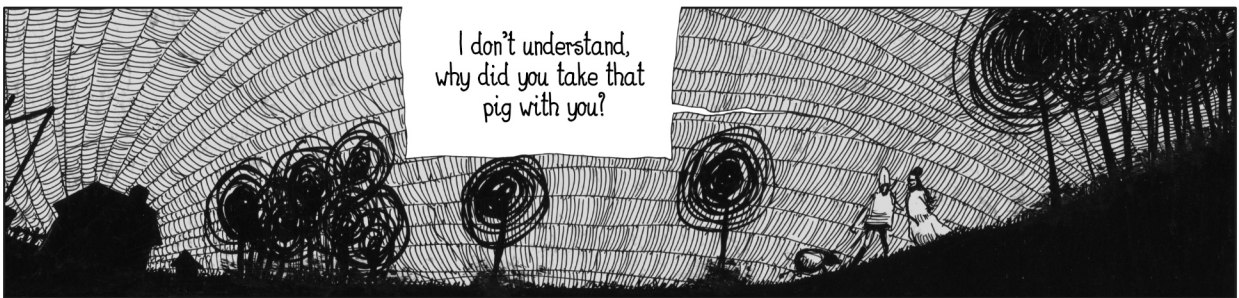
Do not move.  
We will only take few  
things and leave.  
  
Don't try to be a hero.



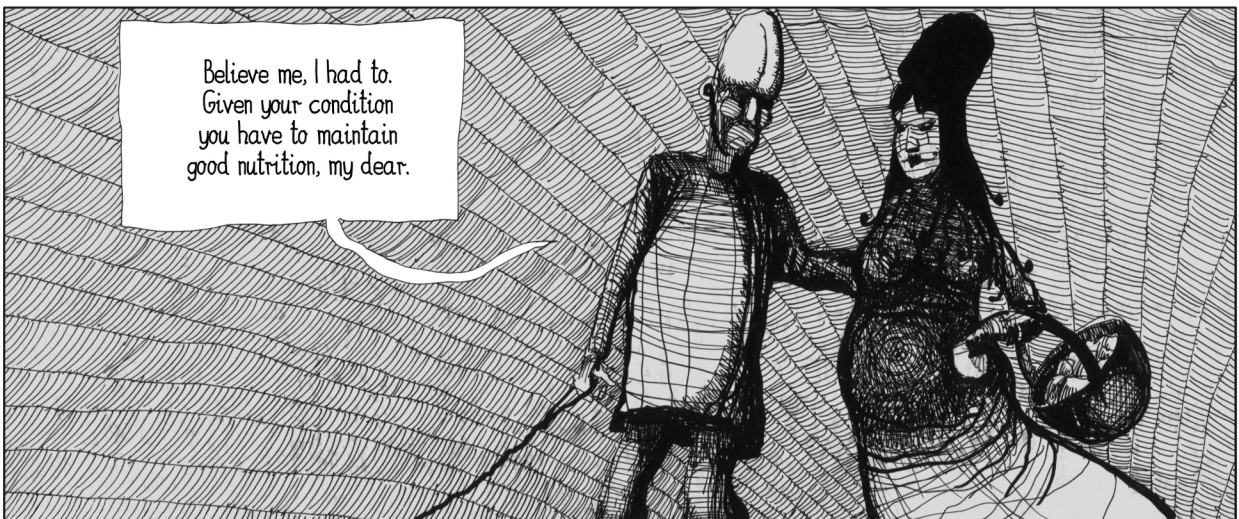
Don't  
do it.



You won't move until  
dawn. My wife is able  
to convince tougher  
guys than you.



I don't understand,  
why did you take that  
pig with you?



Believe me, I had to.  
Given your condition  
you have to maintain  
good nutrition, my dear.





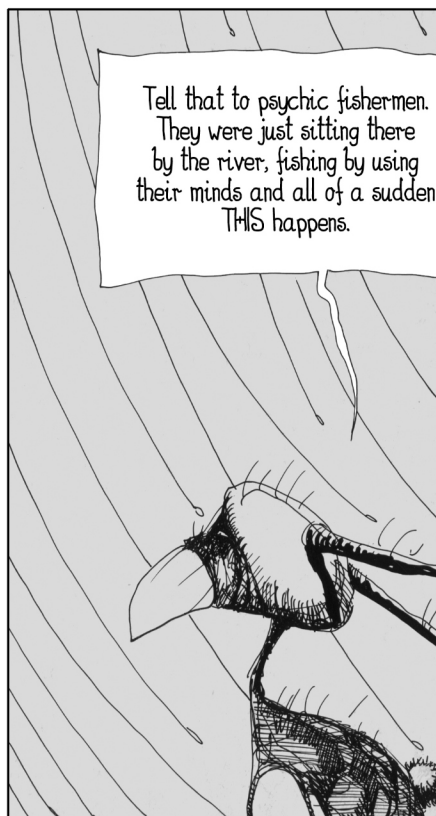
Frankly speaking,  
I'm not exactly ready to  
believe in what you're saying...



Would I run to you through  
those nasty marches  
and drag you out into this  
dreadful rain if it  
wasn't true?



I understand, that  
Flounder saw  
it too. But it's just...  
Well...  
A bit unthinkable...



Tell that to psychic fishermen.  
They were just sitting there  
by the river, fishing by using  
their minds and all of a sudden  
THIS happens.



Well, yes, that would be  
a traumatic event,  
I admit. So - lead  
the way, since we  
already...



.. are soaked  
through.

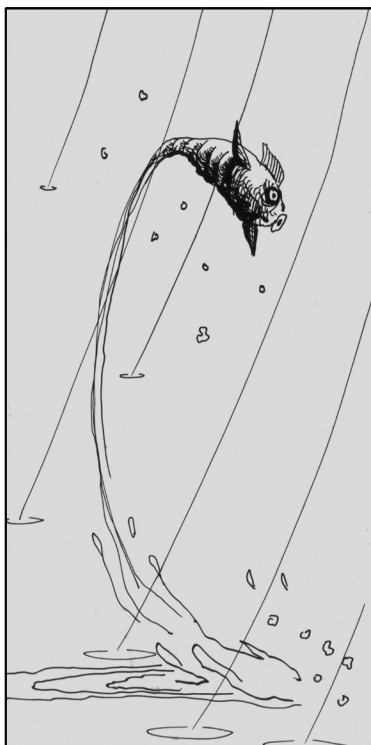
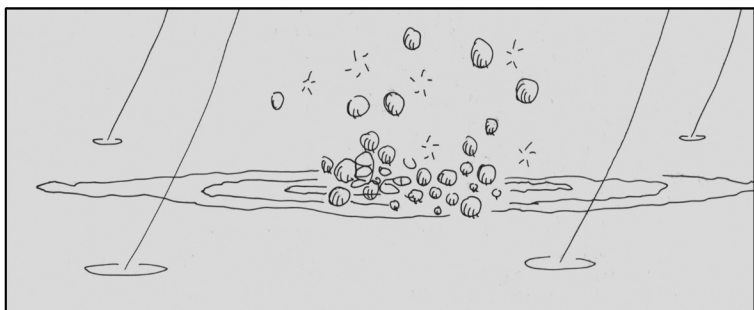
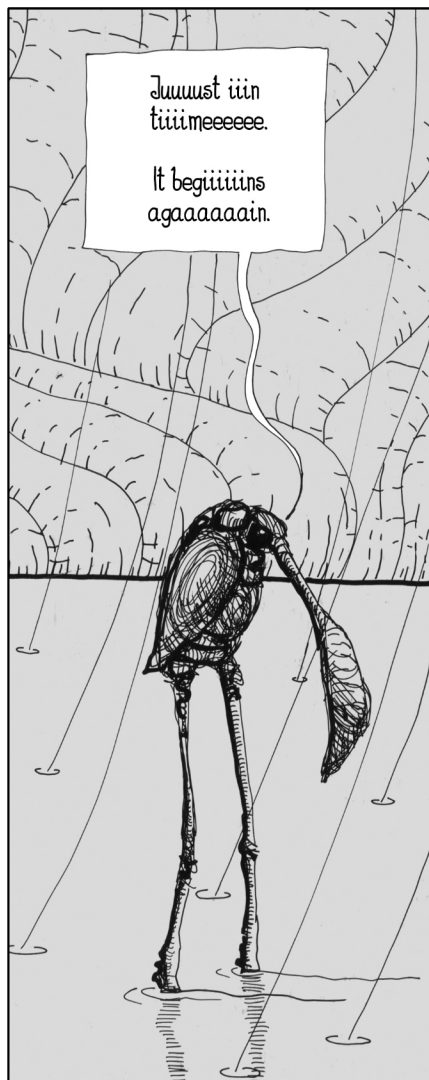


Oh, there's the Flounder!  
Here's where first  
batch appeared.



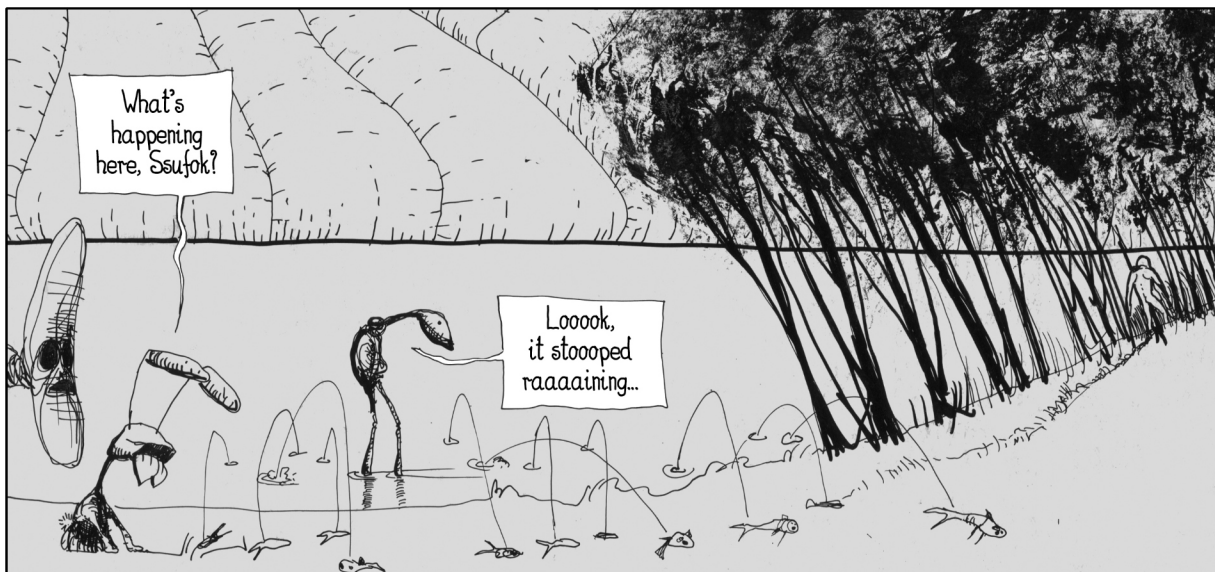
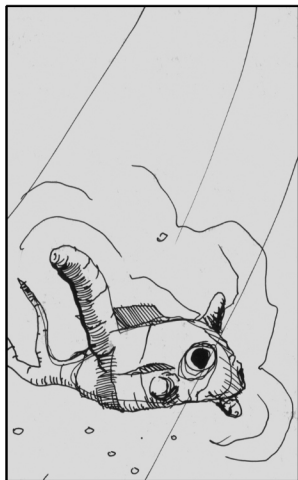
Juuuust iin  
tiiimeeeee.

It begiiiiins  
agaaaaain.



PLASK!





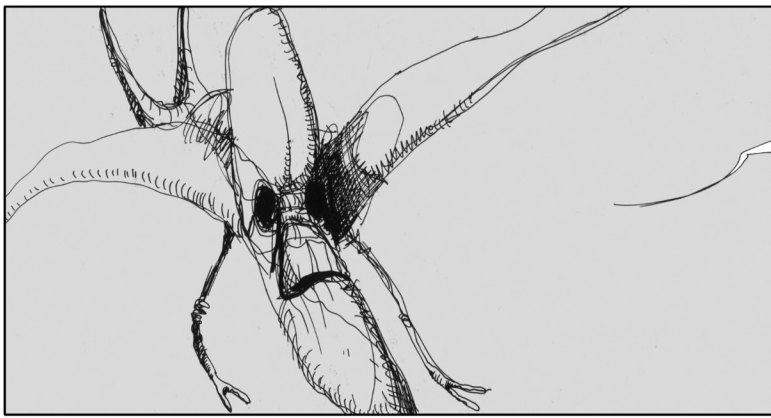
I'm not sure.  
The only thing that  
comes to my mind is  
that nothing comes  
from nothing.

Maybe this is how  
people are created  
in... well... wherever  
they're heading to.

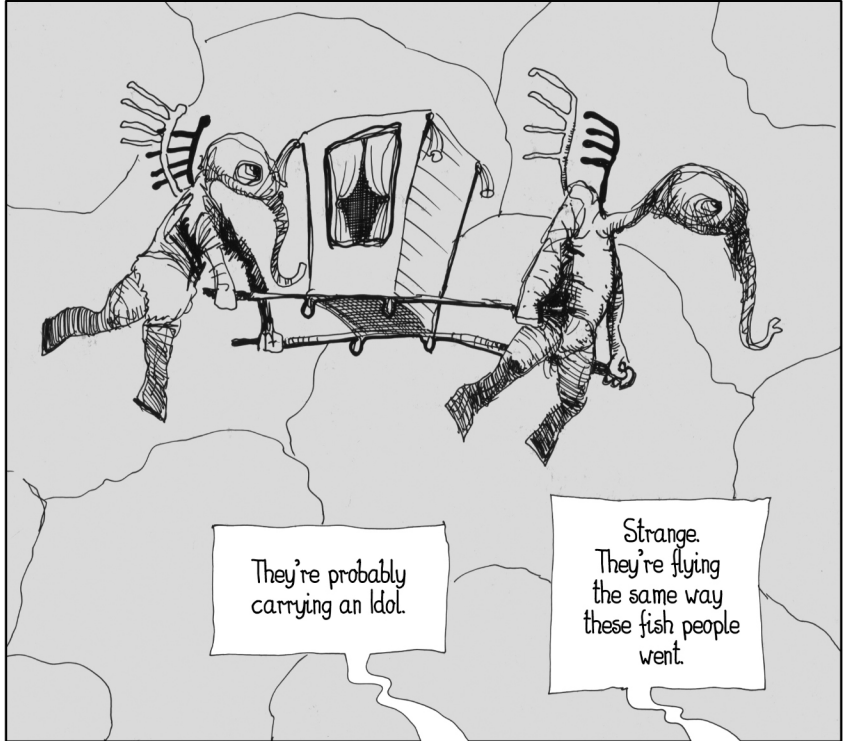
Maybe they're  
travelling through  
different dimention  
using different forms.

Actually, hold on, this  
is what I heard about  
new worlds.



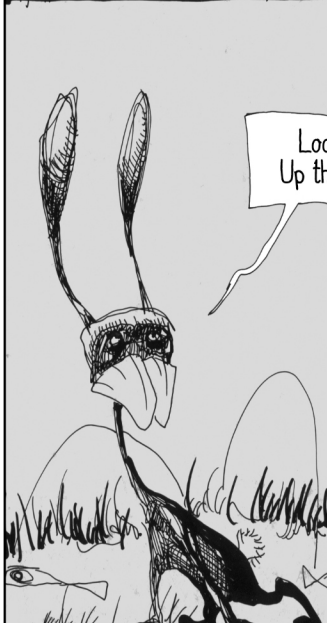


Maybe it's some kind of a new world,  
barely created, still evolving,  
calling out creatures for settlement.  
Yes, that's an interesting analogy.

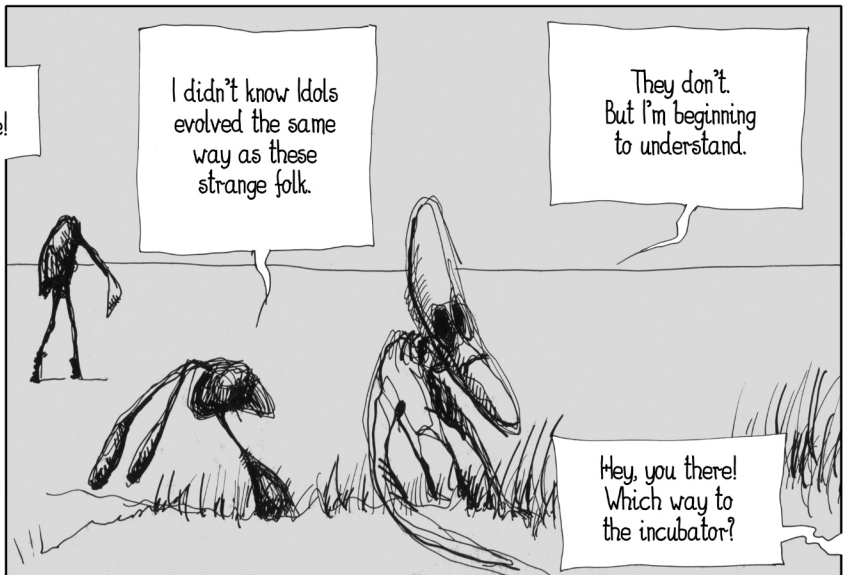


They're probably  
carrying an idol.

Strange.  
They're flying  
the same way  
these fish people  
went.



Look!  
Up there!



I didn't know idols  
evolved the same  
way as these  
strange folk.

They don't.  
But I'm beginning  
to understand.

Hey, you there!  
Which way to  
the incubator?



Is it like a brand new world?

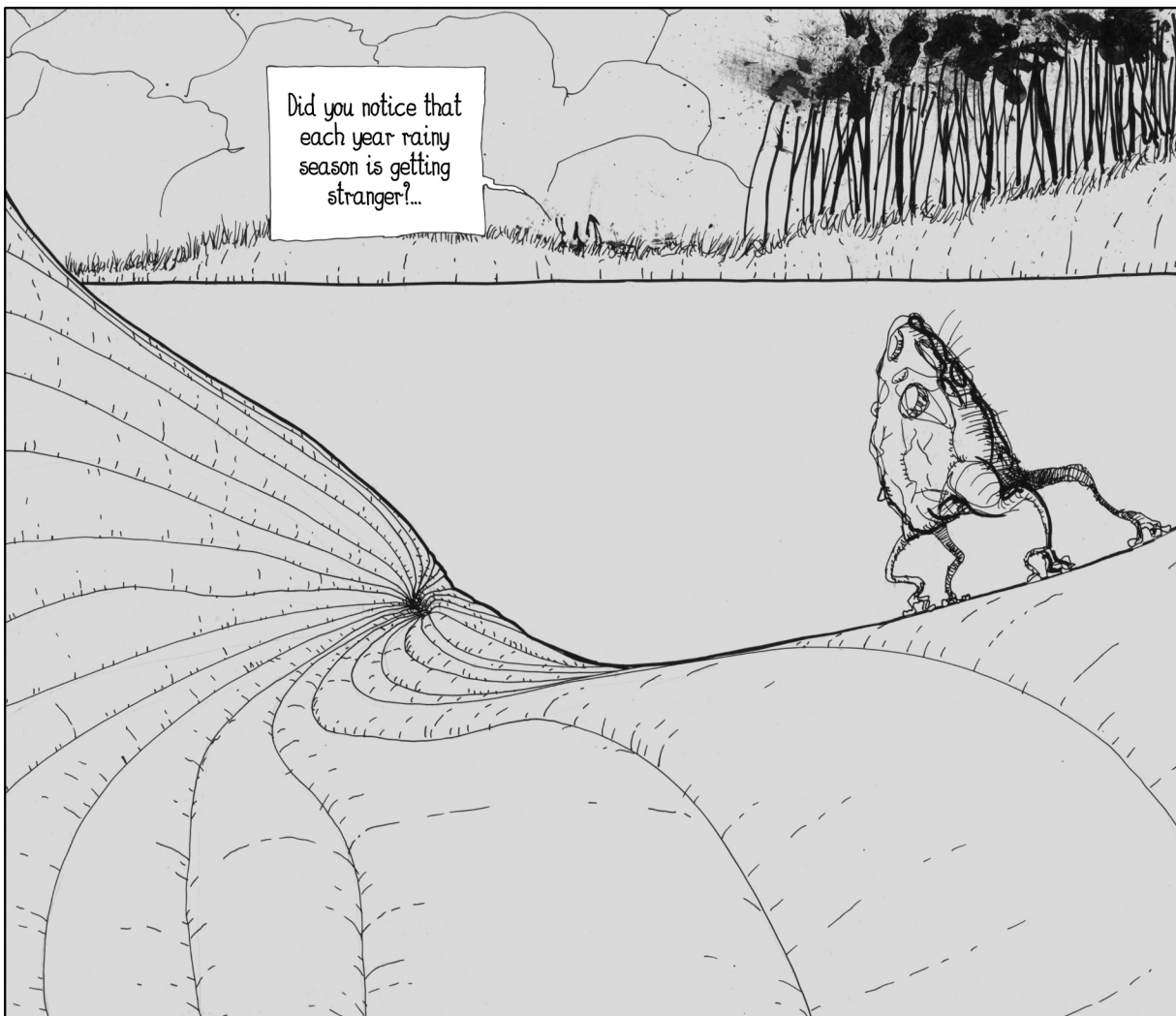
Not "like", but completely brand sparkling new.



Well, I think this forest path will take you there.



As I said, there's an analogy. Well, let's go. Nothing more to see here.







Don't come near  
these bushes  
at night.  
Evil lives there.



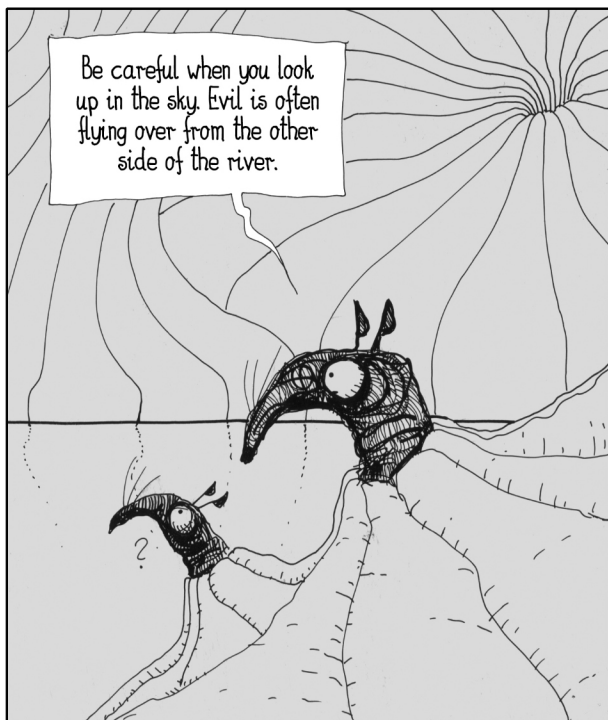
Never cross this  
road during  
the day.  
Evil walks there.

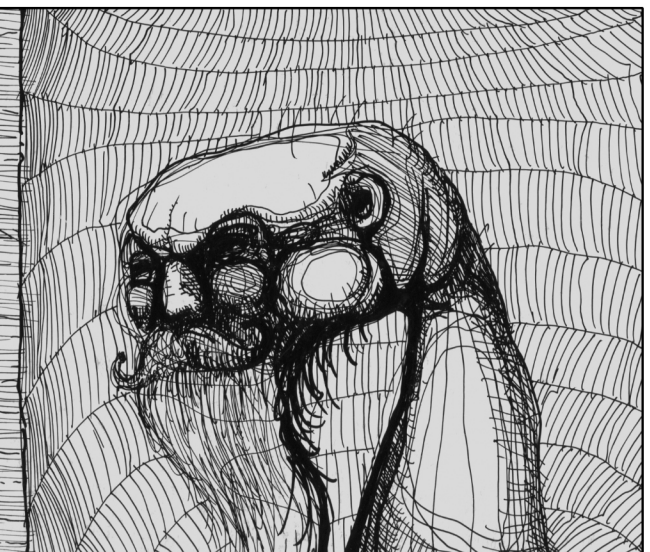
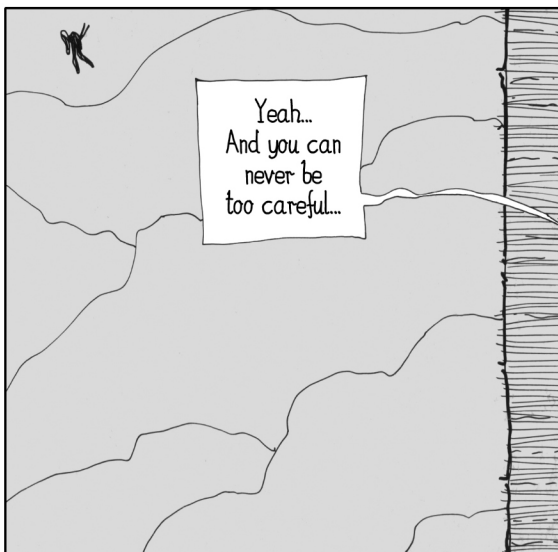
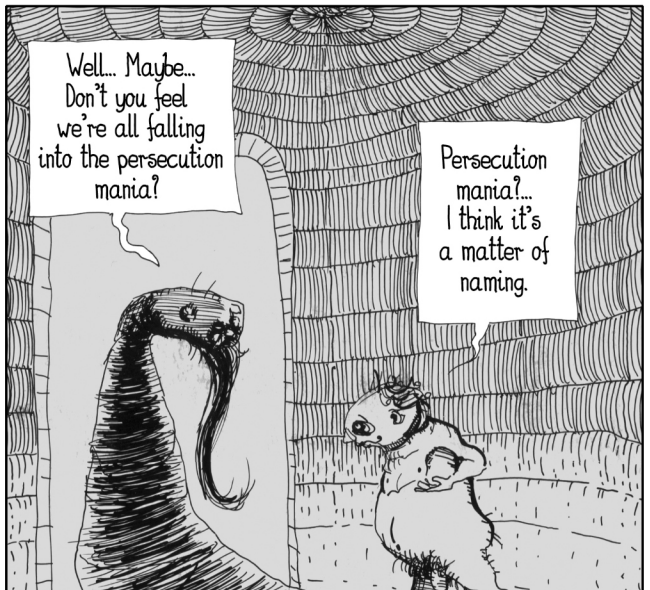
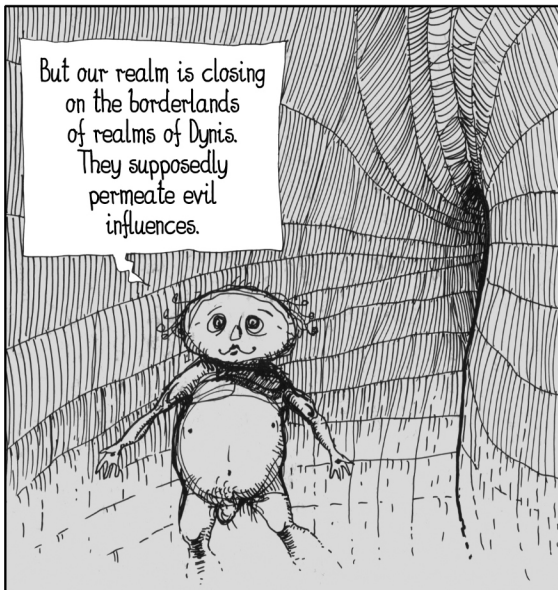
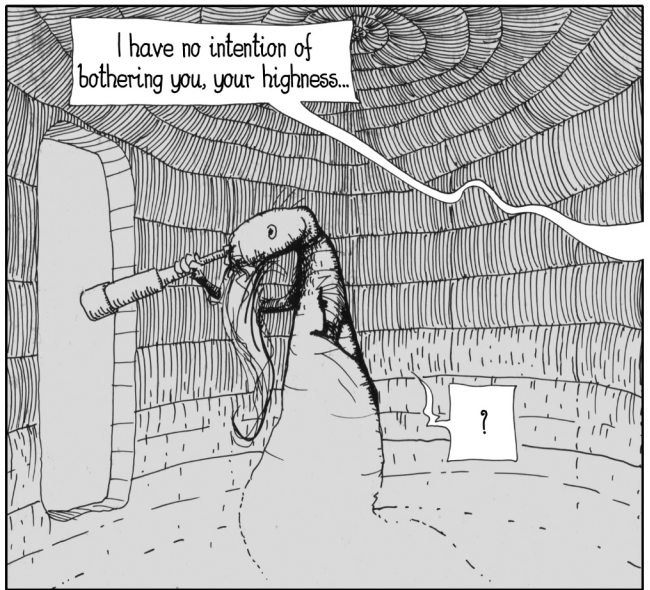
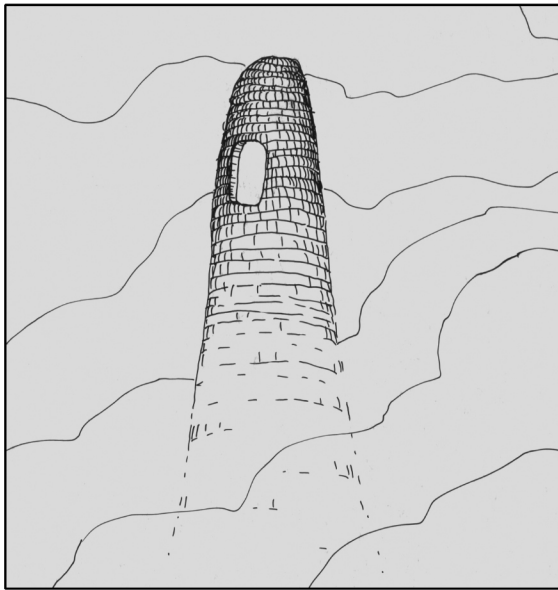


Do not venture  
to the lands  
beyond this river.  
Evil can often be  
spotted there.



Be careful when you look  
up in the sky. Evil is often  
flying over from the other  
side of the river.







Once I thought  
that I could only  
lose this fight.  
I was happy  
thinking about  
losing and  
waiting for it.

Unfortunately losing was  
an illusion. I can't rest.  
I can't sleep.  
But everybody can sleep.  
I have a right to sleep  
as well!

But I can't.  
If only I could rest  
in beloved  
immobility.  
You can't even  
imagine what  
a relief that  
would be...

However the night is  
constant fear, and  
day is just another  
illusion when you'd  
think that tiredness  
should take over.

I'm still winning  
with the sleep.  
Or maybe he avoids  
me, hates me?  
If so, then why?

I don't know.  
Maybe the Stiller  
knows. But he  
doesn't talk...

They don't know  
the answer either.  
No shaman, no  
doctor knows  
a remedy to  
insomnia.

Maybe he  
will know  
why can't  
I sleep.

Sleep  
forever...







For how long  
has this been  
going on?

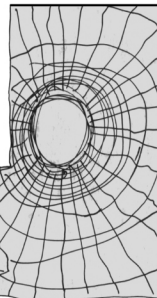
Two moons. However there were  
just few of them at the beginning.

They would  
destroy them  
and us as well.

We're begging you for help,  
oh wise Ssufok.  
We'd rather not summon  
the Elephangels. They  
are guarding  
the inviolability of rules,  
but to what extent!



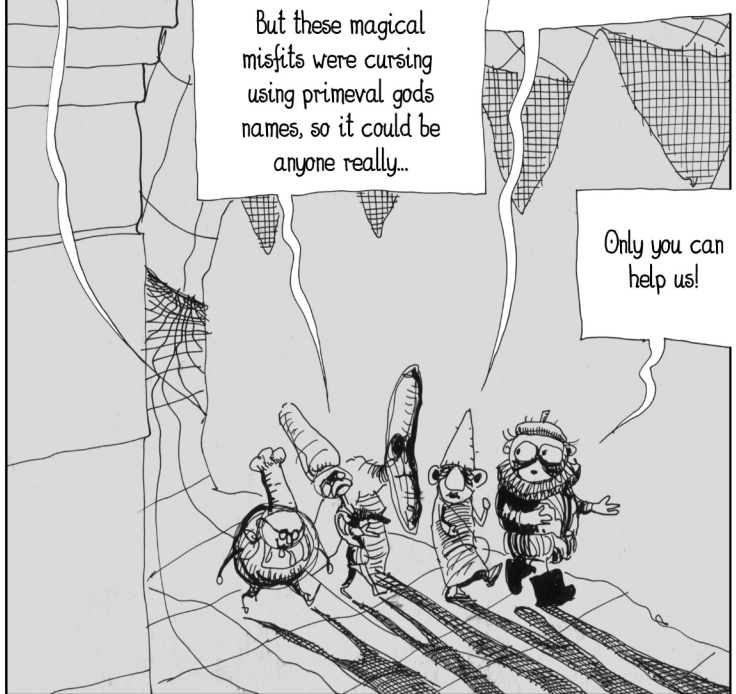
Now there are  
more than a dozen  
of them and they're  
getting audacious.

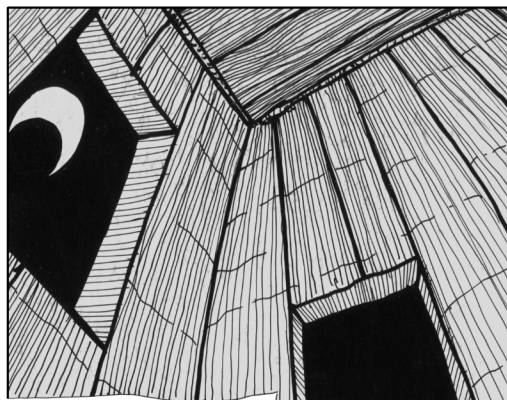


It can be anyone.  
We thought it was them Cross  
Worshippers from the Whisper River  
meadows, because - why the cross  
and not a circle, even if it was  
flying across the sky and teaching.  
I'm wondering how, since  
crosses tend to not have mouths...

But these magical  
misfits were cursing  
using primeval gods  
names, so it could be  
anyone really...

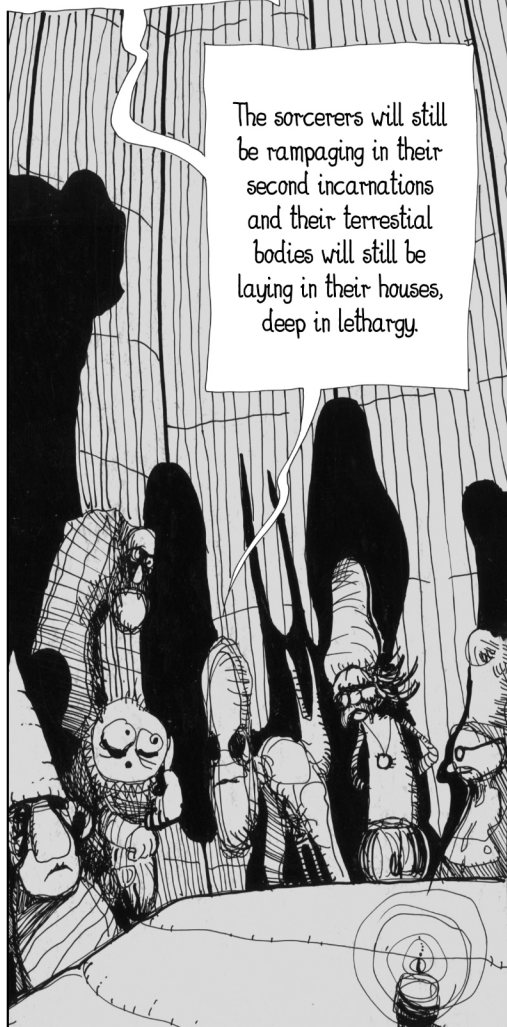
Only you can  
help us!



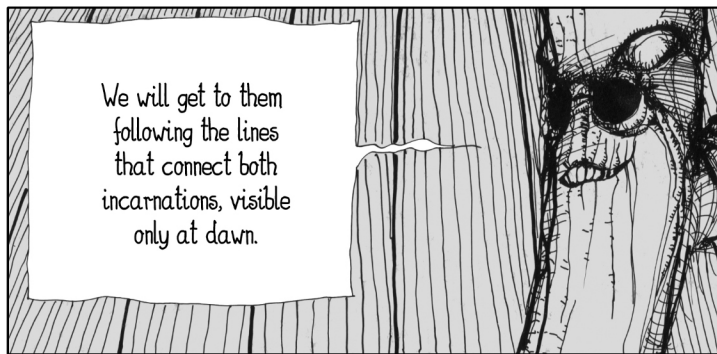


We have to sit through moon hours and go hunting at break of dawn.

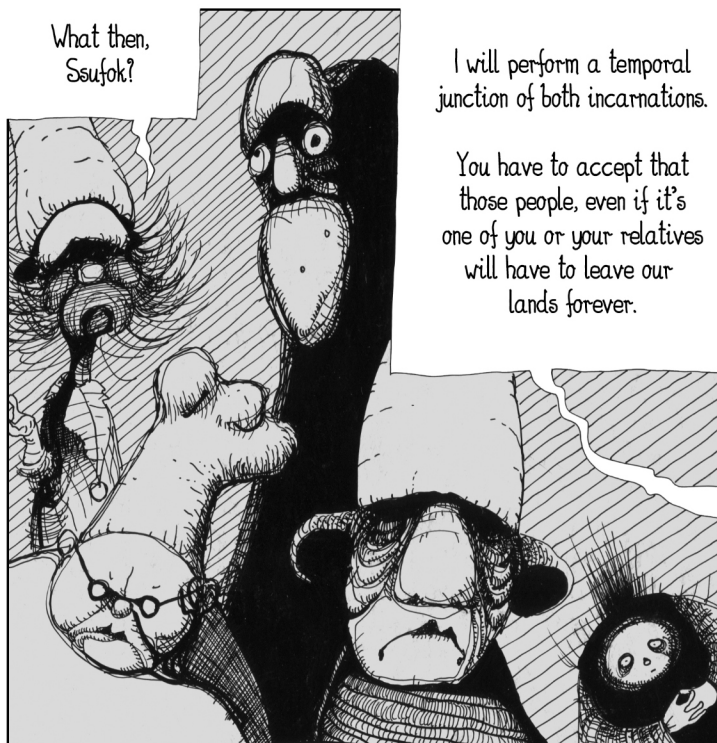
It's the moment when the night hasn't left yet but the day isn't yet born.



The sorcerers will still be rampaging in their second incarnations and their terrestrial bodies will still be laying in their houses, deep in lethargy.



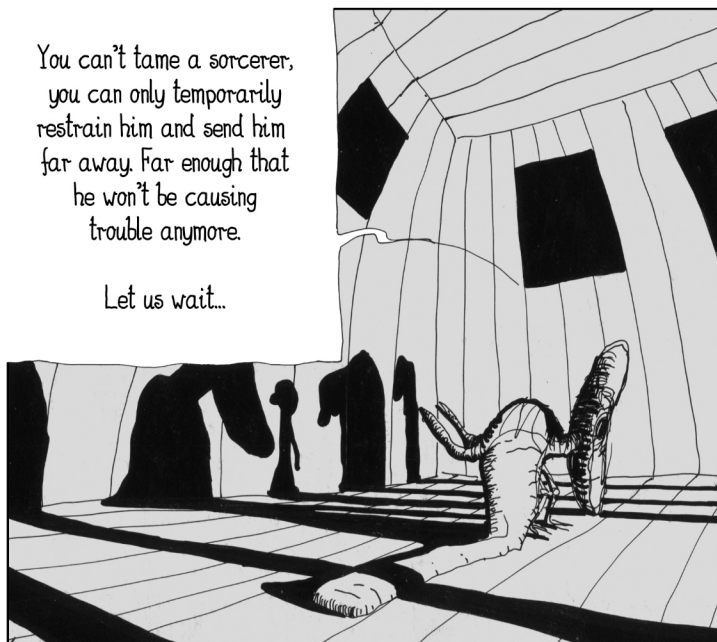
We will get to them following the lines that connect both incarnations, visible only at dawn.



What then, Ssufok?

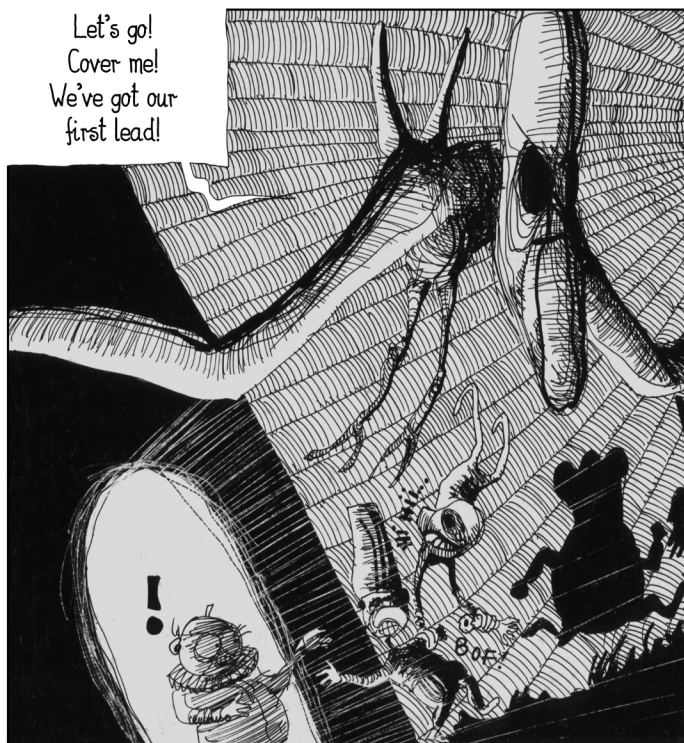
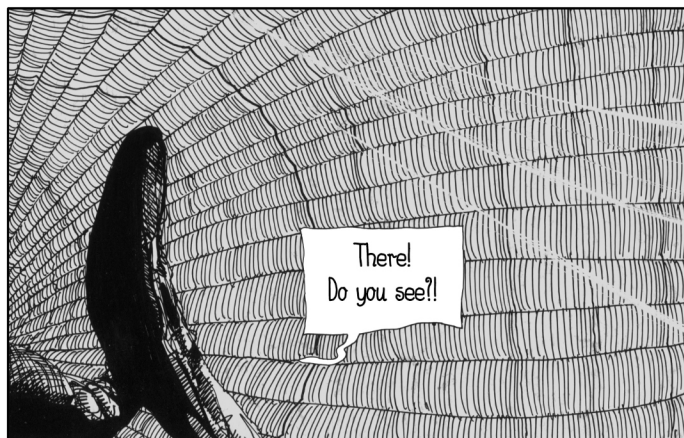
I will perform a temporal junction of both incarnations.

You have to accept that those people, even if it's one of you or your relatives will have to leave our lands forever.

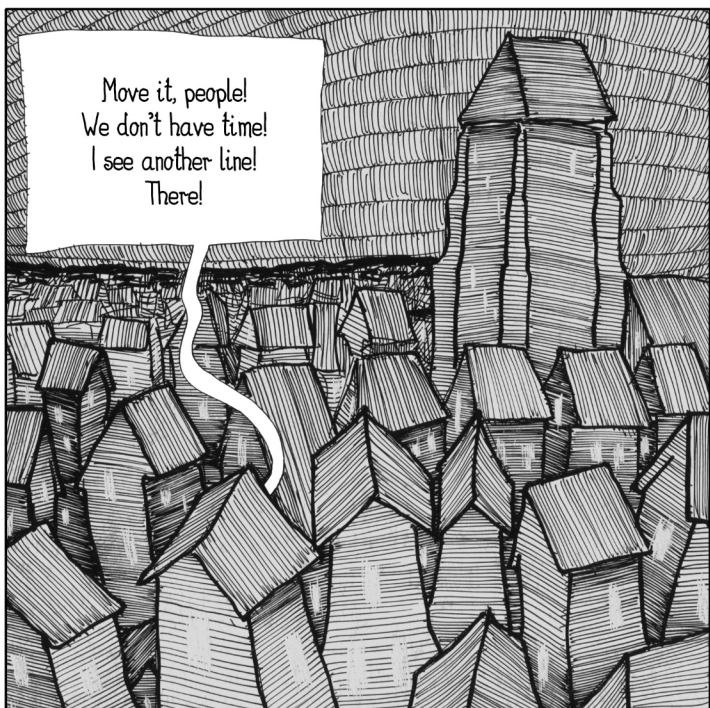
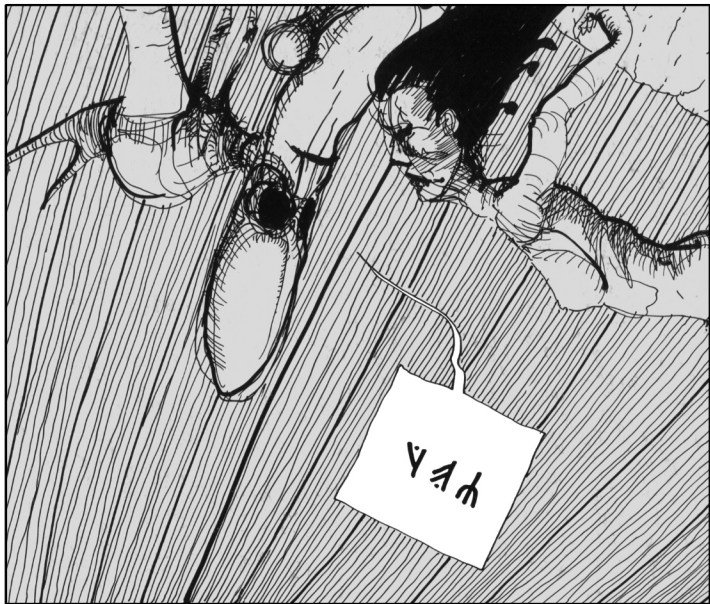


You can't tame a sorcerer, you can only temporarily restrain him and send him far away. Far enough that he won't be causing trouble anymore.

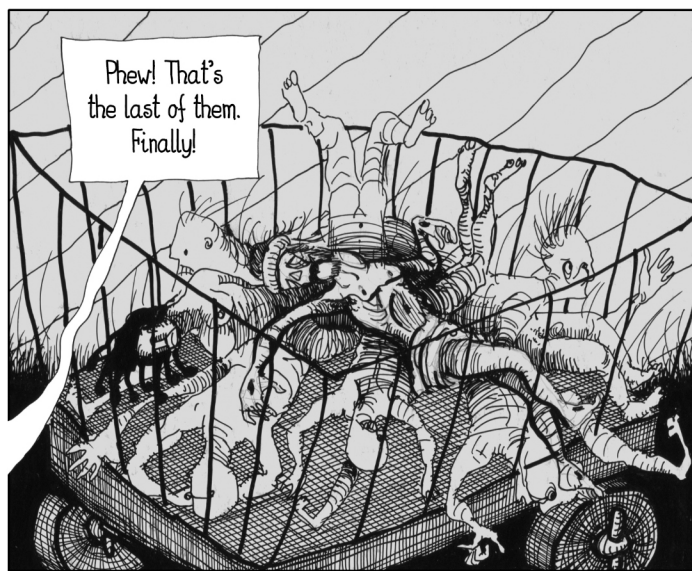
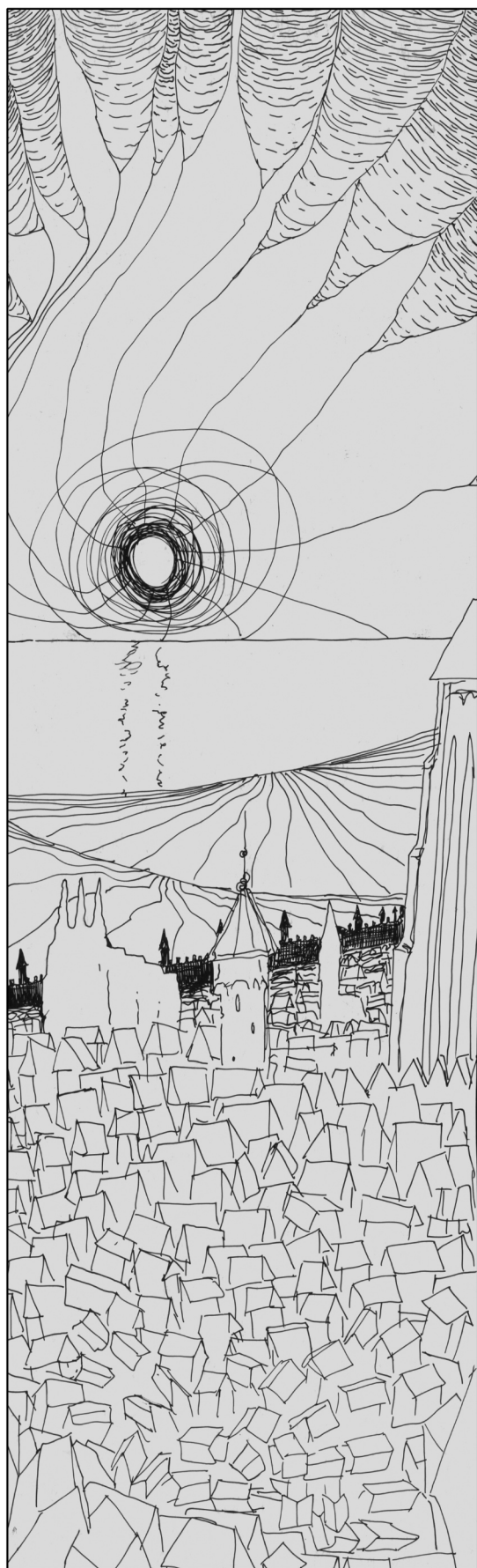
Let us wait...







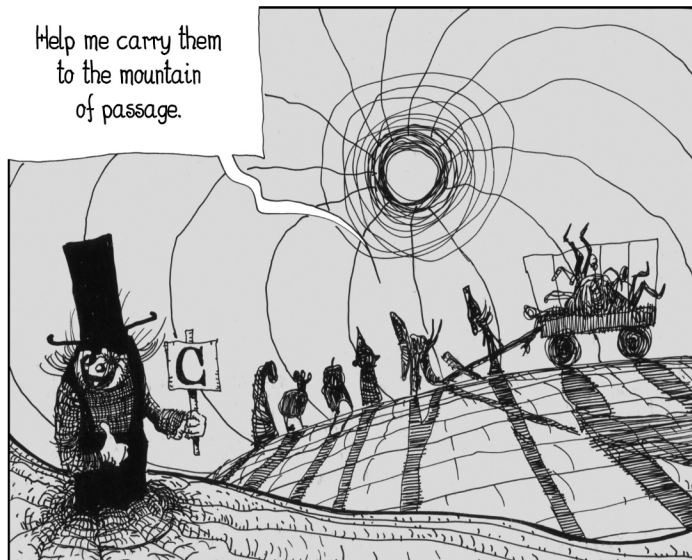




Phew! That's  
the last of them.  
Finally!

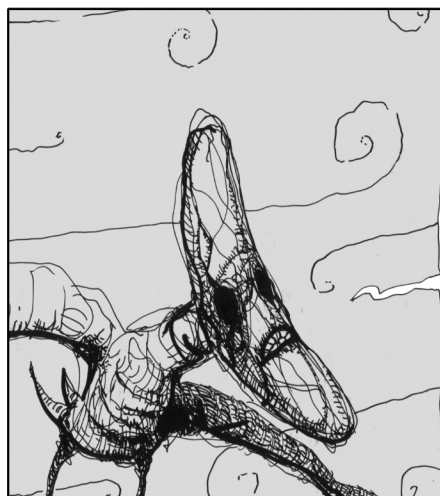


What will we  
do with them?



Help me carry them  
to the mountain  
of passage.

Throw them  
into these  
waves!

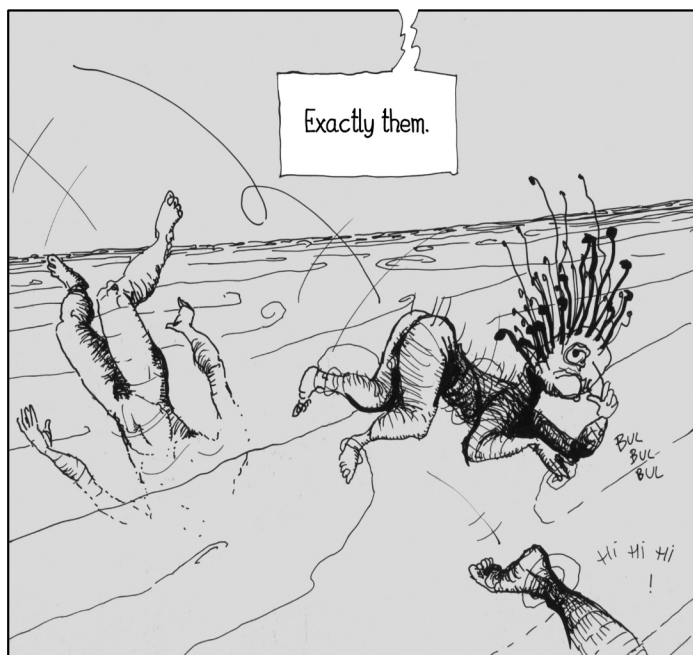


Over here they  
are a threat.

But there  
are other worlds  
that need them.

They need messiahs,  
prophets, ecstasies,  
leaders not fitting  
the mold.

Exactly them.





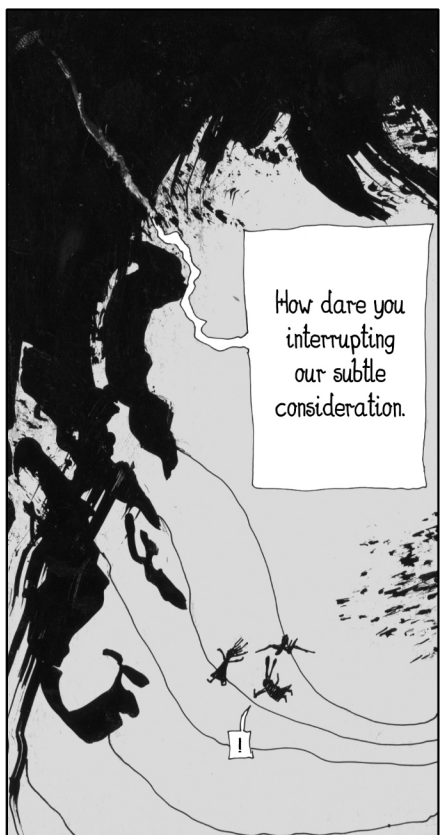


The question, if it is a question, has to have an answer. Focus and try to figure out: what are afterimages known for?



I think there's only one way to find out.  
Look up!  
Stare at the Sun!





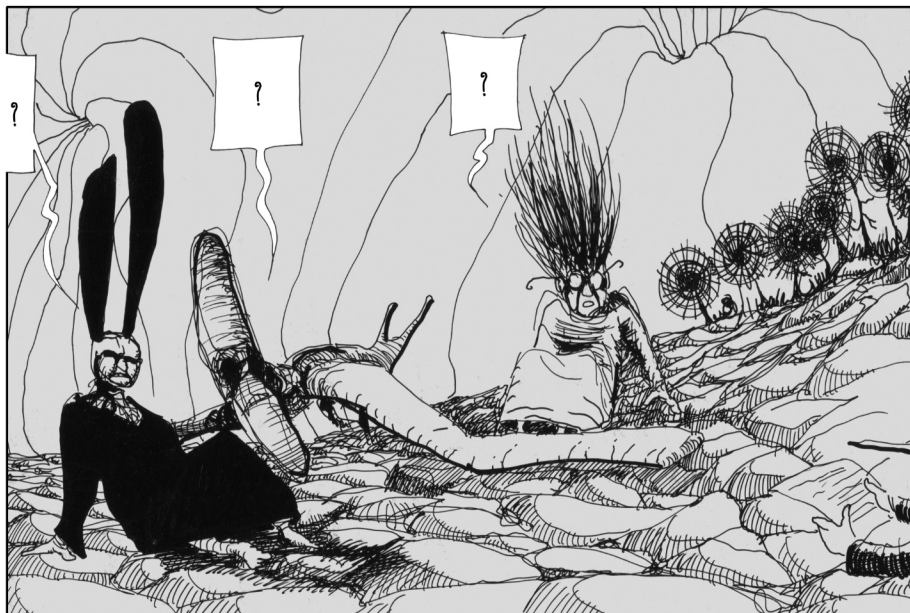
How dare you  
interrupting  
our subtle  
consideration.

Uhm... We'd just like  
to know what are  
afterimages known for!...



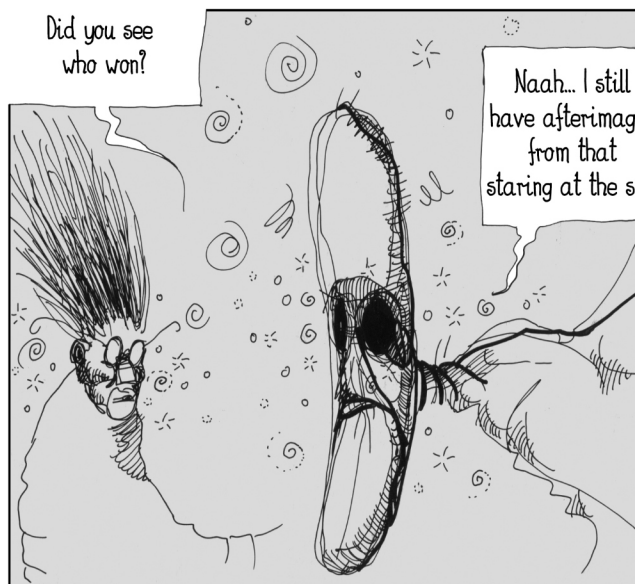
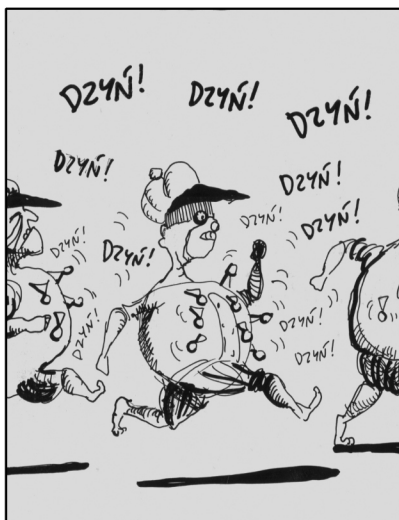
And what are  
flesh and bone  
creatures known  
for? For us  
your set is  
an empty set.  
Get out!





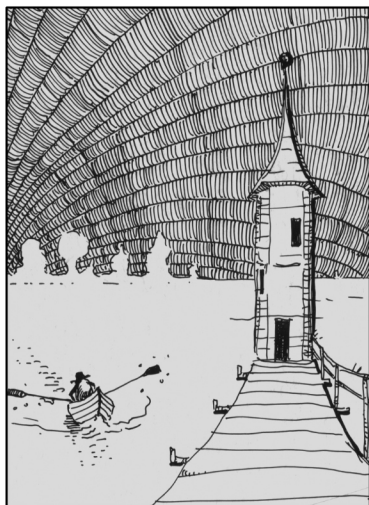
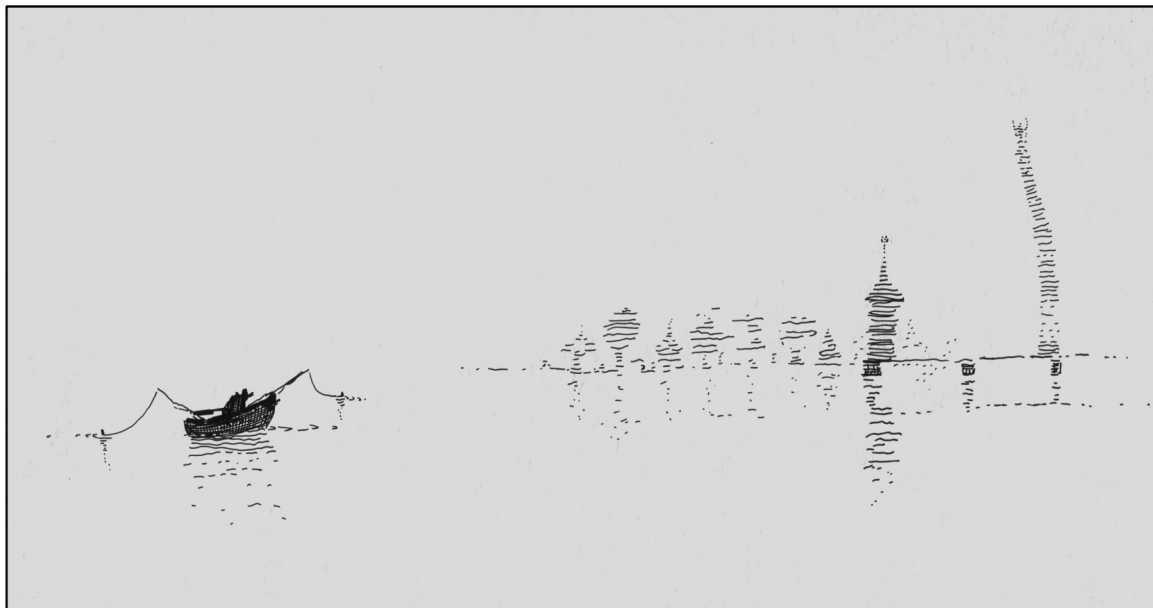
Because our wise men  
couldn't find the answer  
to the first question,  
we're moving on to  
question number two.

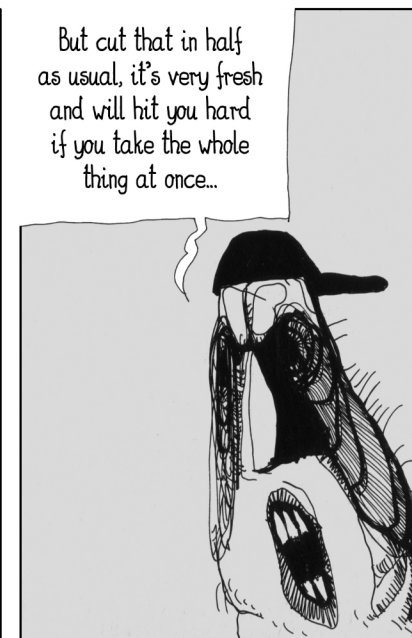
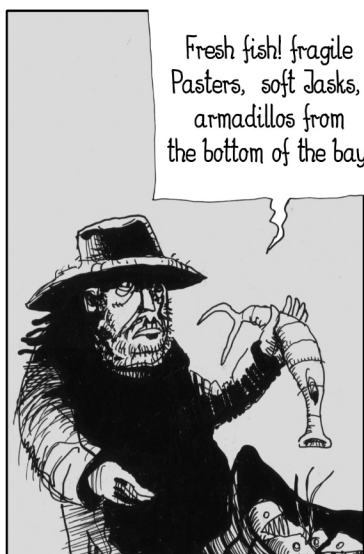
Does merit travel  
faster than laugh?

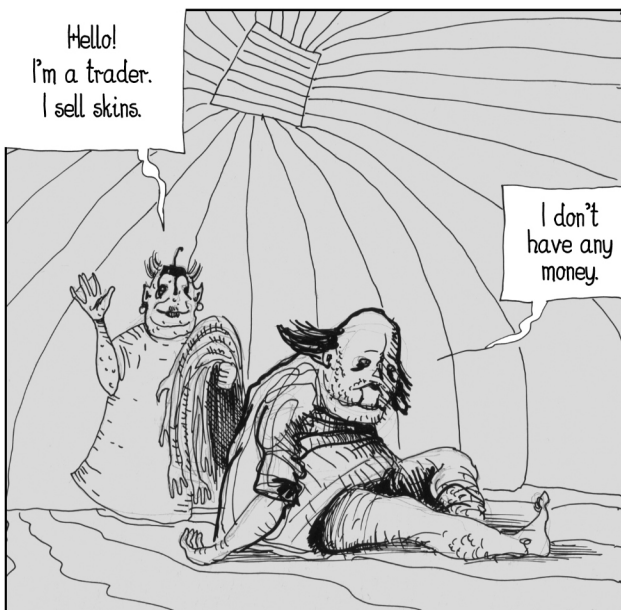
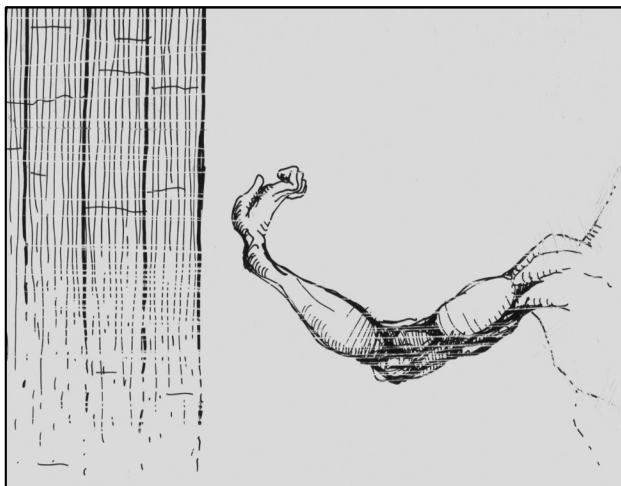
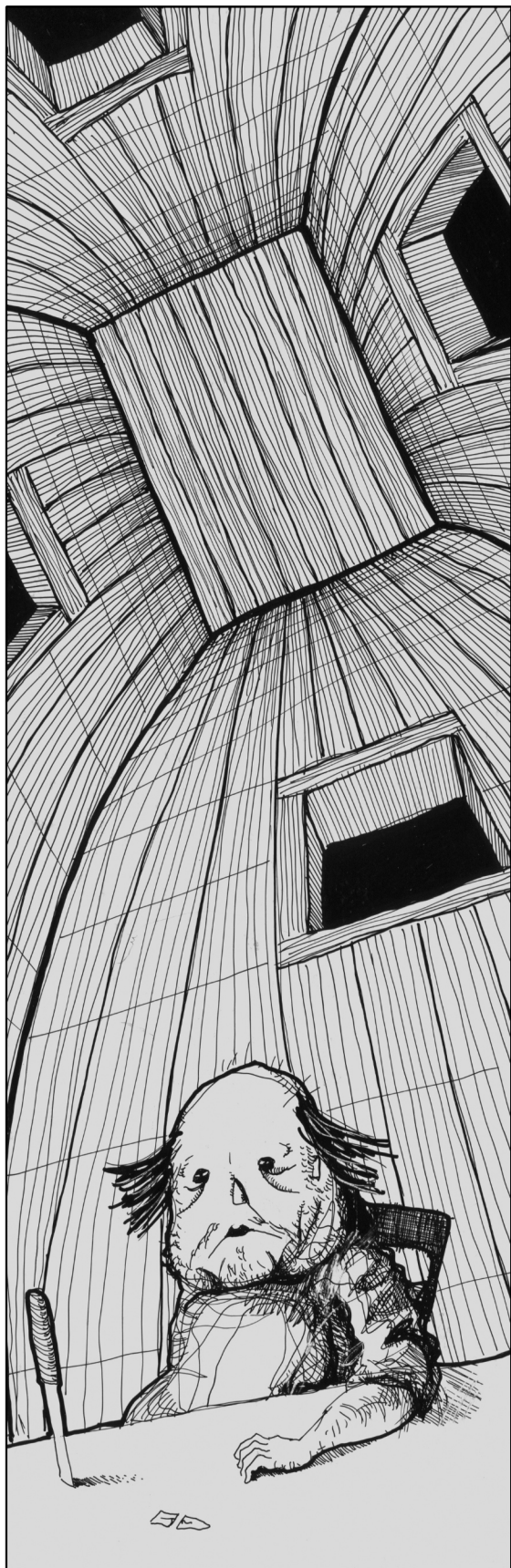


Naah... I still  
have afterimages  
from that  
staring at the sun.



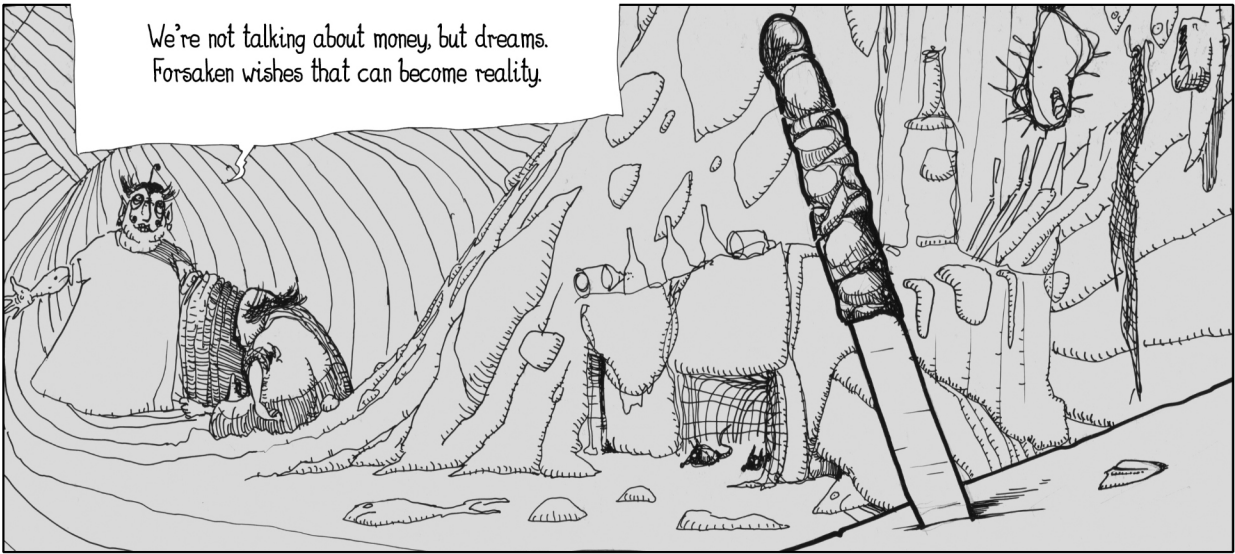




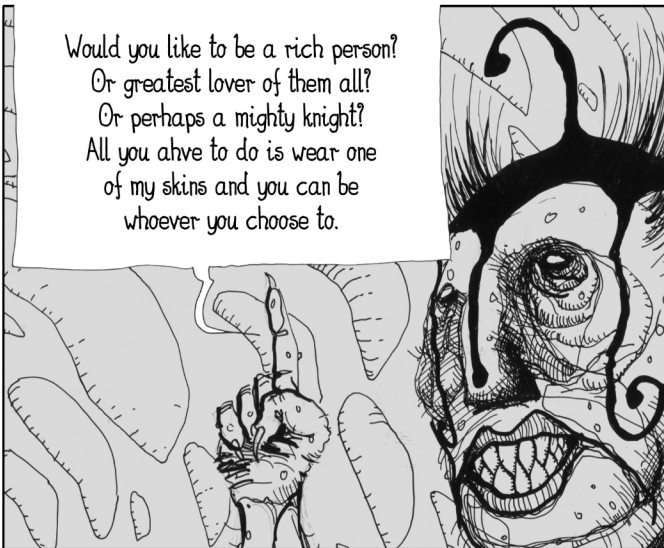




We're not talking about money, but dreams.  
Forsaken wishes that can become reality.



Would you like to be a rich person?  
Or greatest lover of them all?  
Or perhaps a mighty knight?  
All you have to do is wear one  
of my skins and you can be  
whoever you choose to.



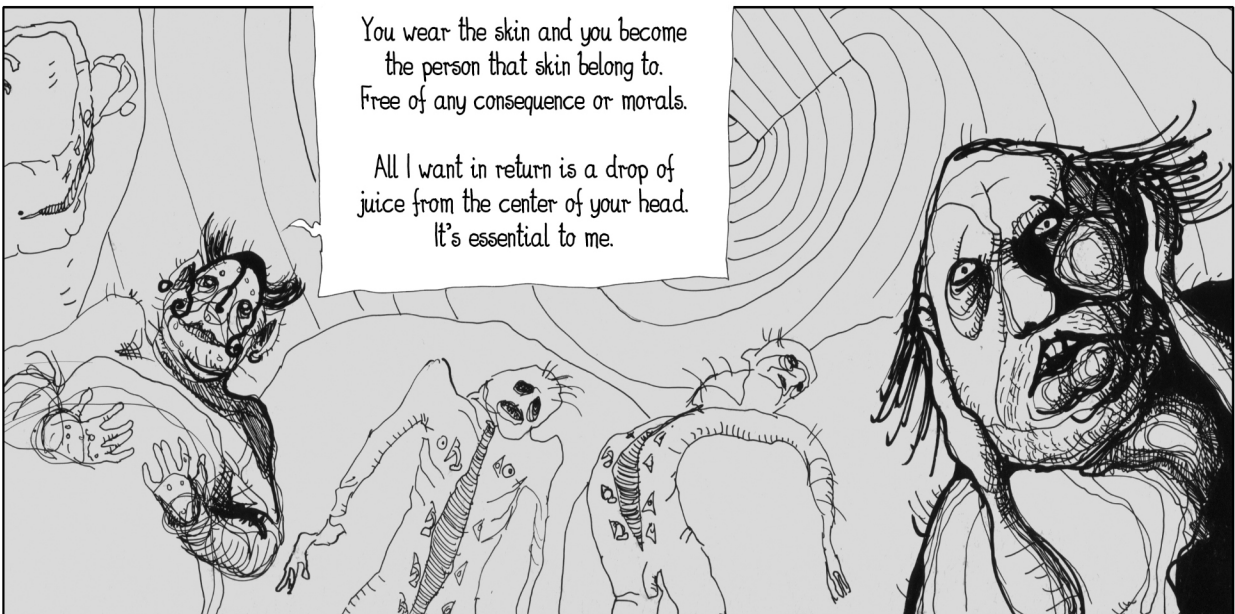
I have skins of thieves, wisemen,  
commoners, wizards and swordsmen.



But...  
The price?

You wear the skin and you become  
the person that skin belong to.  
Free of any consequence or morals.

All I want in return is a drop of  
juice from the center of your head.  
It's essential to me.

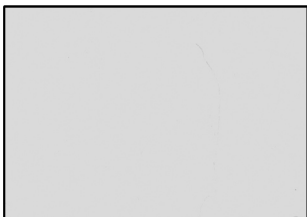




Ok then. You say I can be anyone I choose?

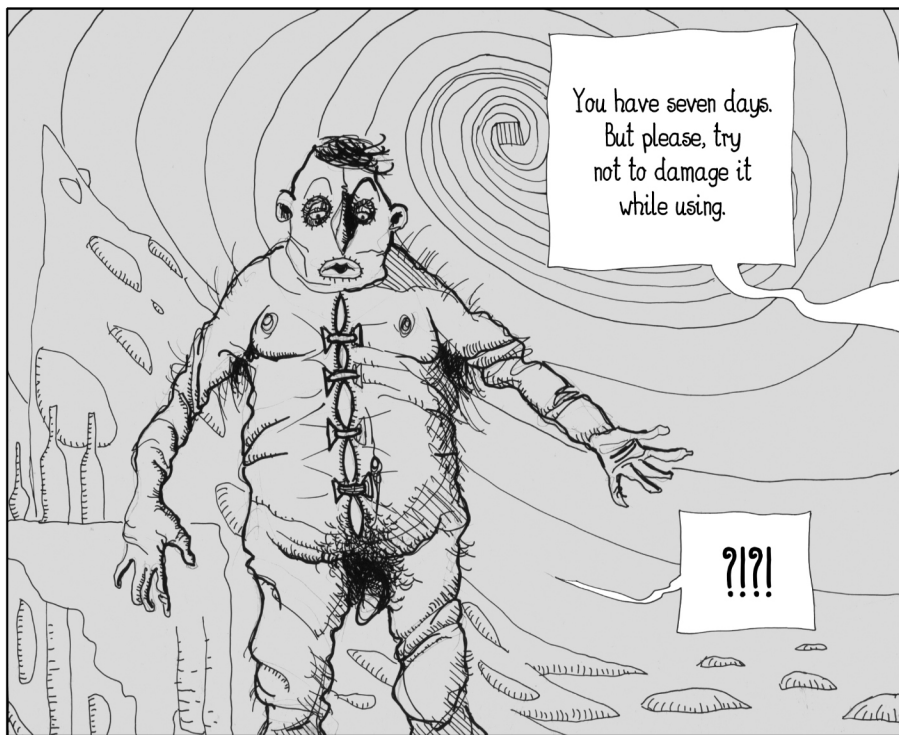


Yes. Basic set usually fulfills most of needs.



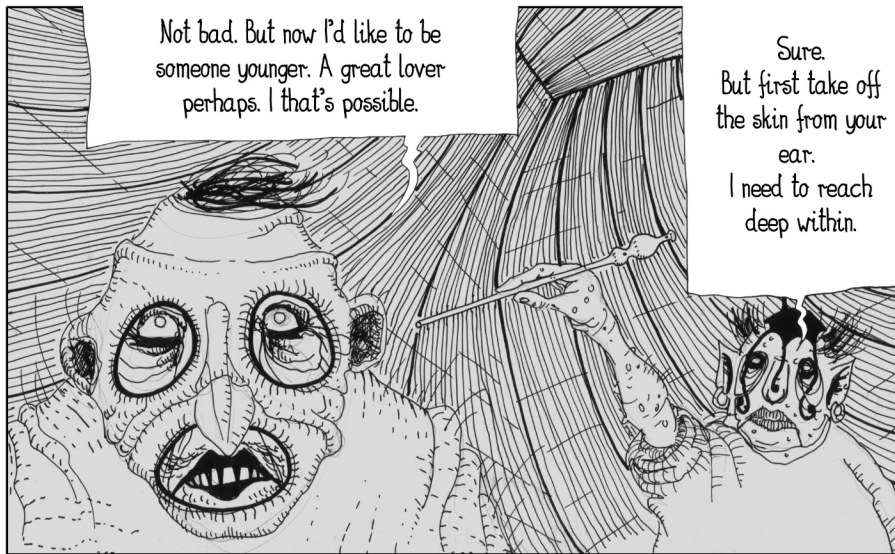
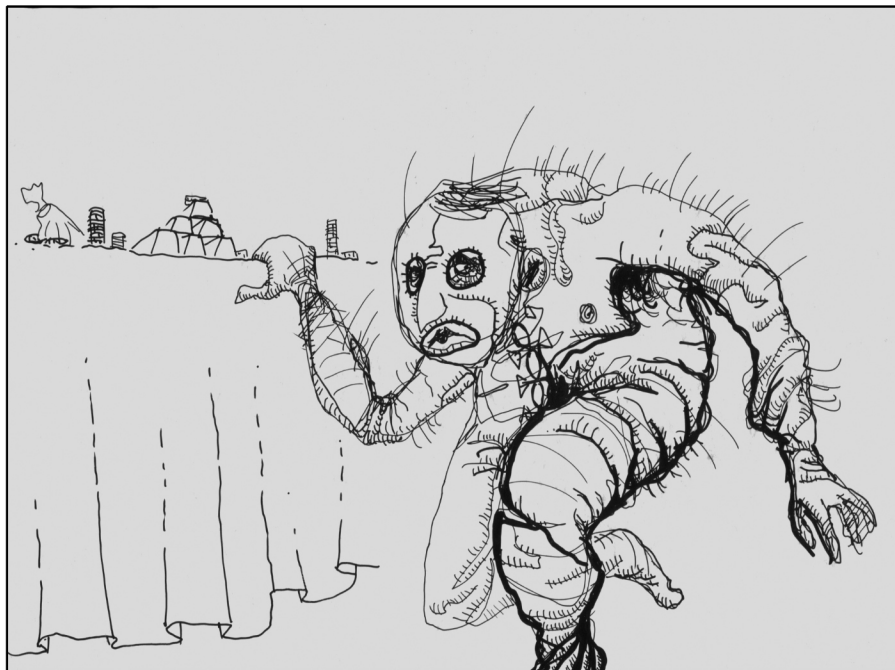
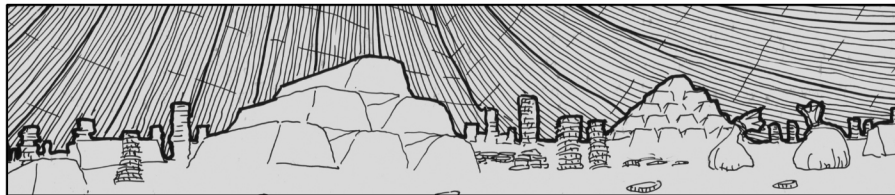
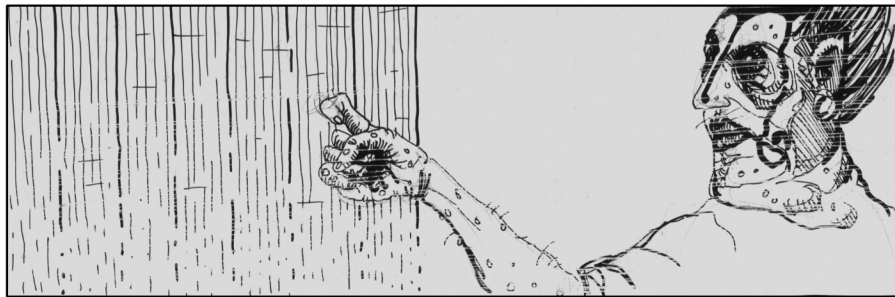
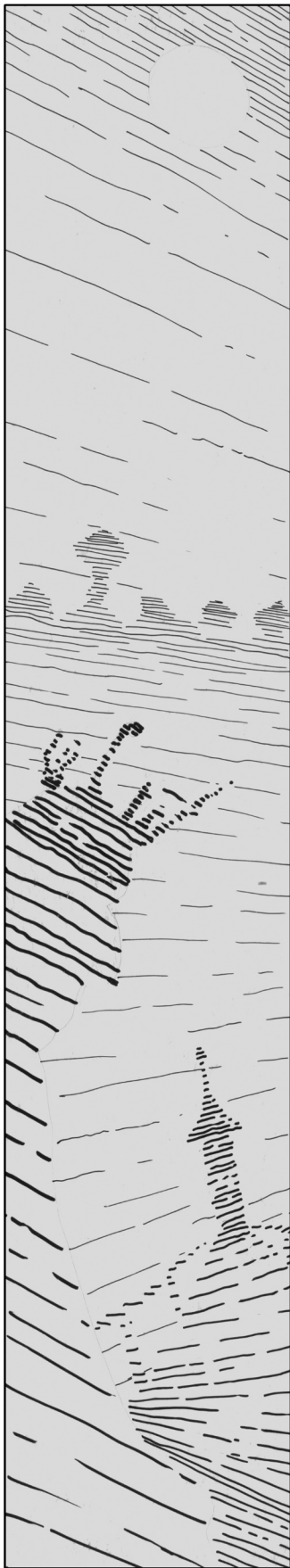
But of course. Here you go. Skin from a gambler crook. Just put it on...

Give me skin of someone who always wins at dice. I want lots of money and I want to get them the easy way.



You have seven days. But please, try not to damage it while using.

?!?!

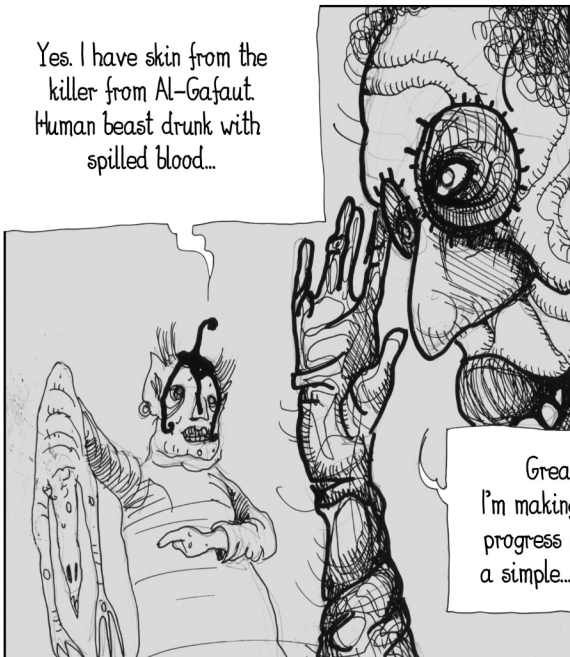


Not bad. But now I'd like to be  
someone younger. A great lover  
perhaps. I that's possible.

Sure.  
But first take off  
the skin from your  
ear.  
I need to reach  
deep within.



Fantastic.  
But now I'd like  
to taste more  
deadly hunt.



Yes. I have skin from the  
killer from Al-Gafaut.  
Human beast drunk with  
spilled blood...



A simple fisherman?  
That's what you  
wanted to say!

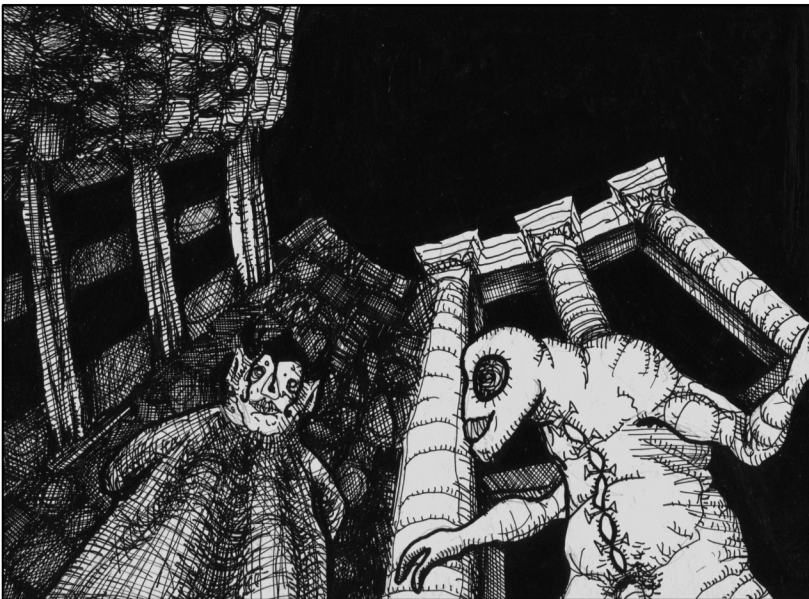
Great!  
I'm making good  
progress as for  
a simple... Eech?

Yes.  
Strange...  
For a minute  
I couldn't  
remember...





It's the seventh night.  
You have to give back  
the skin.

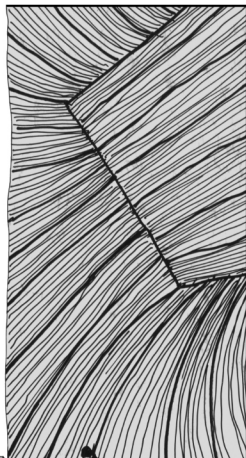


Ah, that ruby glimmer of blood  
and mysterious glassiness  
of death.  
I started to sew a tapestry, you know.  
I have ears, tongue, eyes...  
Now I just have to compose it properly.

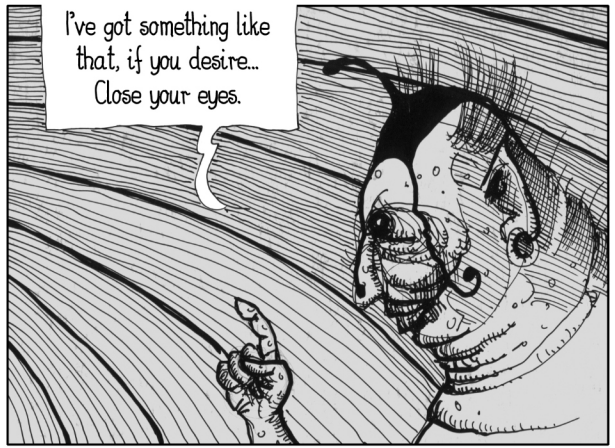




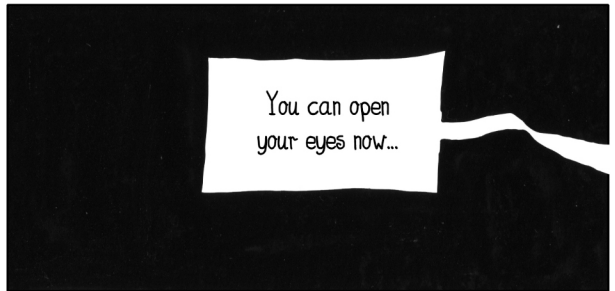
I want to experience  
something stronger.  
Give me a skin  
of a mighty man,  
I want to be  
the most powerful  
being on Earth,  
I want to be a hurricane  
to the human puppets  
around me.



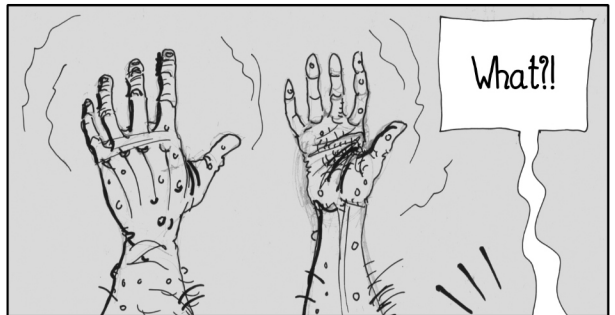
I've got something like  
that, if you desire...  
Close your eyes.



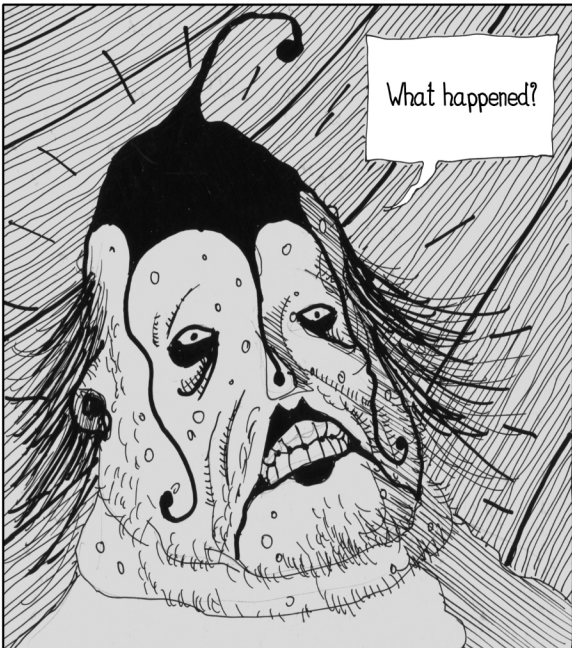
You can open  
your eyes now...



What?!



What happened?

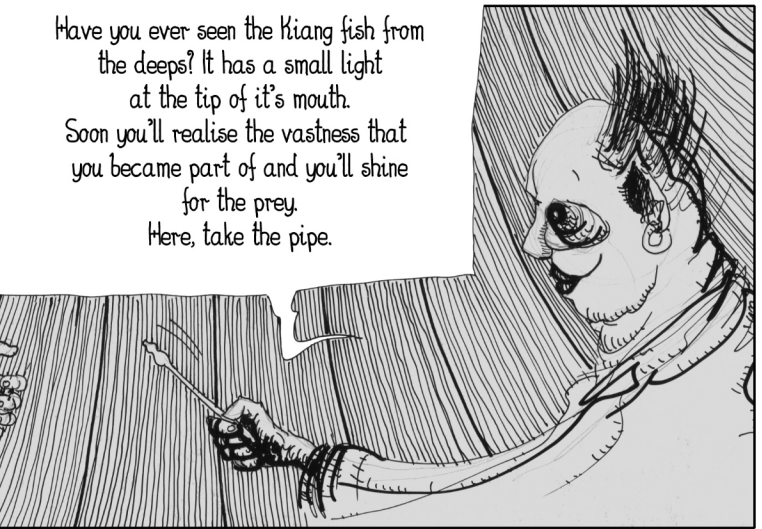


Your wish  
is granted.





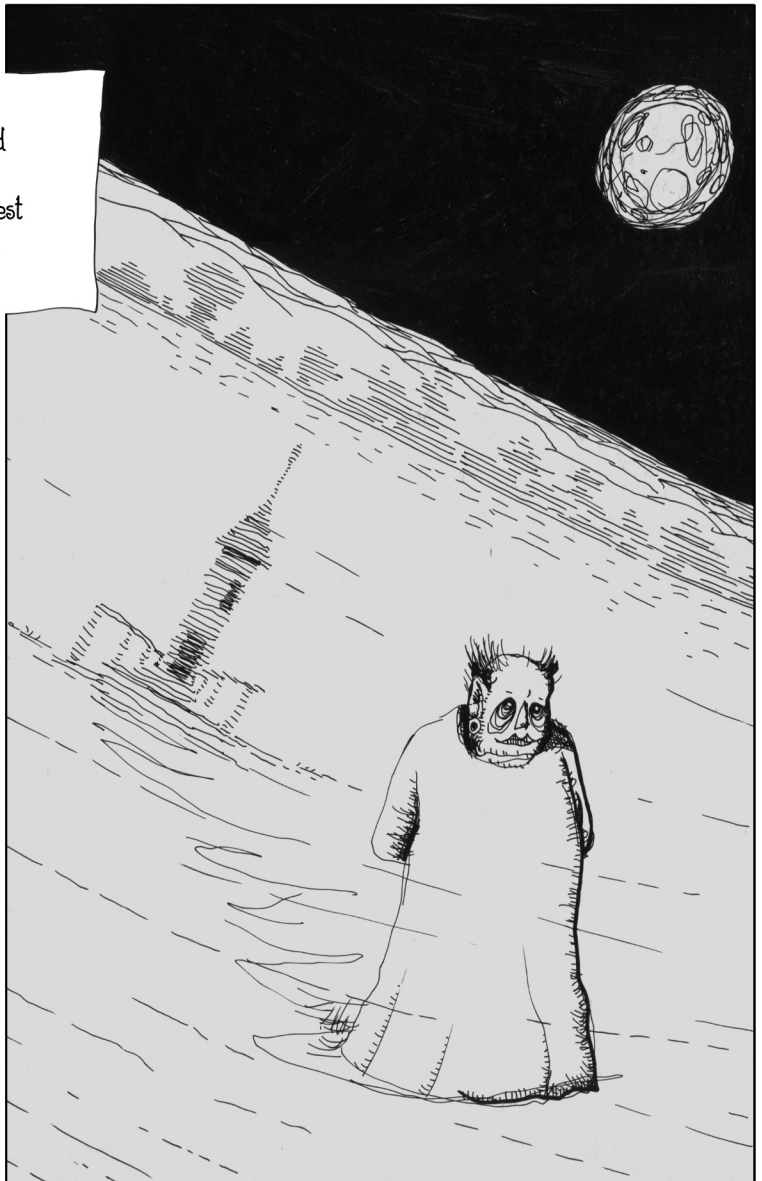
Have you ever seen the Kiang fish from  
the deeps? It has a small light  
at the tip of it's mouth.  
Soon you'll realise the vastness that  
you became part of and you'll shine  
for the prey.  
Here, take the pipe.



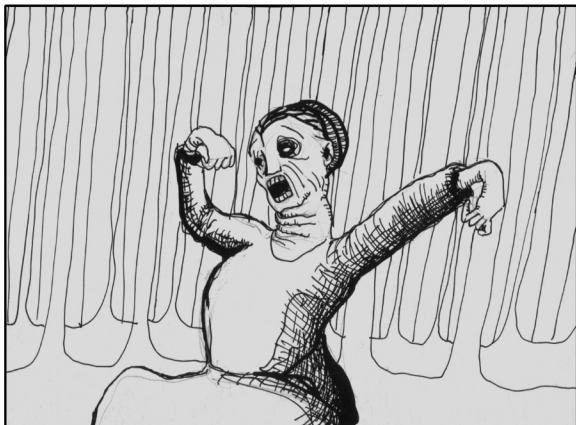
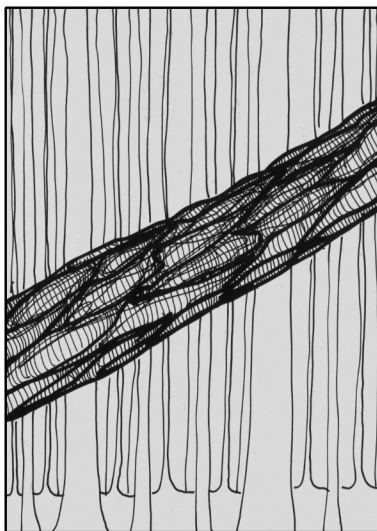
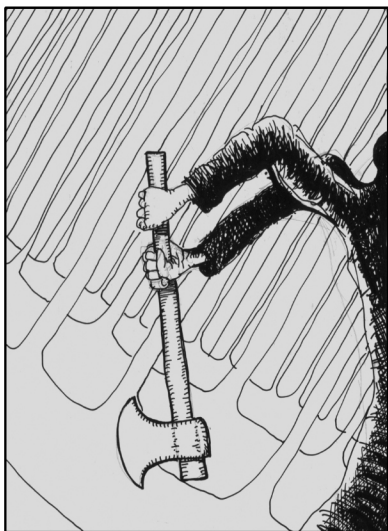
Now you are the decoy used  
by invisible predator.  
You are a part of the mightiest  
being - just as you wished.



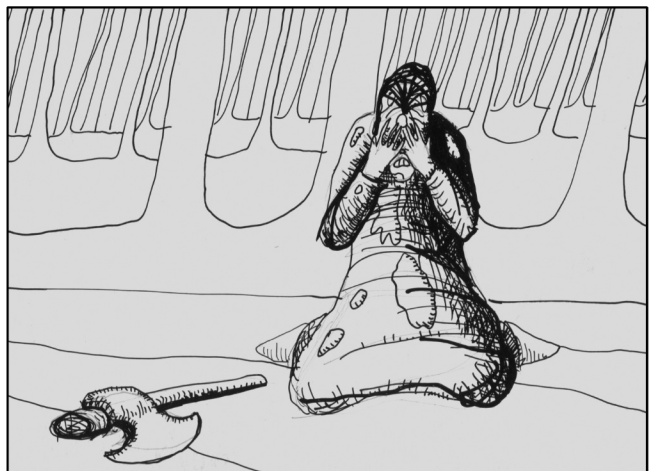
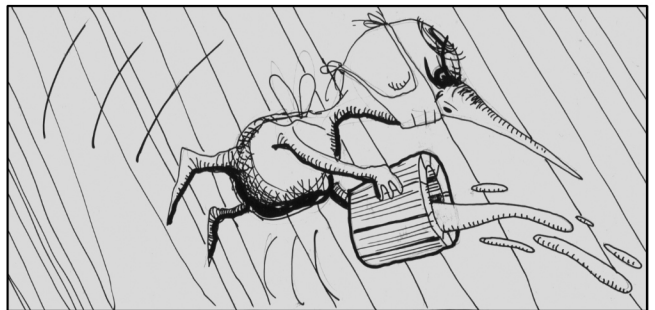
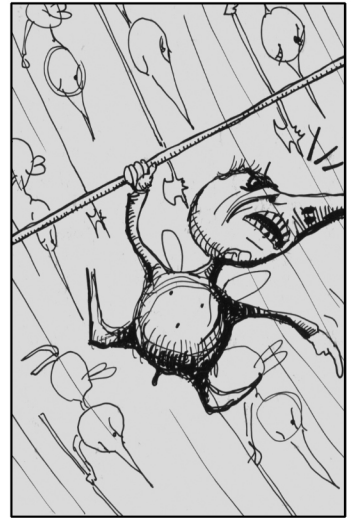
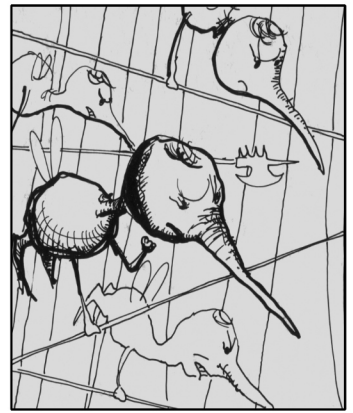
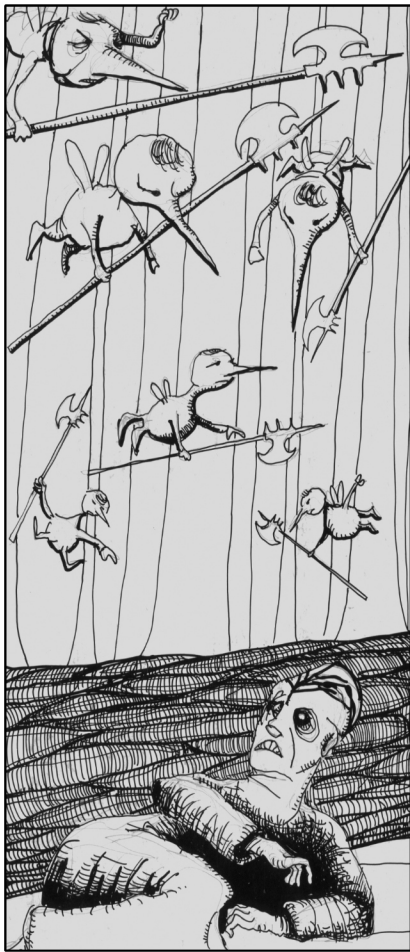
But...



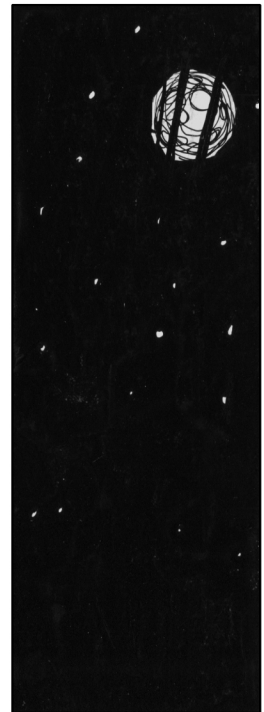
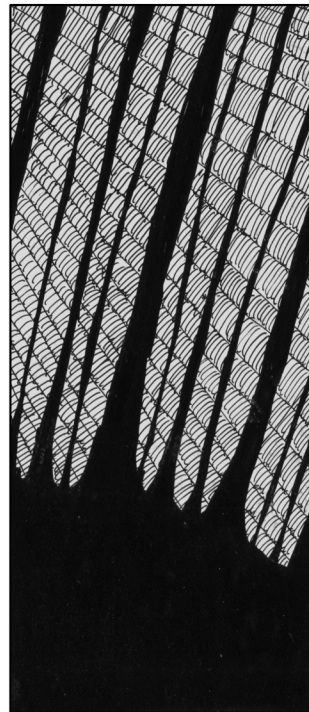
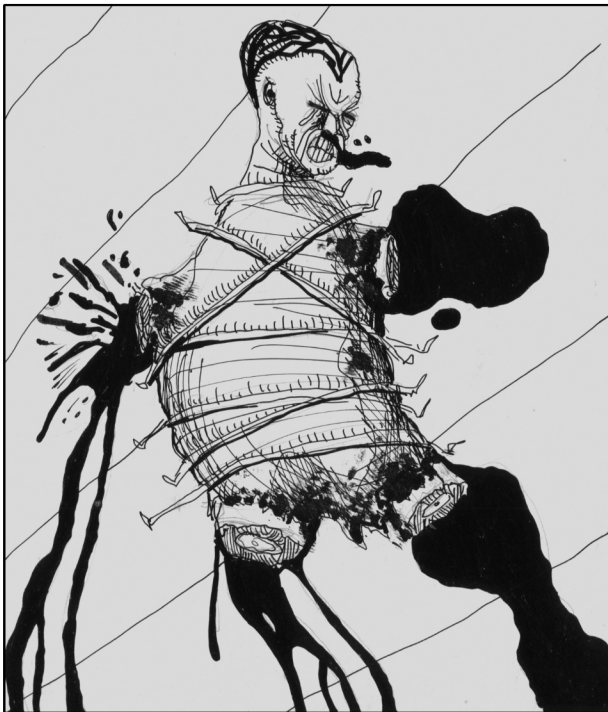
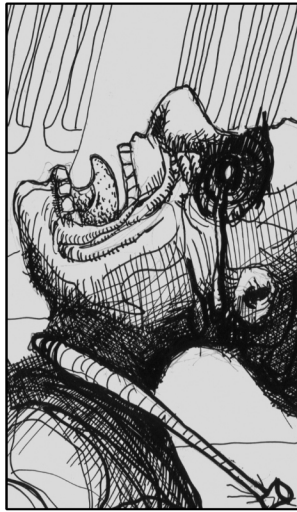
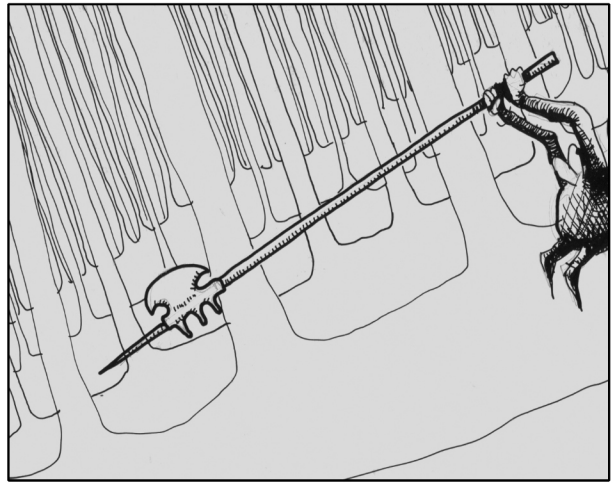
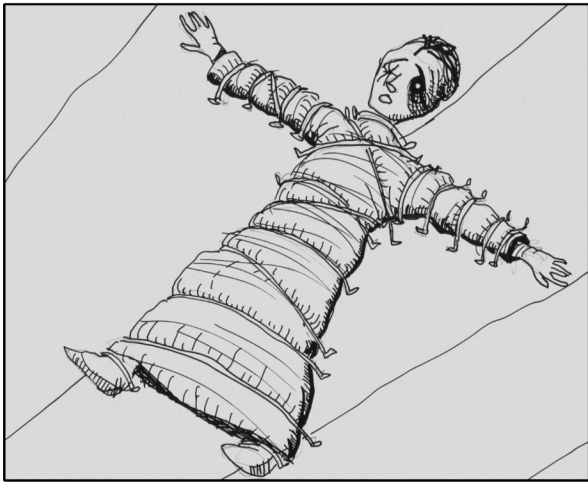


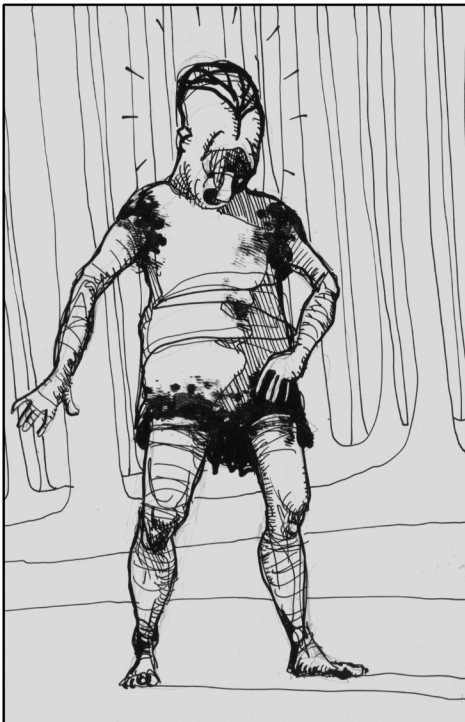
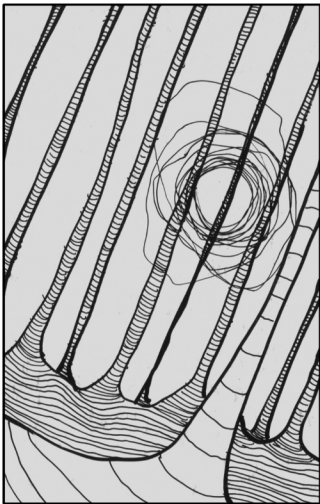


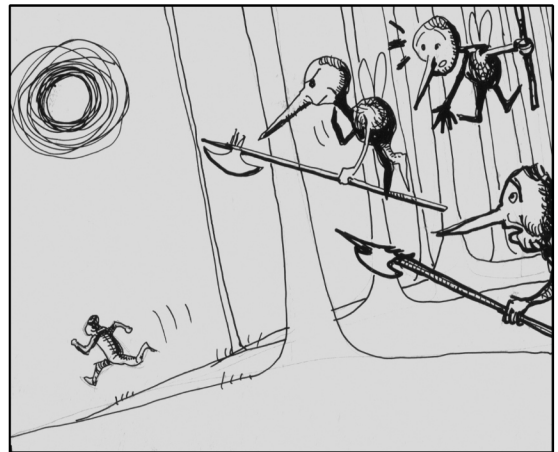
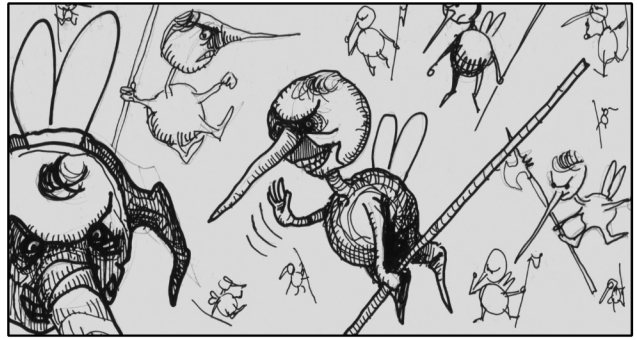


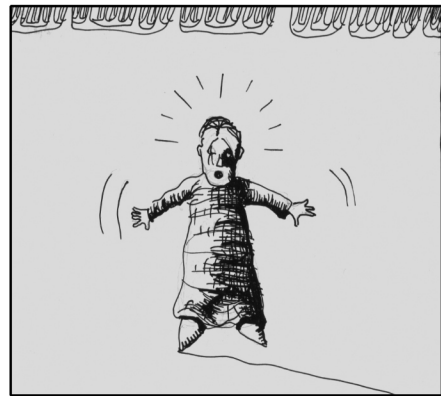
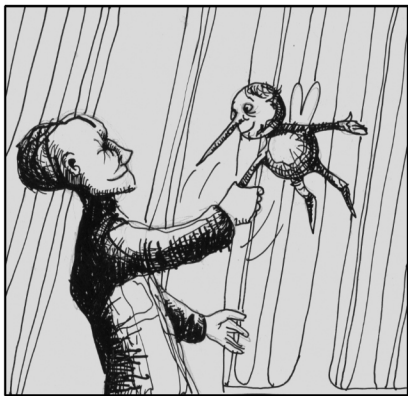
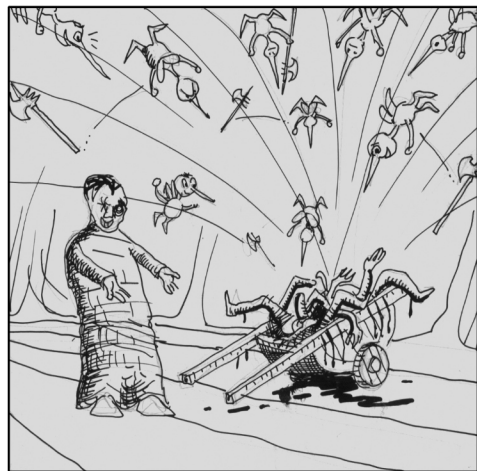
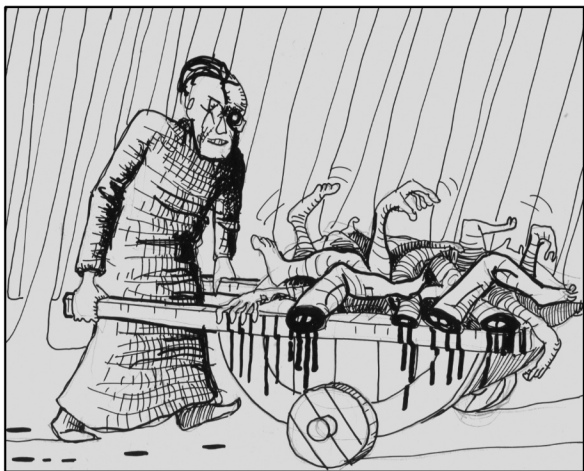
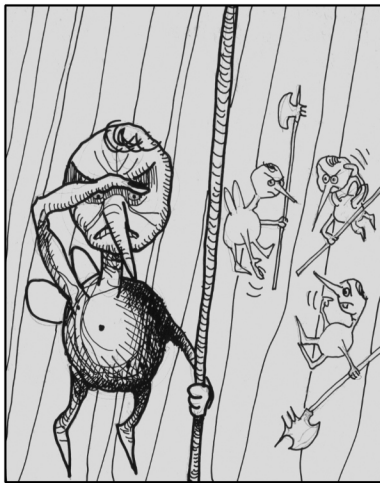
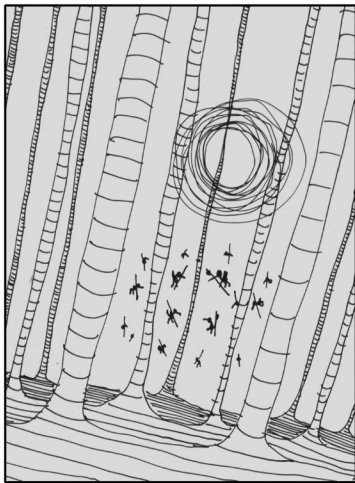






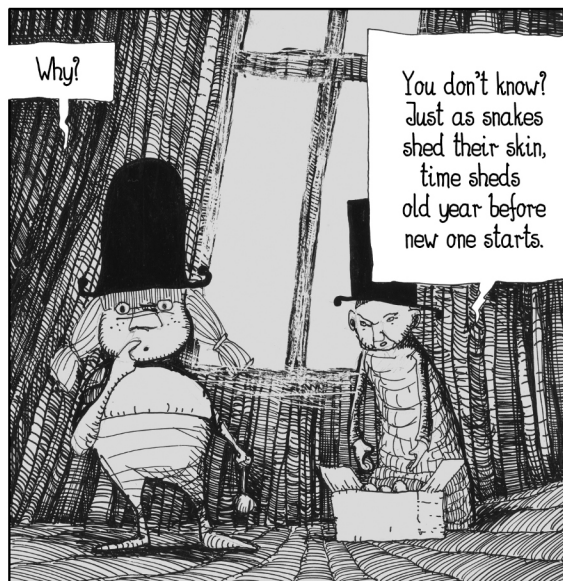


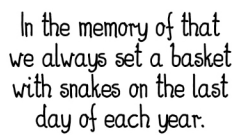














In the memory of that  
we always set a basket  
with snakes on the last  
day of each year.



You are  
so clever!


Daddy told me.




Did you put old things  
into your stockings?

Yes.


Why?



When the old  
year will be  
passing by  
it will take them  
away.




You told me  
something different.



Well, you know...


Oh well, little  
Mfalli is  
already big enough.




You see Mfalli,  
Loma found out earlier  
because he's older  
than you. To be honest,  
old year does not pass  
by itself.

The Conjuror helps it.






It's a gigantic ancient creature that rolls old year just like a snake's skin and takes it with him.



He takes old things from houses in order for new and better ones to appear during upcoming new year.



They say that you can see the Conjuror on the last day of the year just as the evening sets in.  
You can see him taking old year.  
Did you know?




No...




Eh, you know nothing...


Loma!  
Help me set the table.



Loma, get Mfalli to help grandmother.




But... She's gone.



She... went outside!

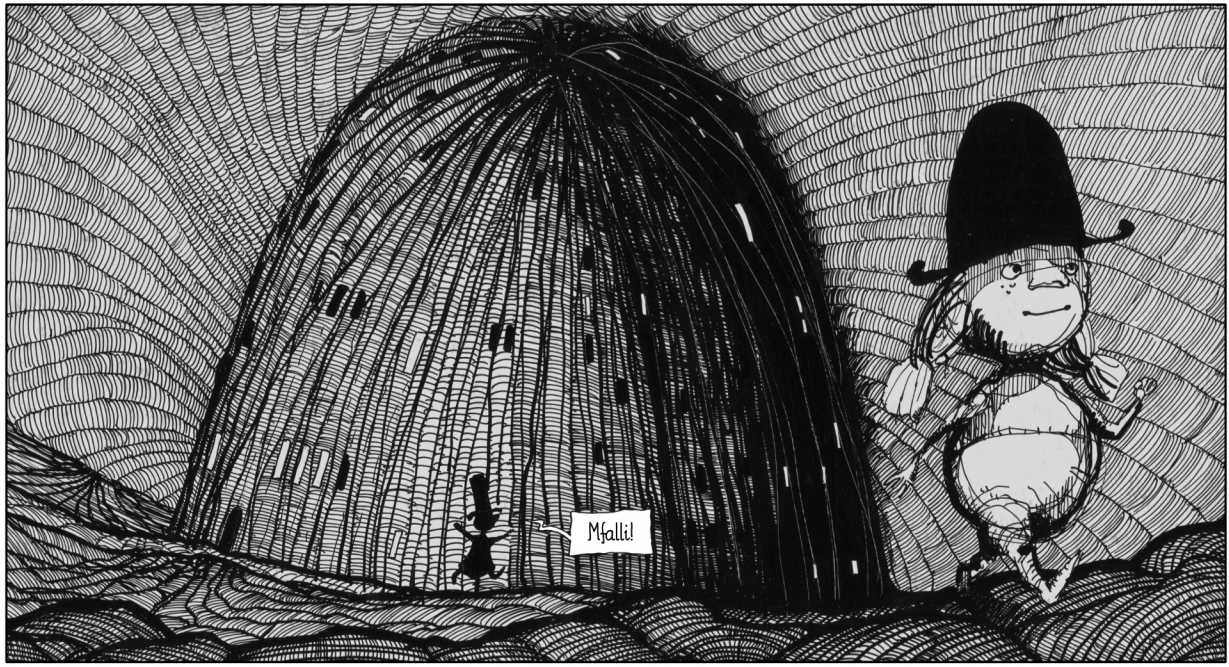


Oh gods!

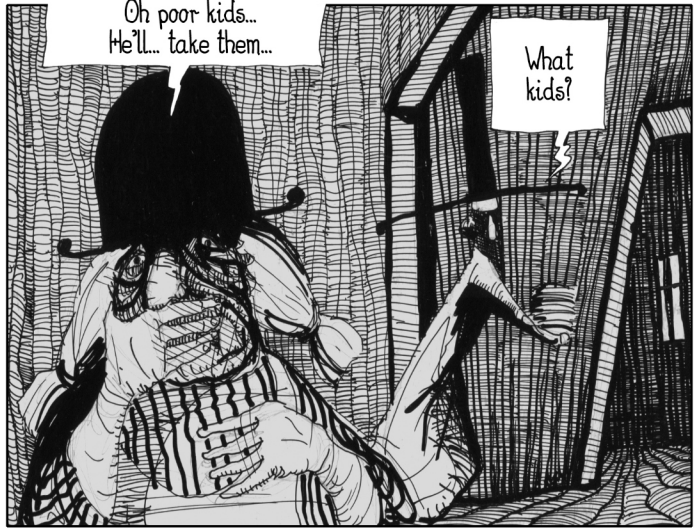
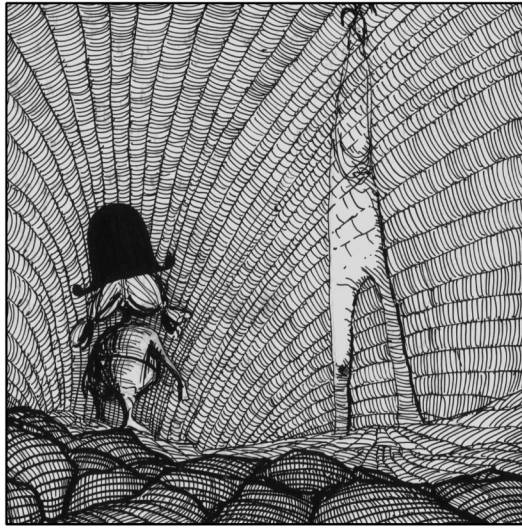


I'll go get her!

Wait!!

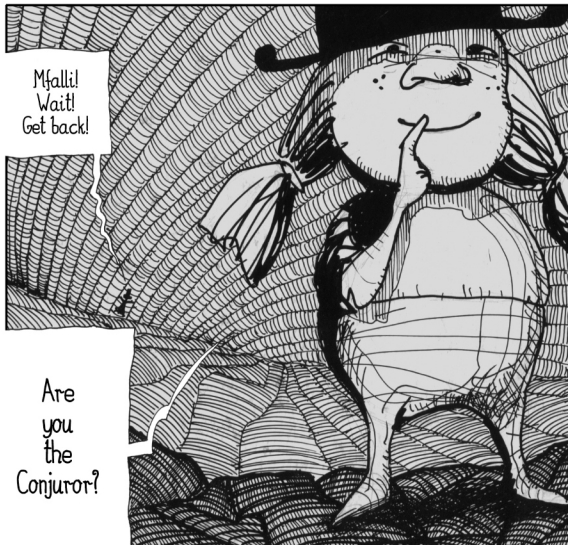


Mfalli!



Oh poor kids...  
He'll... take them...

What  
kids?



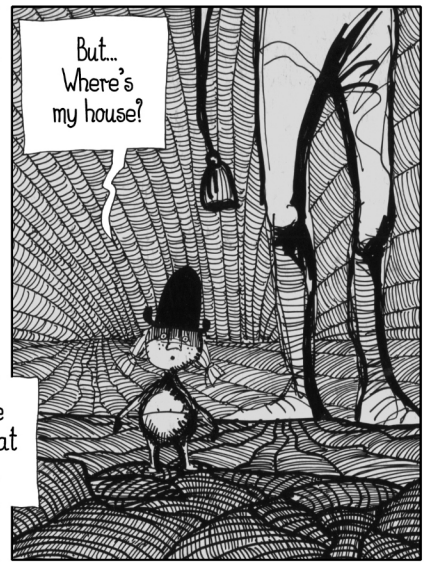
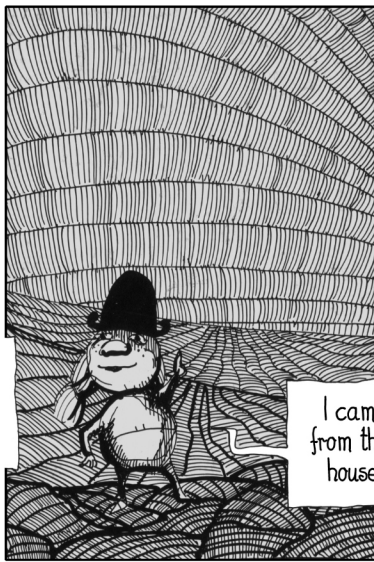
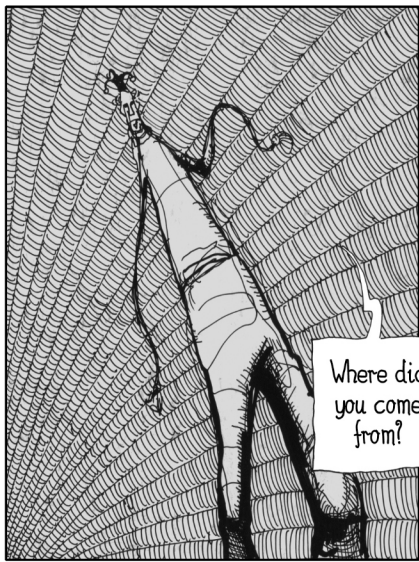
Mfalli!  
Wait!  
Get back!

Are  
you  
the  
Conjuror?

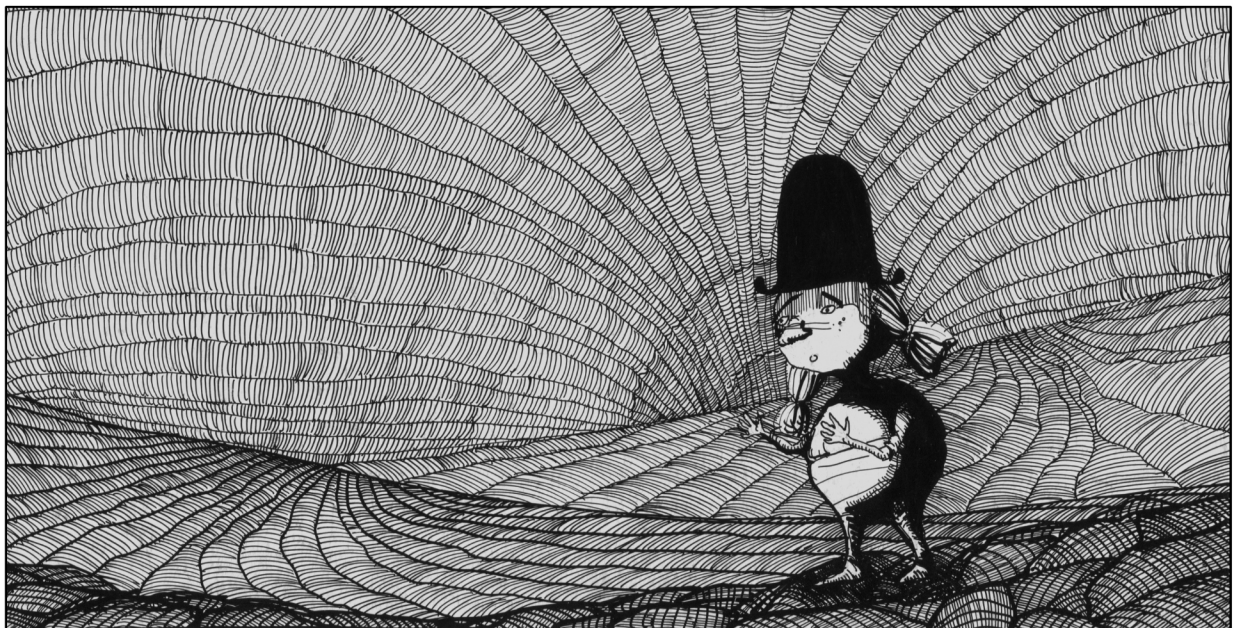
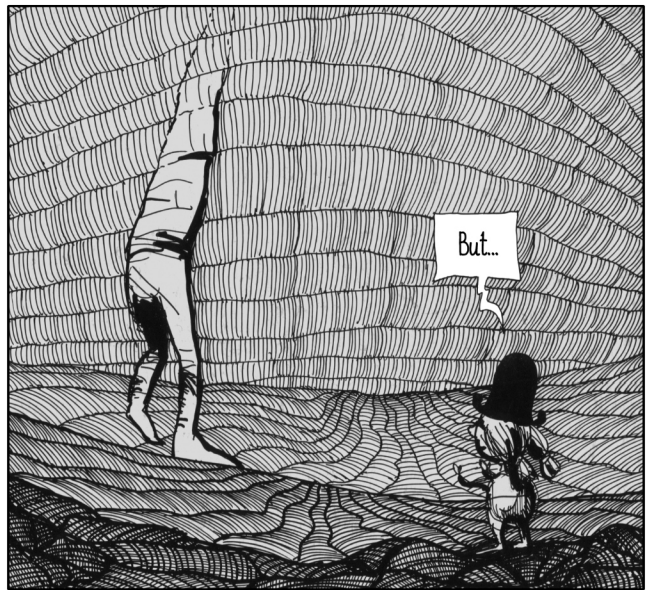


Yes, I'm the Conjuror  
of time. Step aside  
or I'll touch you with  
my roll and you'll  
be trapped forever  
in the past.






Oh, that house? Your house was built on my future path. It was caught by the old time once I was taking it.








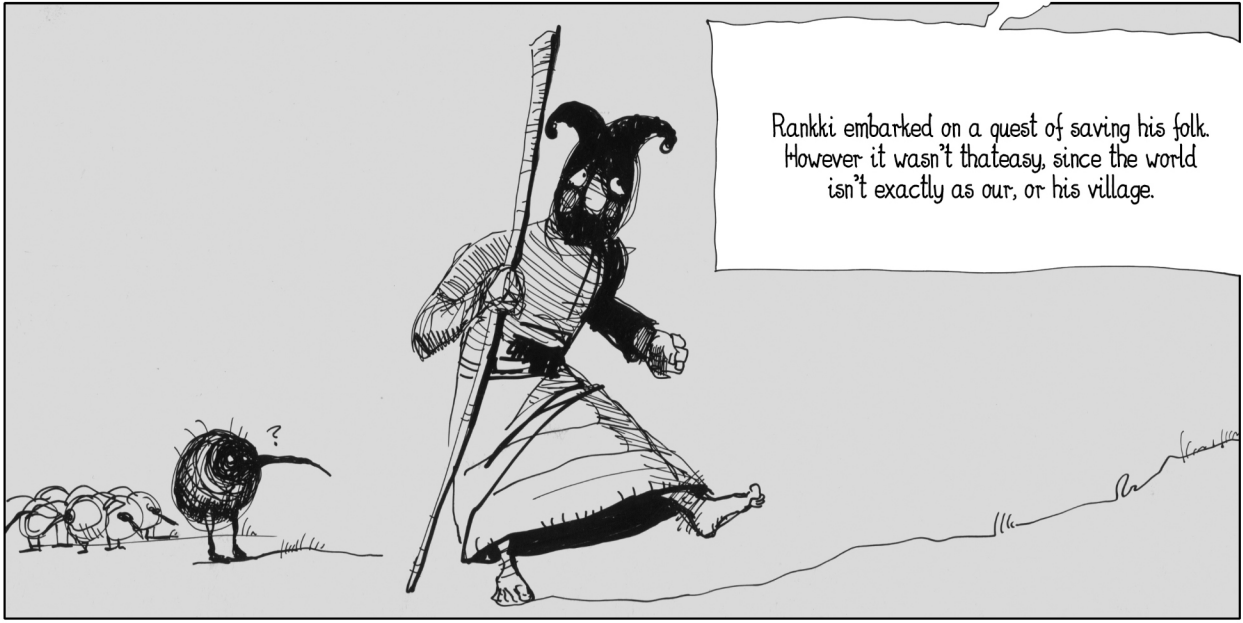


Grandpa,  
tell us a story!

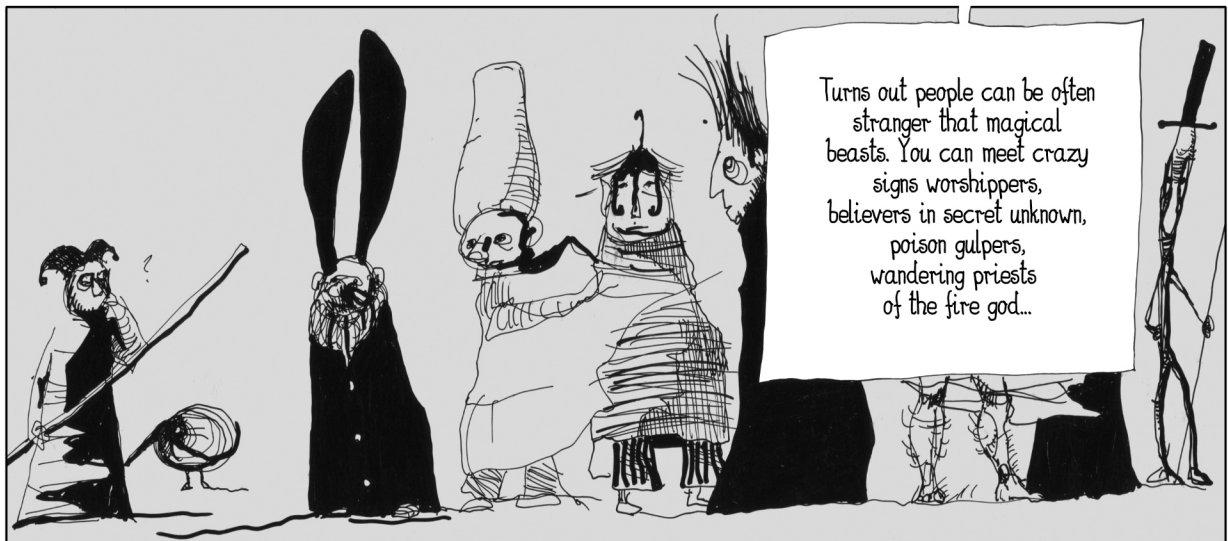
Ok then...  
Once there  
was a village...



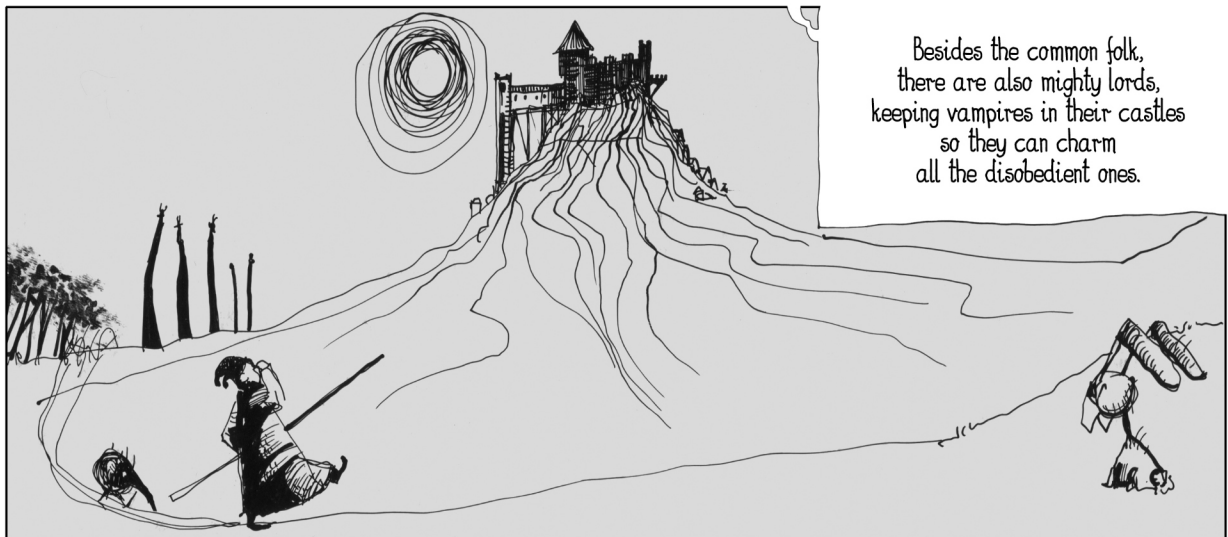
That village was attacked  
by twelve-headed dragon.  
He took souls of everybody.  
The sole survivor was a farmhand,  
Rankki, only because he was  
grazing Mserks on the meadows.



Rankki embarked on a quest of saving his folk.  
However it wasn't thateasy, since the world  
isn't exactly as our, or his village.



Turns out people can be often  
stranger than magical  
beasts. You can meet crazy  
signs worshippers,  
believers in secret unknown,  
poison gulpers,  
wandering priests  
of the fire god...



Besides the common folk,  
there are also mighty lords,  
keeping vampires in their castles  
so they can charm  
all the disobedient ones.



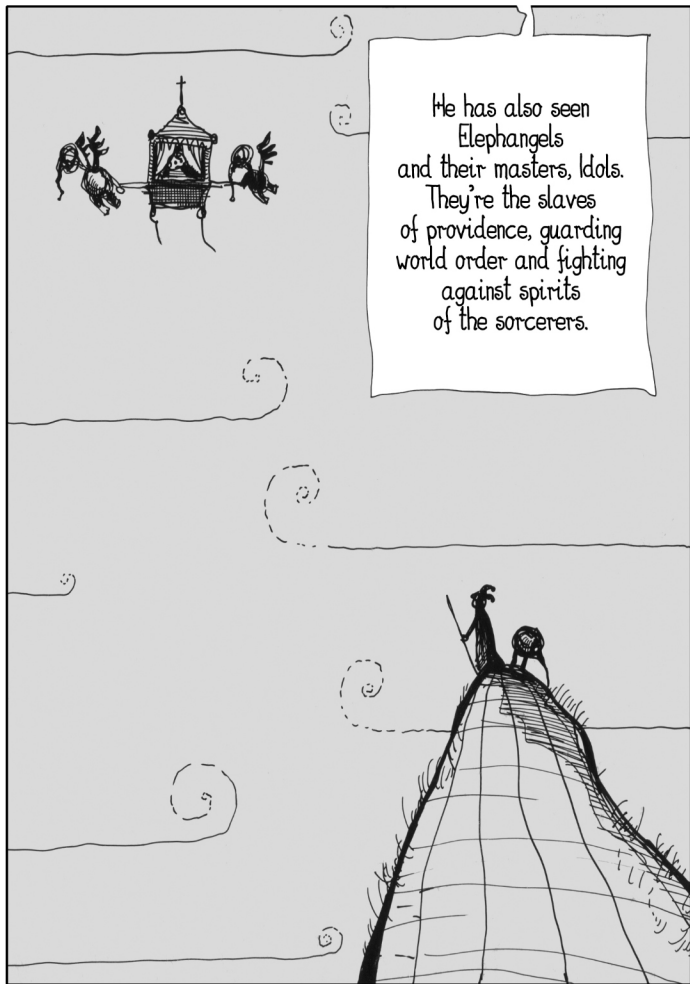
But the world isn't only  
a realm of men.  
There are also morphs  
living here...



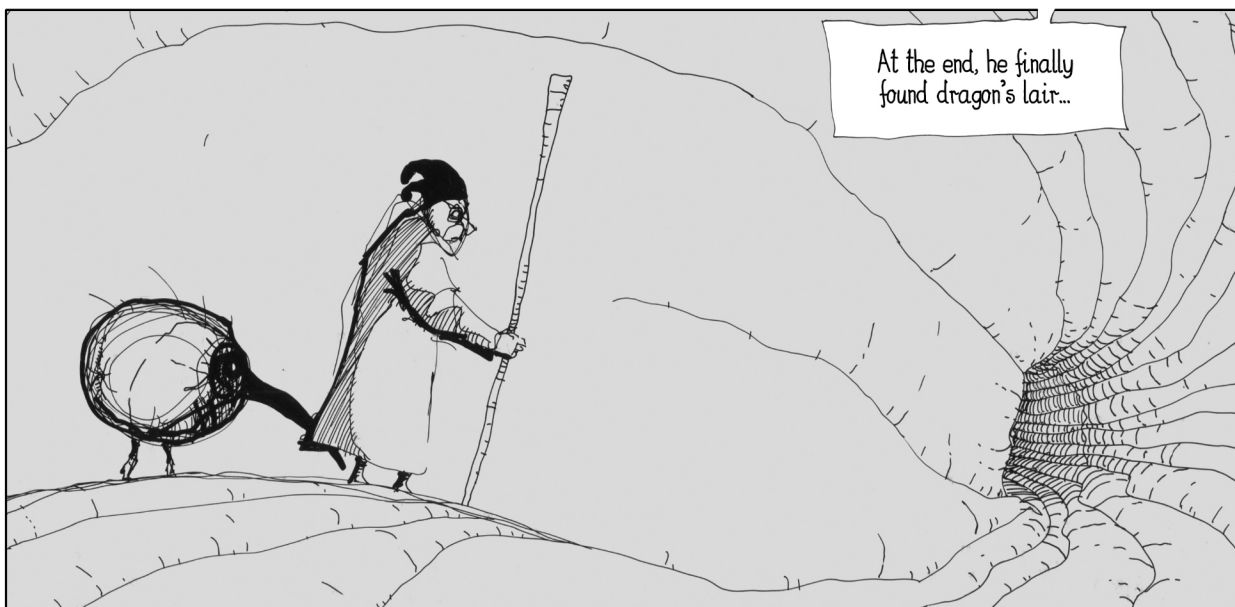
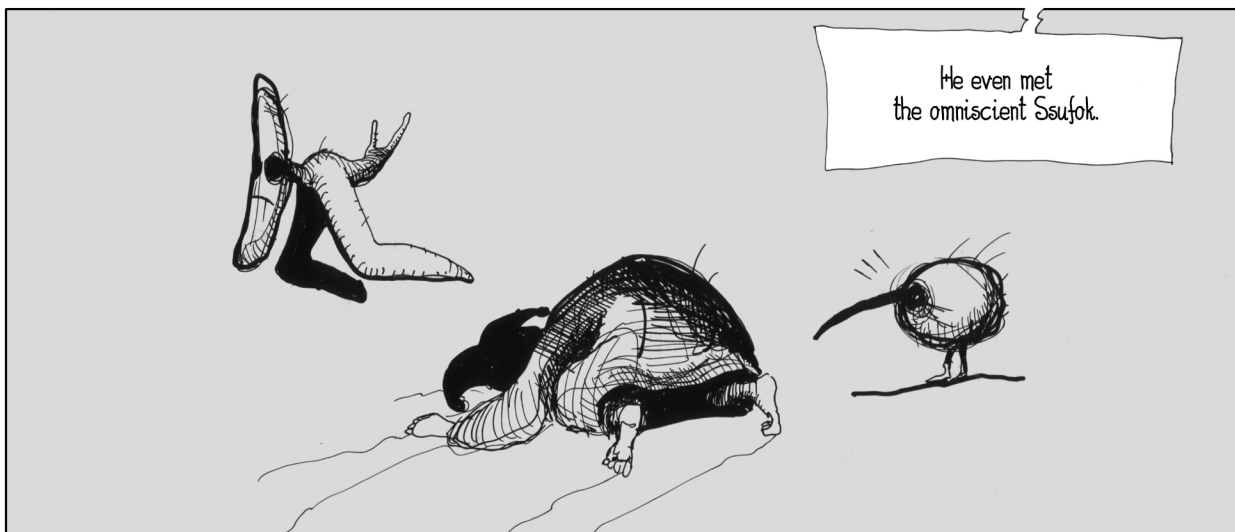
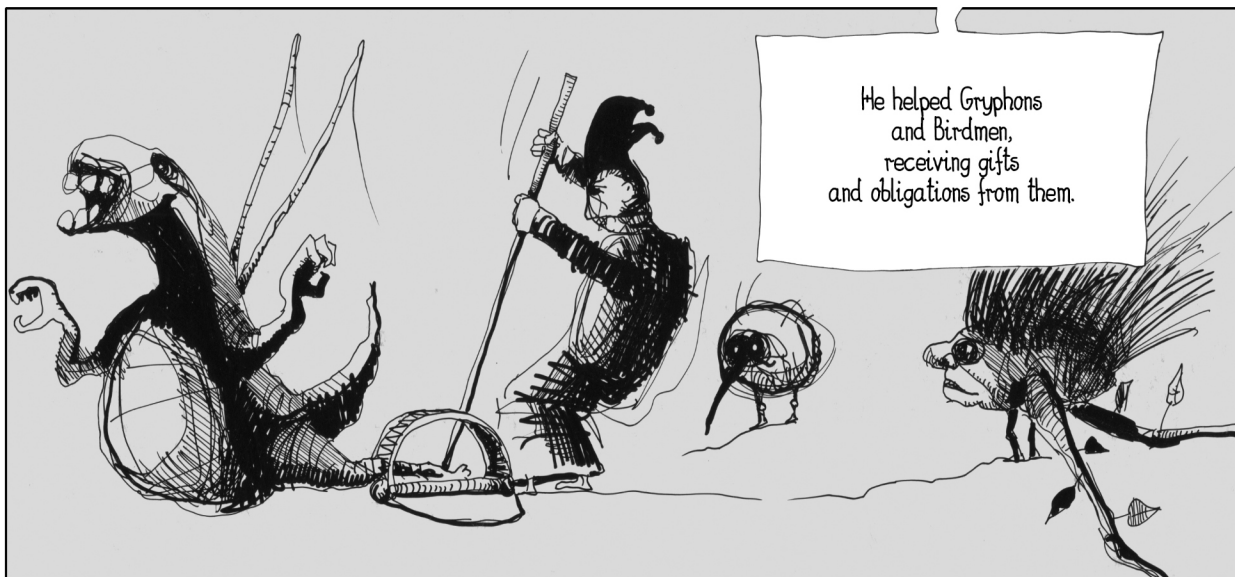
Rankki met  
giants and dwarves...



He found escaped nightmares,  
Lepires and Mores  
in the dark woods...



He has also seen  
Elephangels  
and their masters, Idols.  
They're the slaves  
of providence, guarding  
world order and fighting  
against spirits  
of the sorcerers.







And so Rankki stood ground  
in a fight against the dragon  
for souls of his folk...



And then?

What happened next?

Go on, grandpa!

And the dragon?



And the dragon  
blew him away.





Oh, it's going  
to rain.  
Lepirs are  
flying low.

How  
would  
you  
know?

The rain  
is coming.

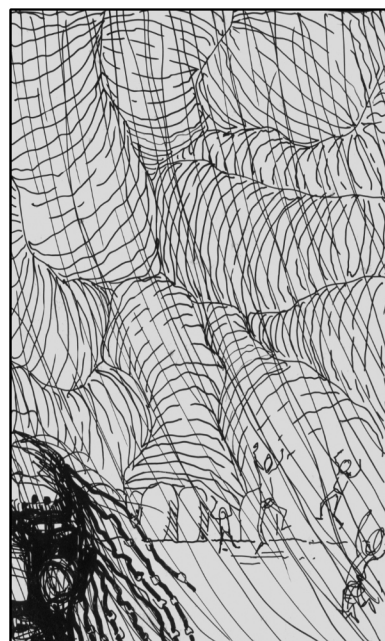
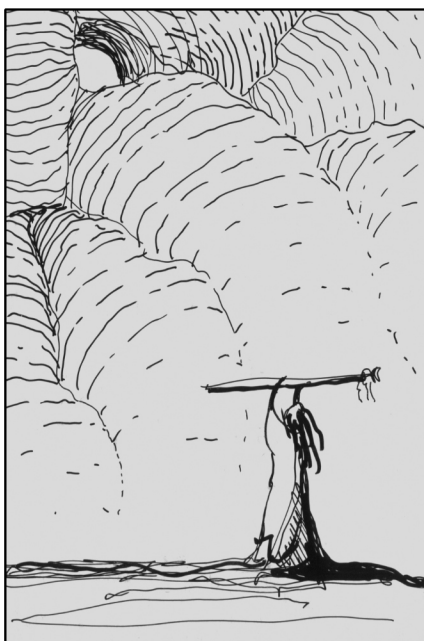
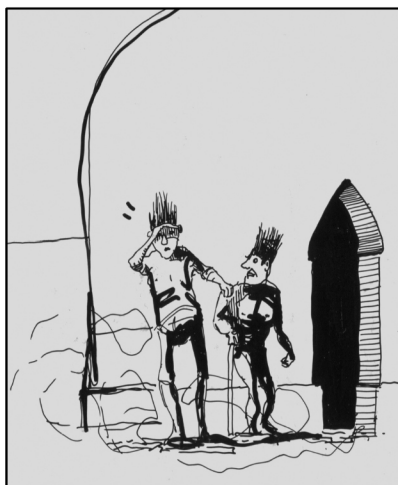
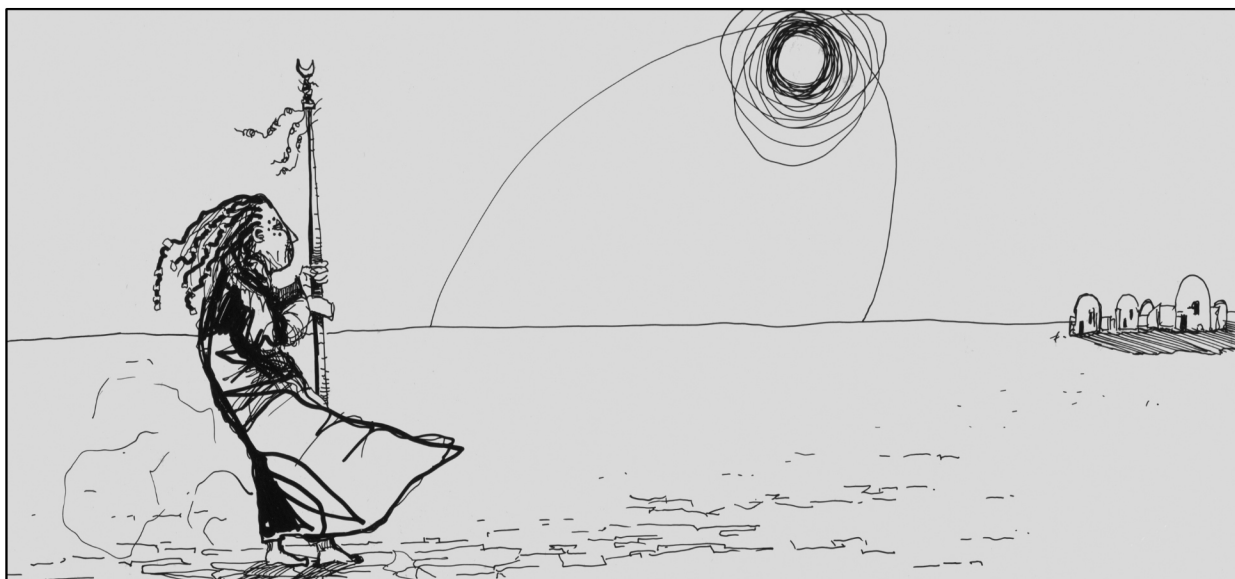
People  
are looking  
up on us.

It always  
rains  
afterwards.

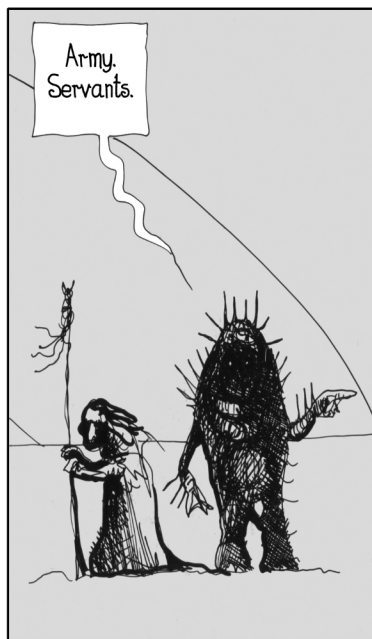
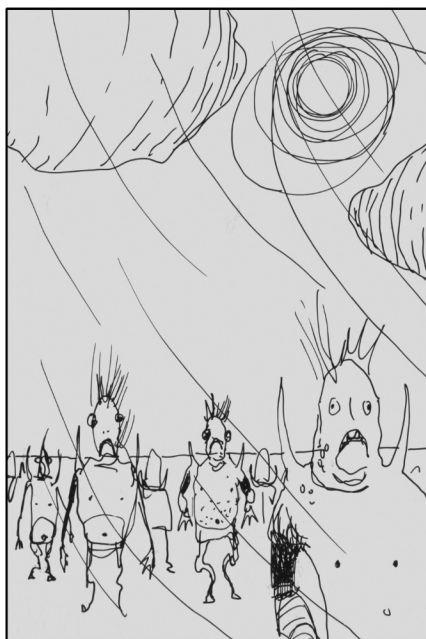
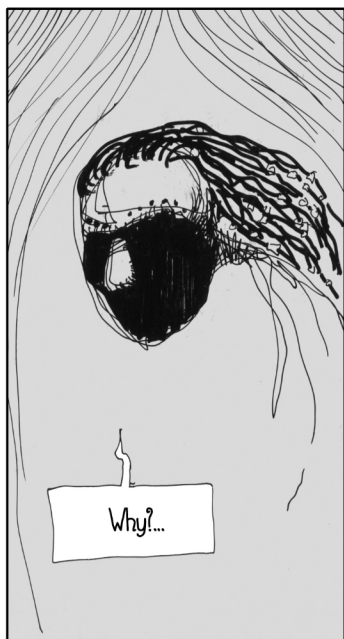
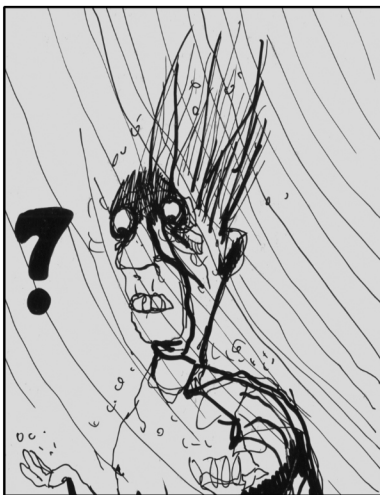
All right,  
boss finished  
bathing.

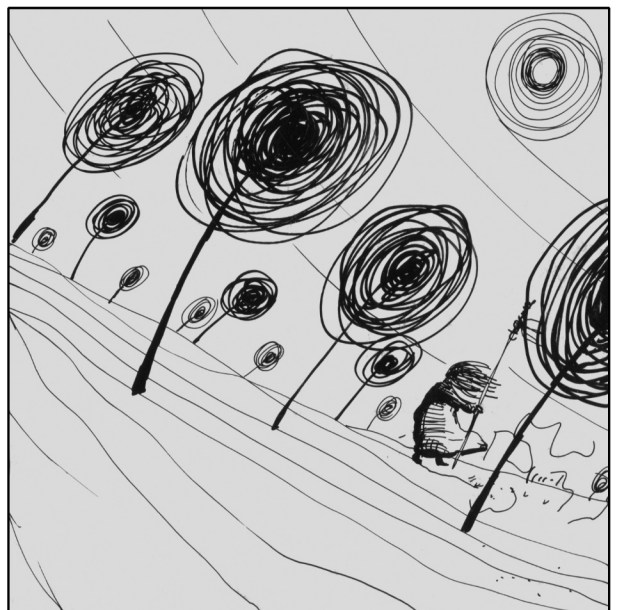
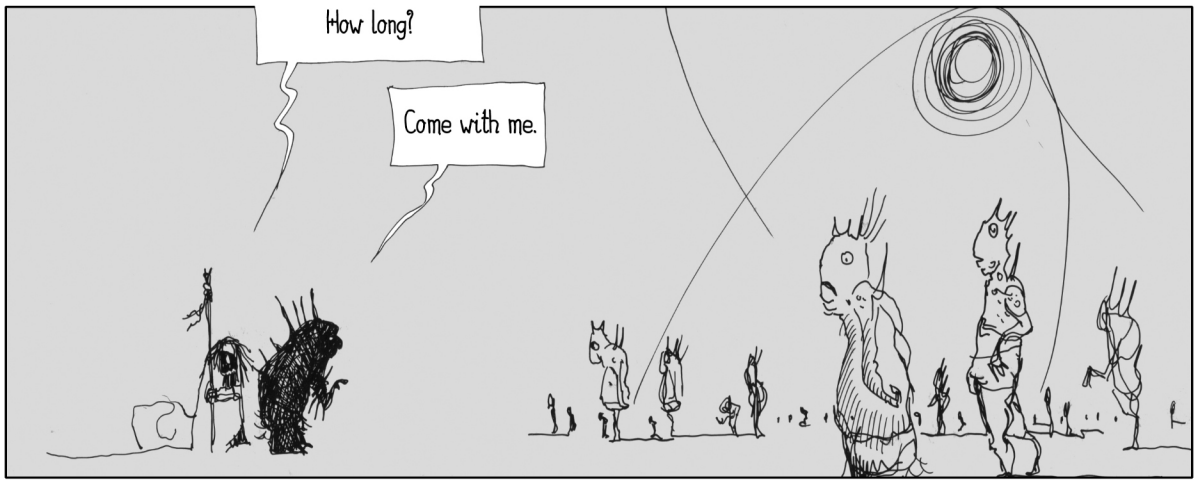
Pull the plug!

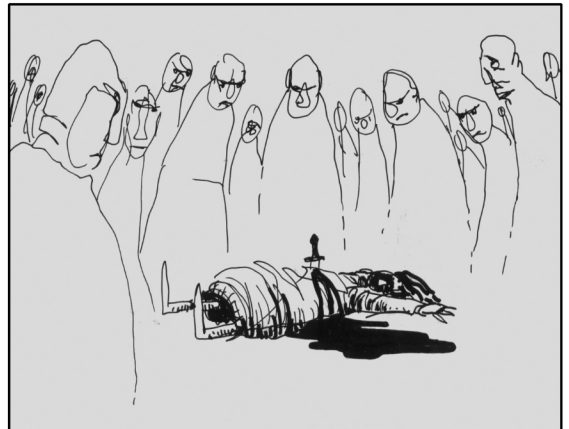
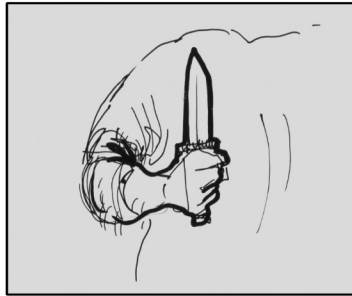
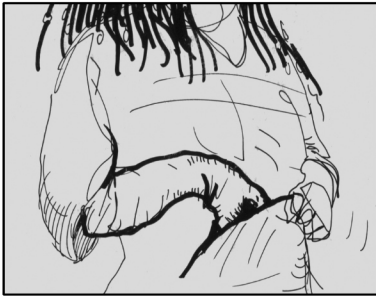
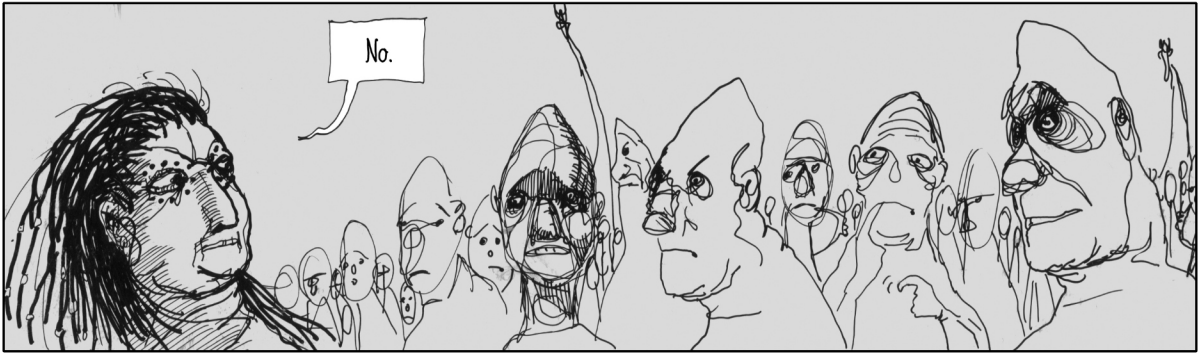
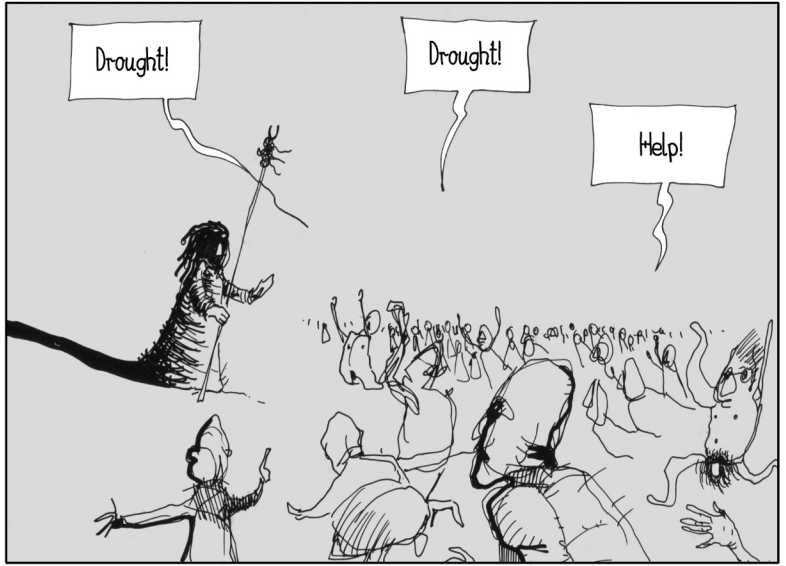


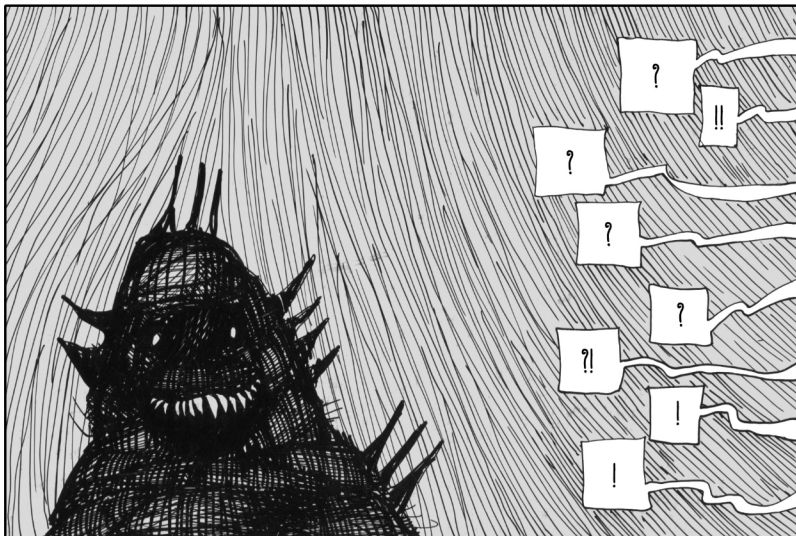
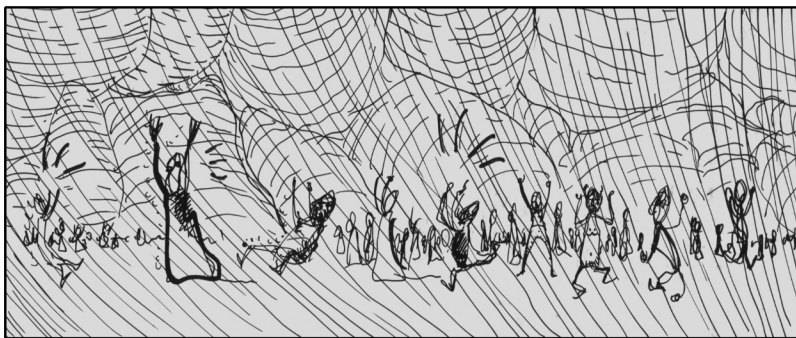
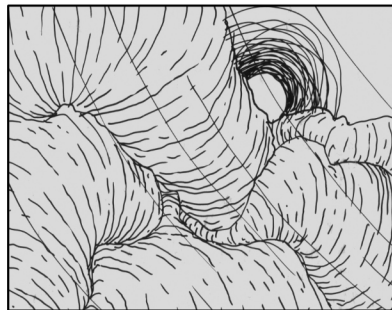
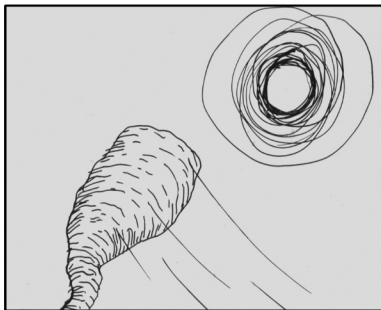
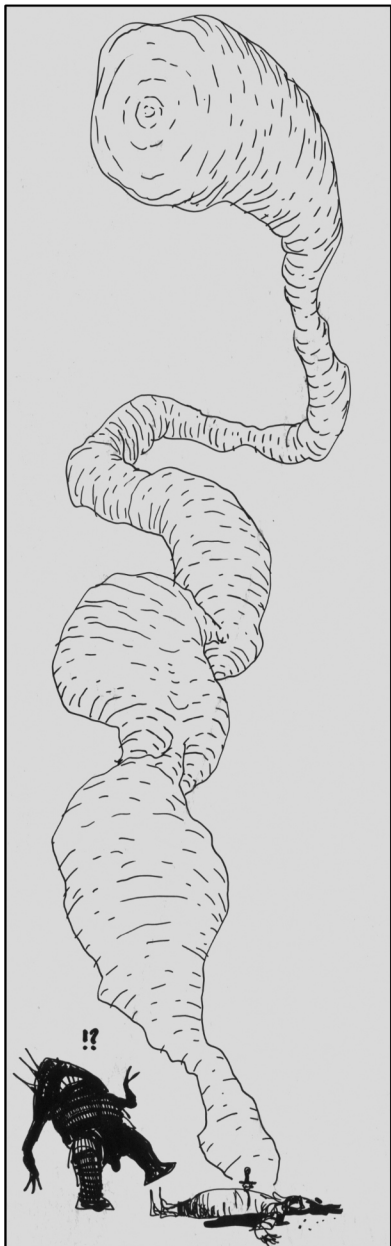
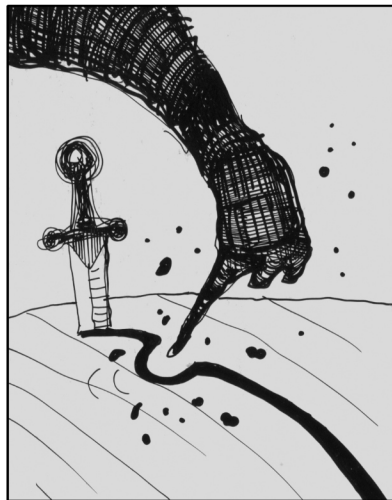
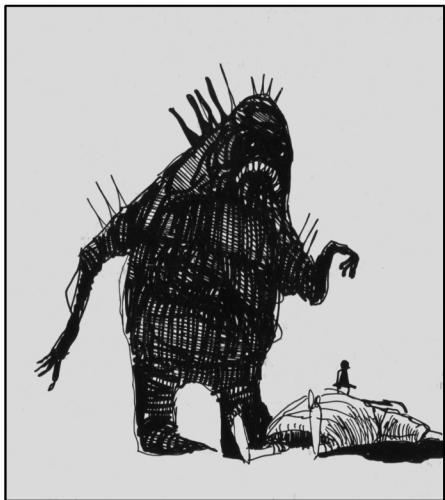










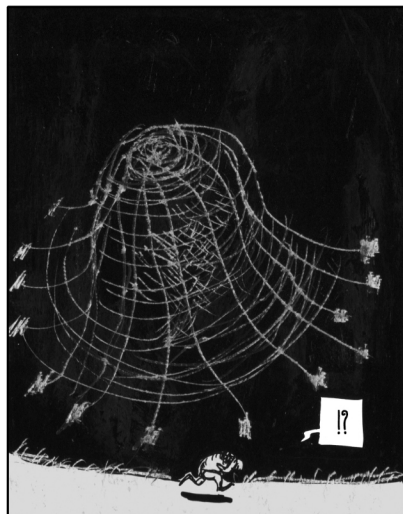
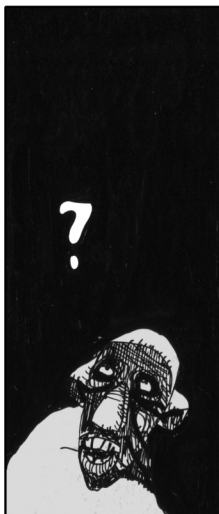














Roll over,  
I will cut  
your bonds.



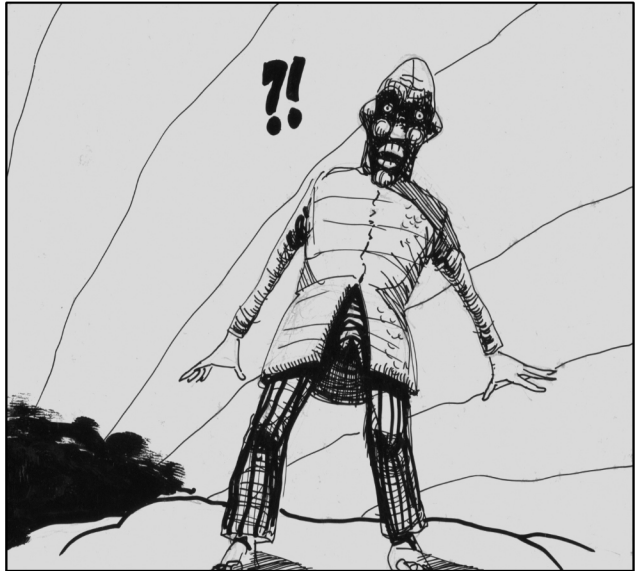
Once you regain feeling in your hands  
and legs run as fast as you can towards  
that white glow. When you enter the glow,  
you will leave this forest.



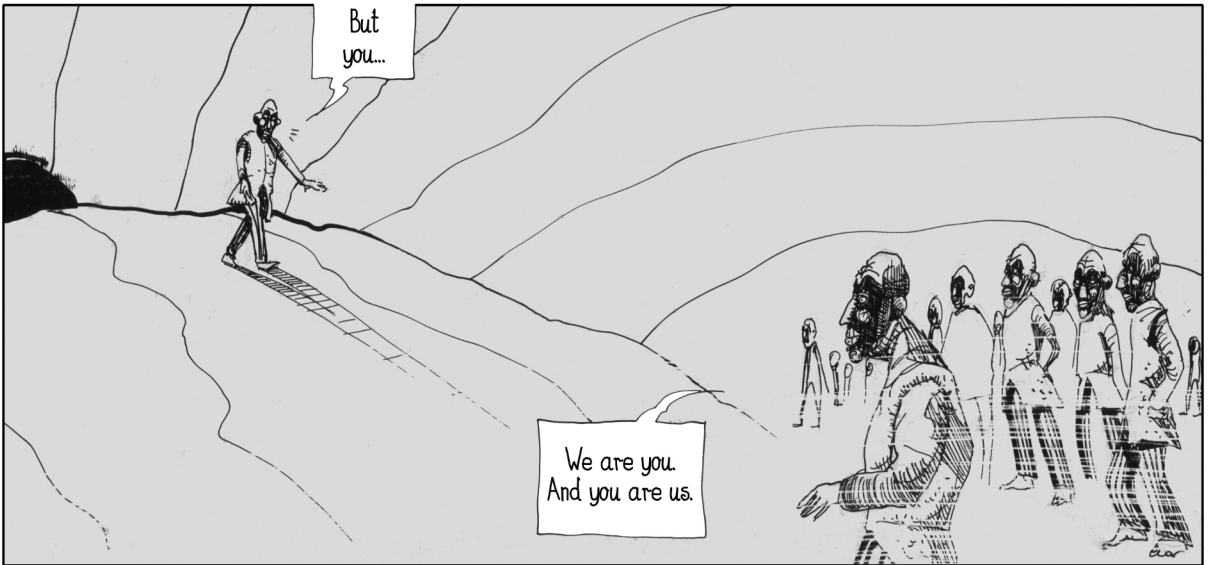
VFF...!



?!



But  
you...



We are you.  
And you are us.

Come with us.

A man searches for himself  
throughout his whole life.  
And he runs away from  
himself as well.  
People often do both those  
things at the same time.



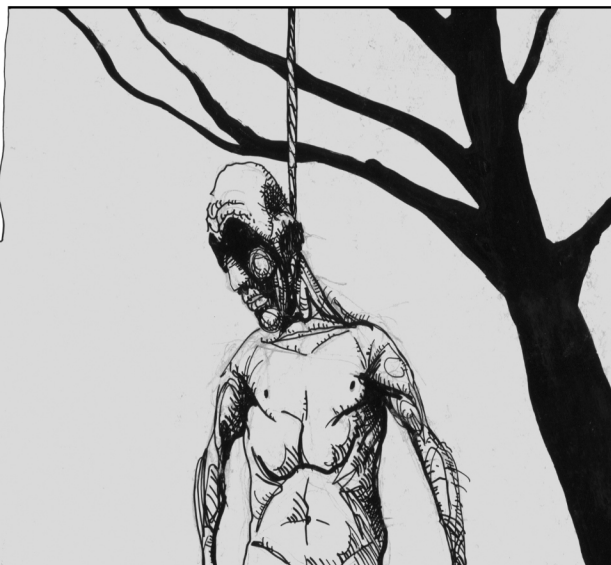
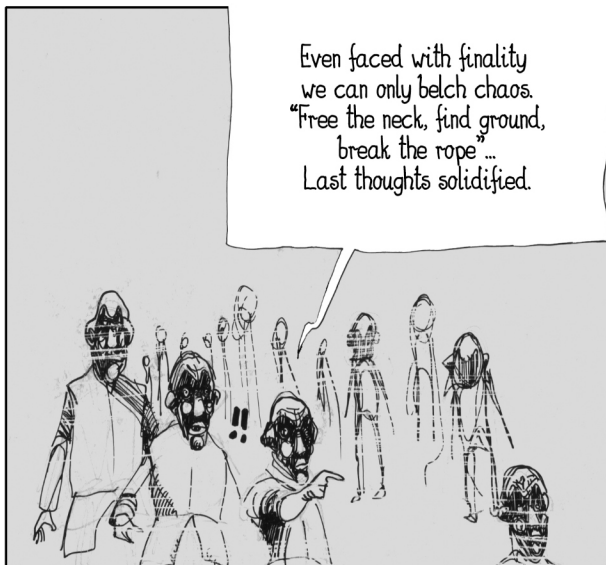
Every human is just  
a dream about himself.

We are you,  
or those who  
might have been.  
All that we gained  
and all that we  
lost.

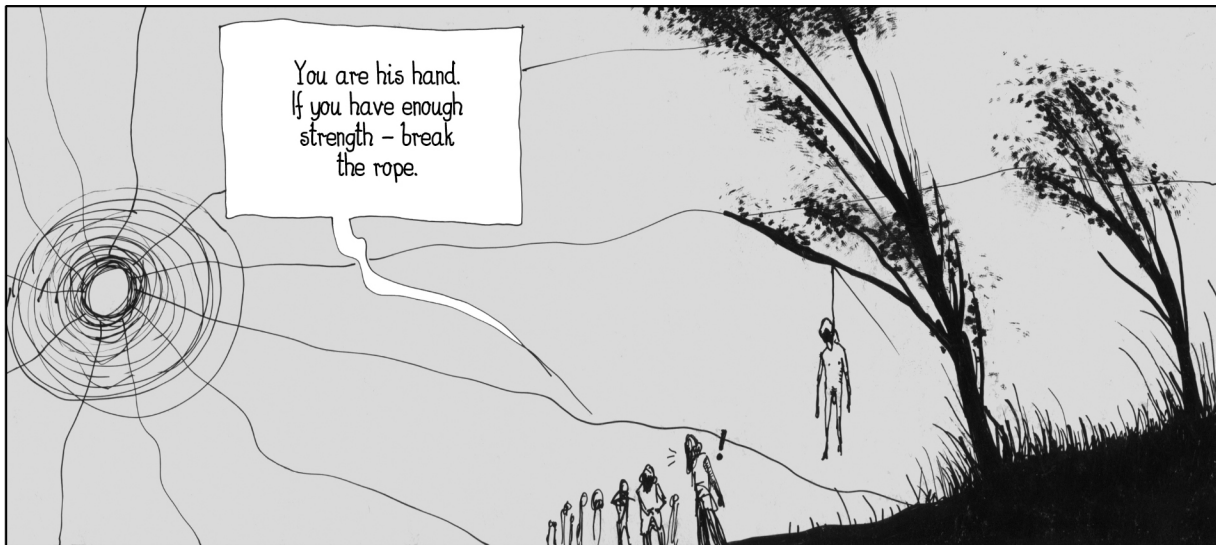


Do everything  
at once!

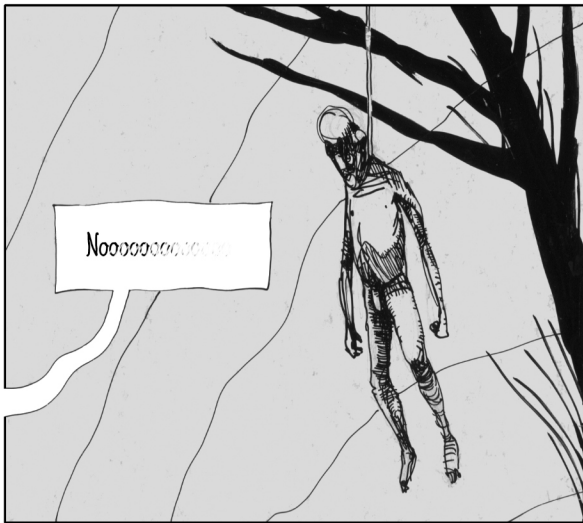
Even faced with finality  
we can only belch chaos.  
"Free the neck, find ground,  
break the rope" ...  
Last thoughts solidified.



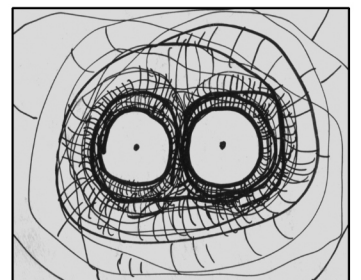
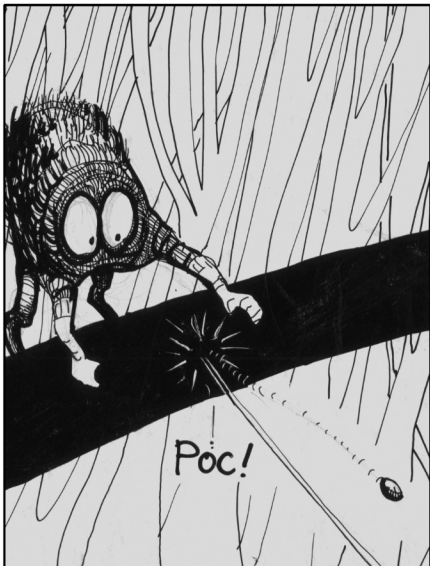
You are his hand.  
If you have enough  
strength - break  
the rope.

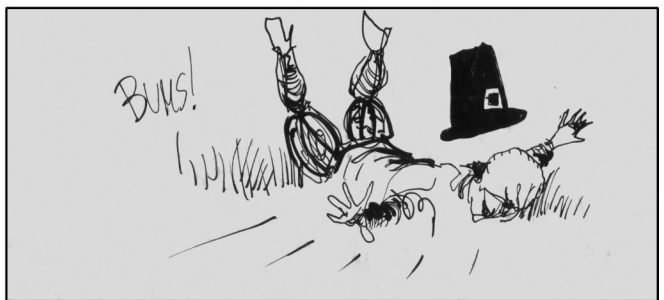
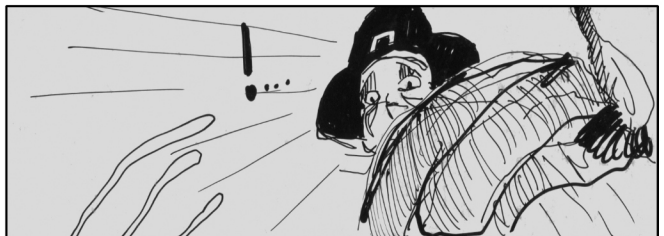
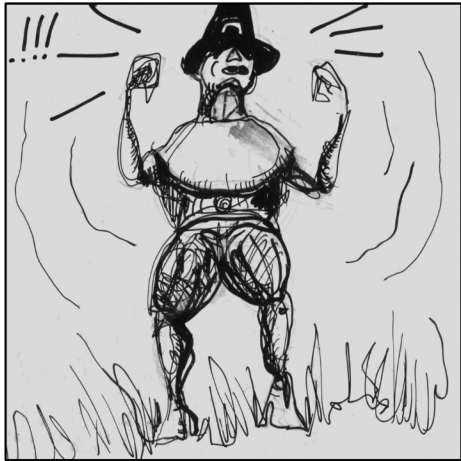
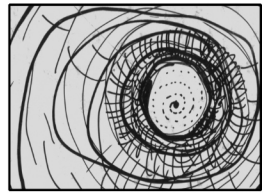
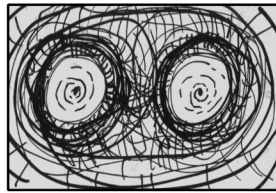
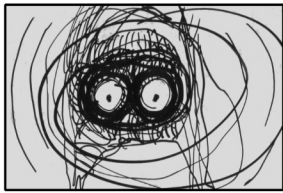


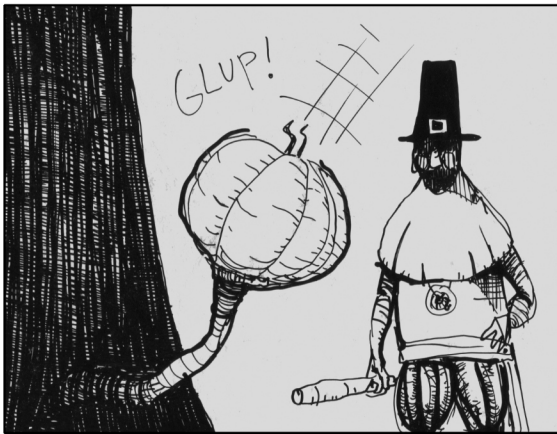
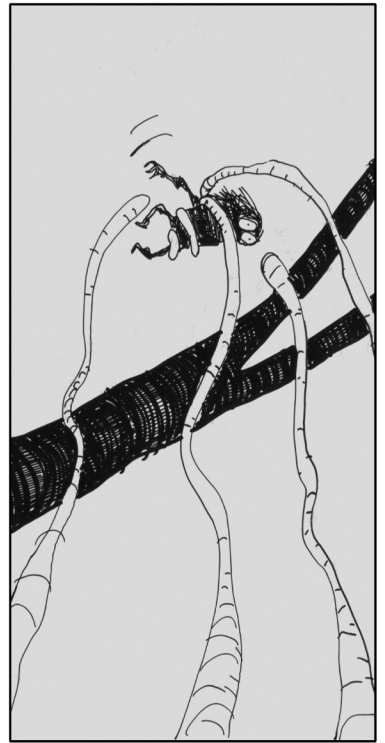




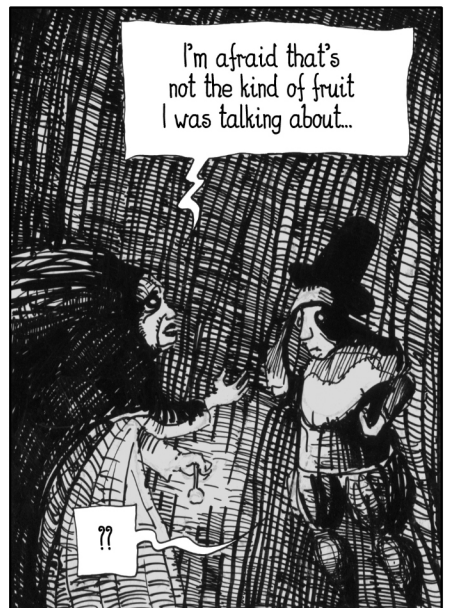
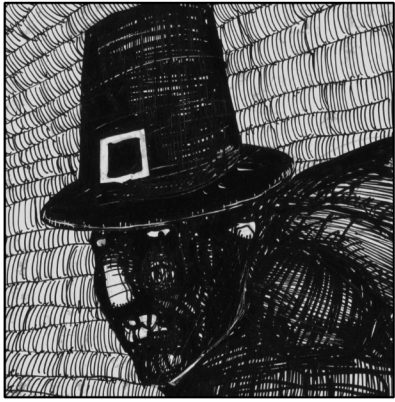




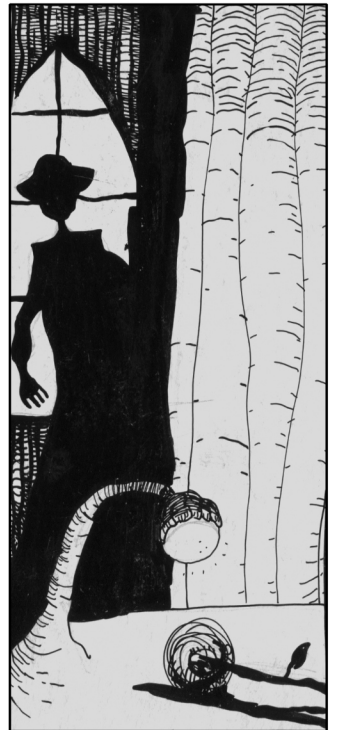


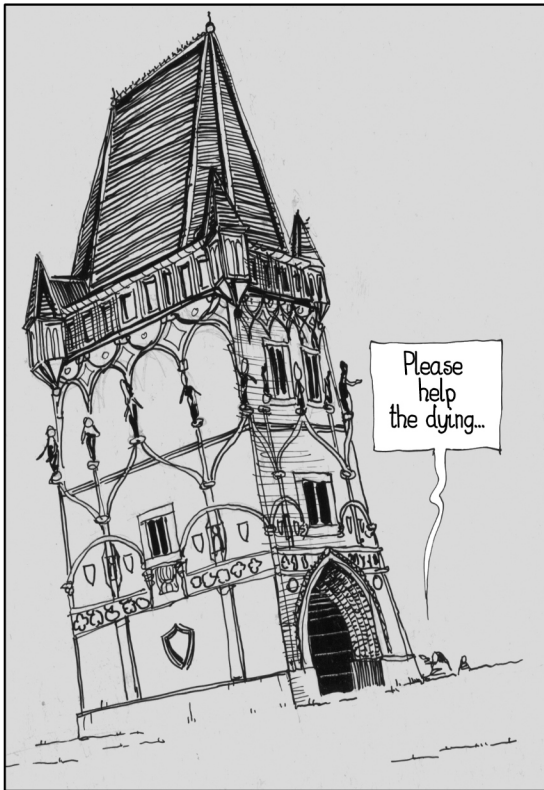




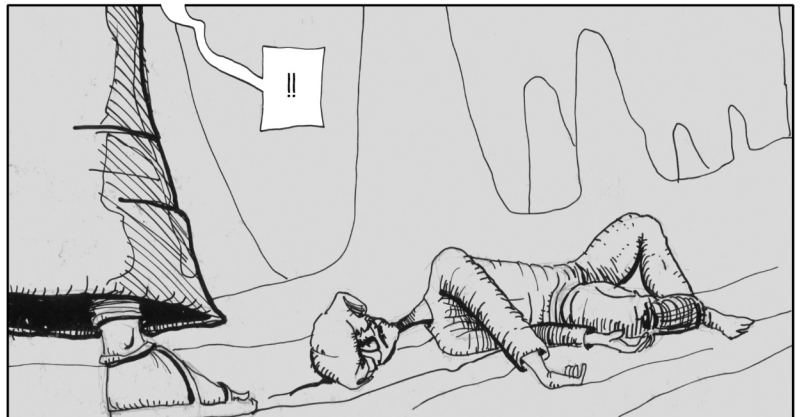
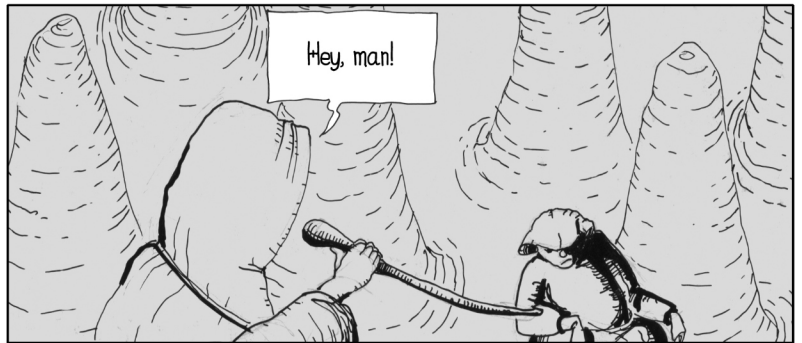
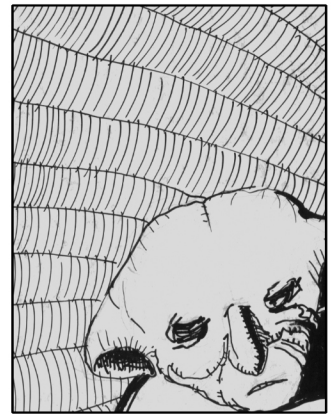
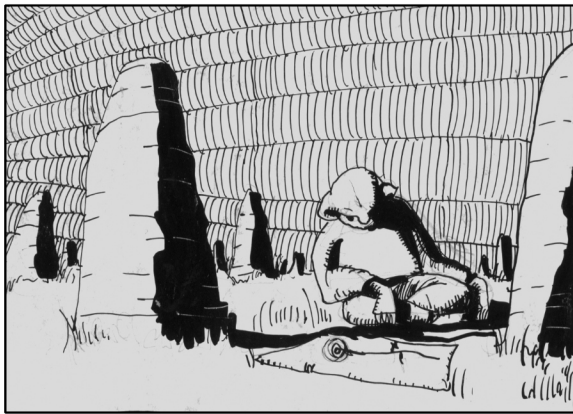
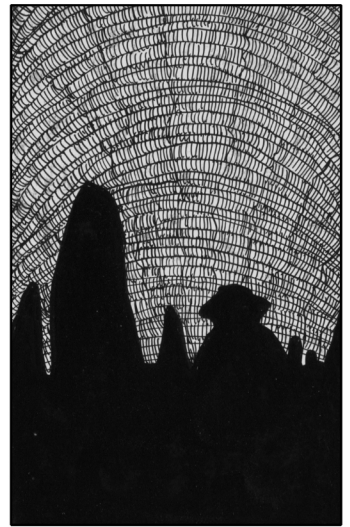




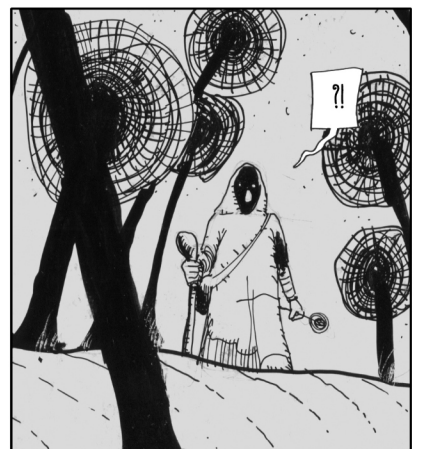
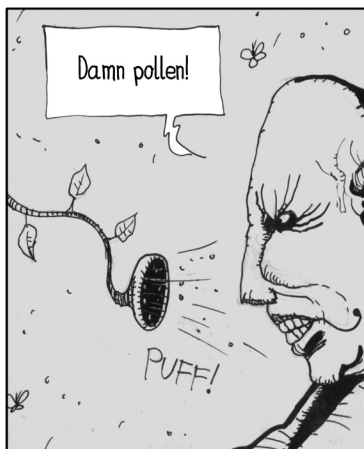
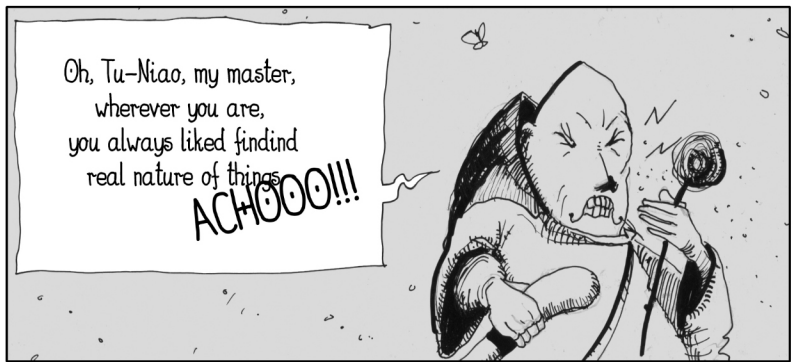
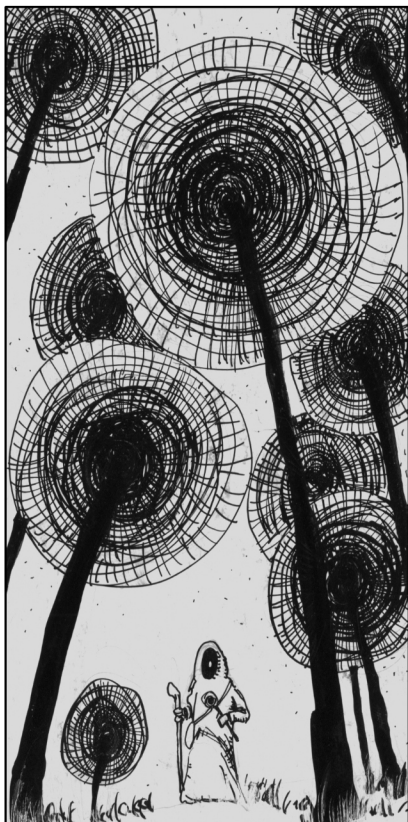
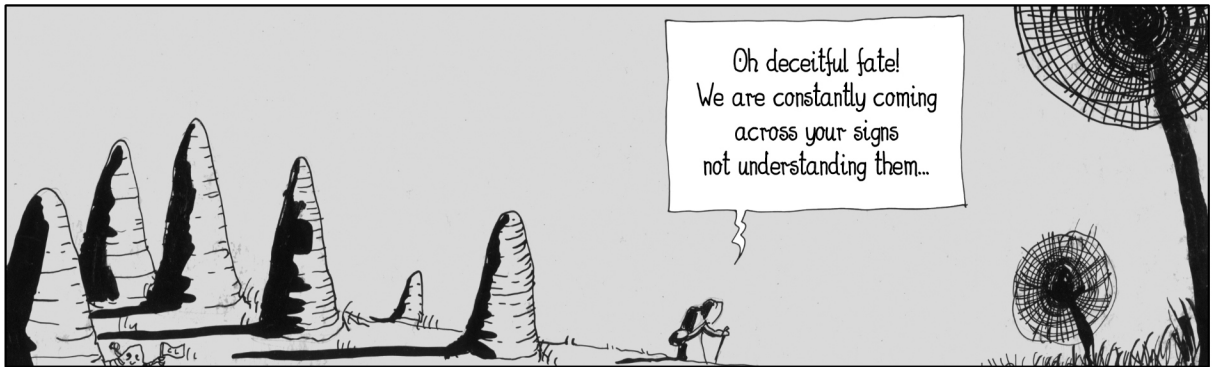


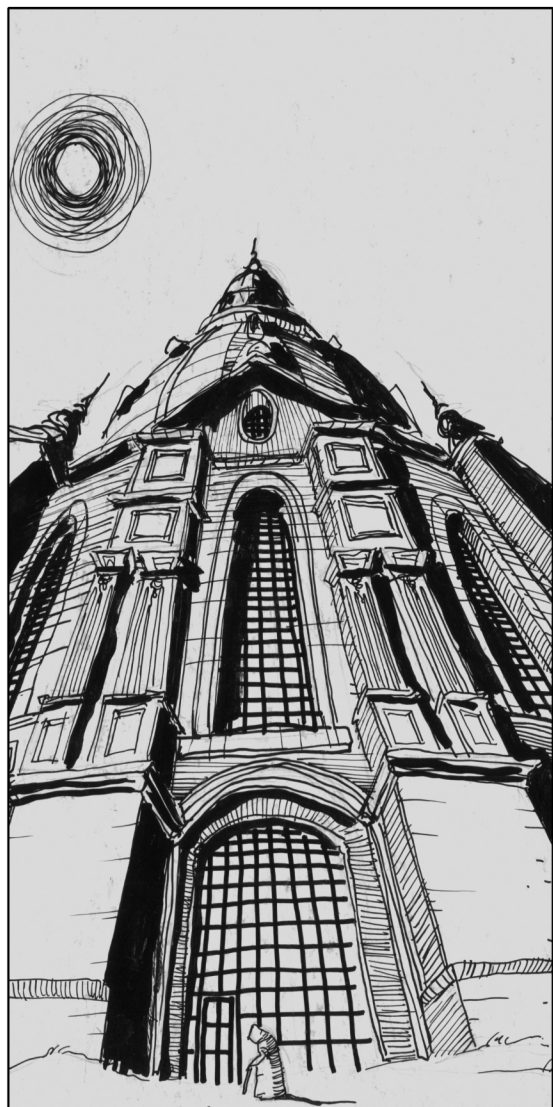


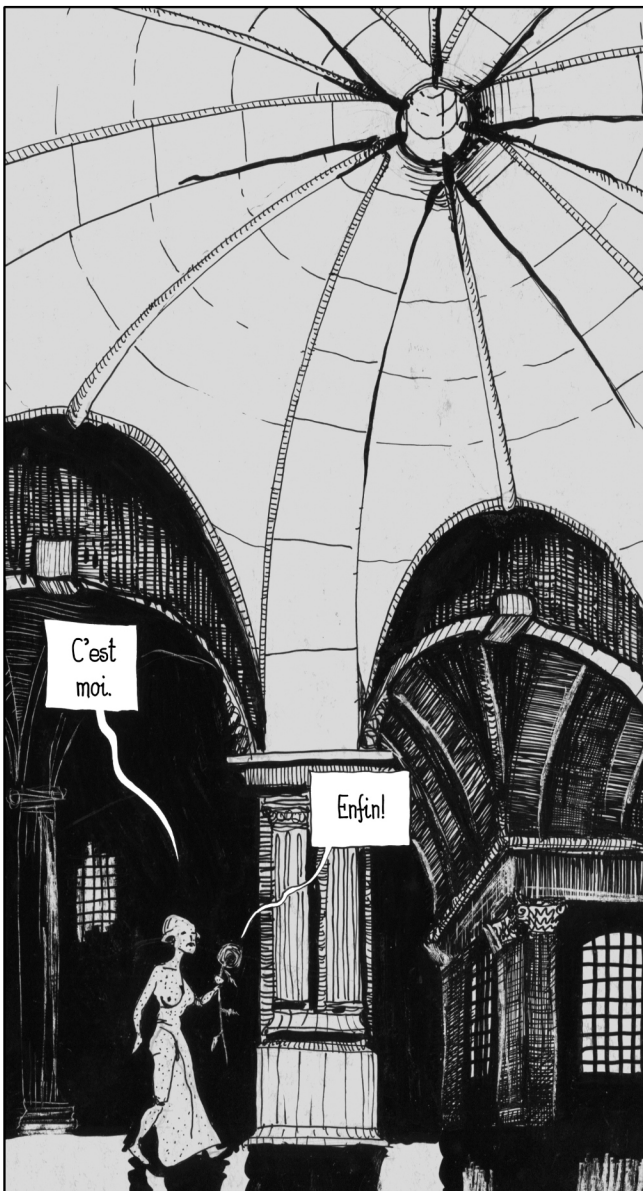
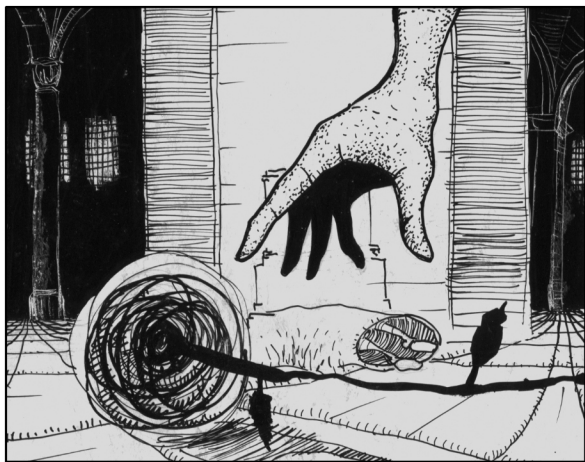






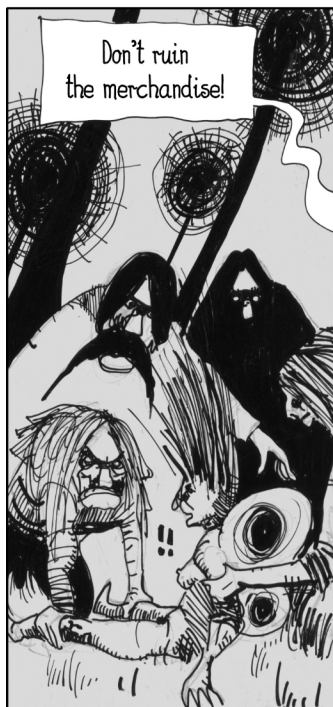
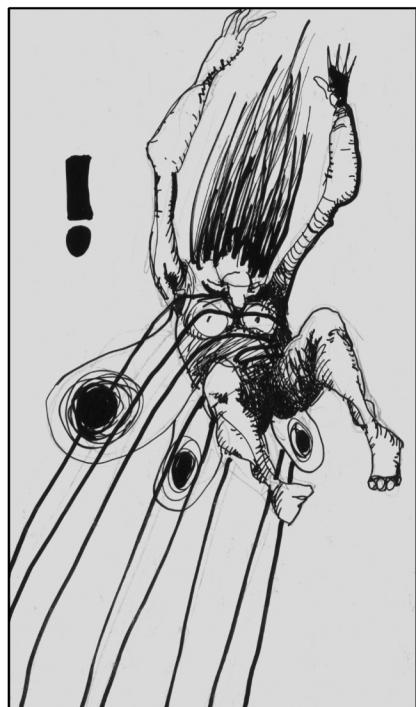
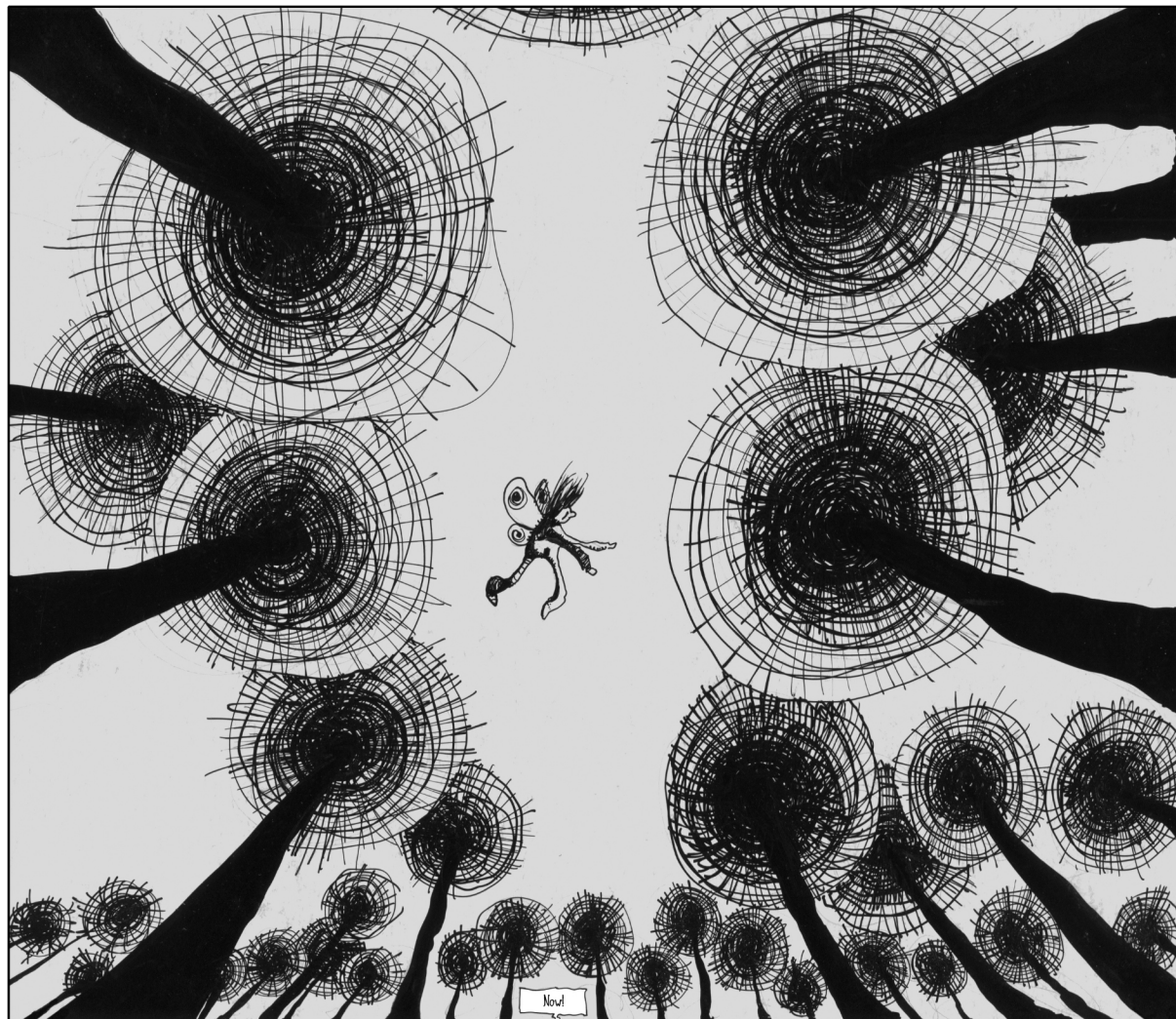




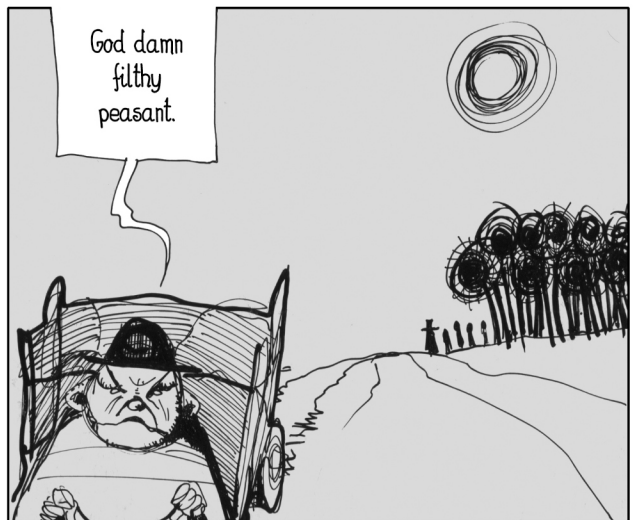


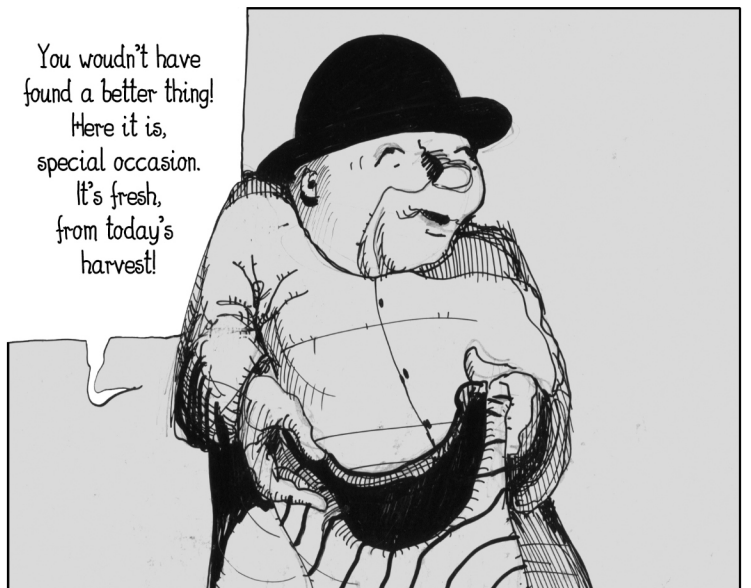
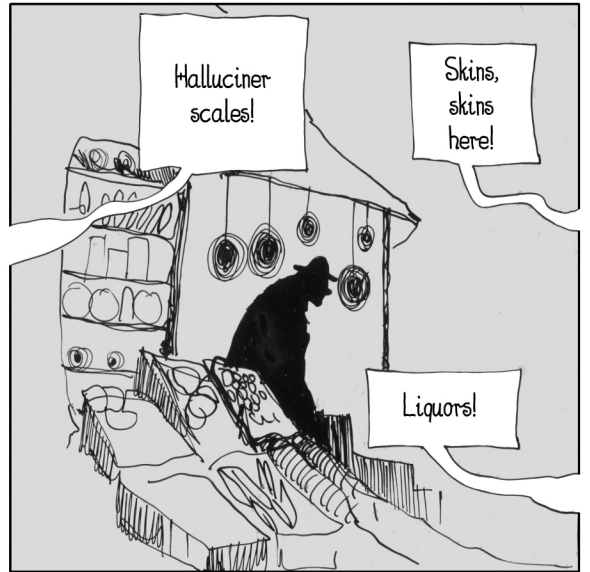
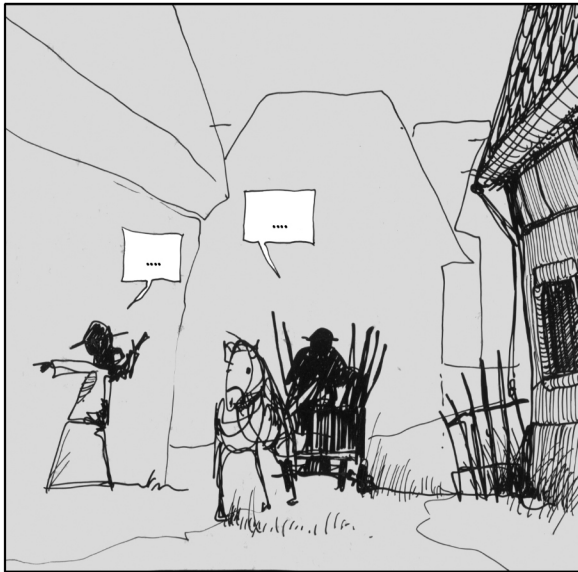


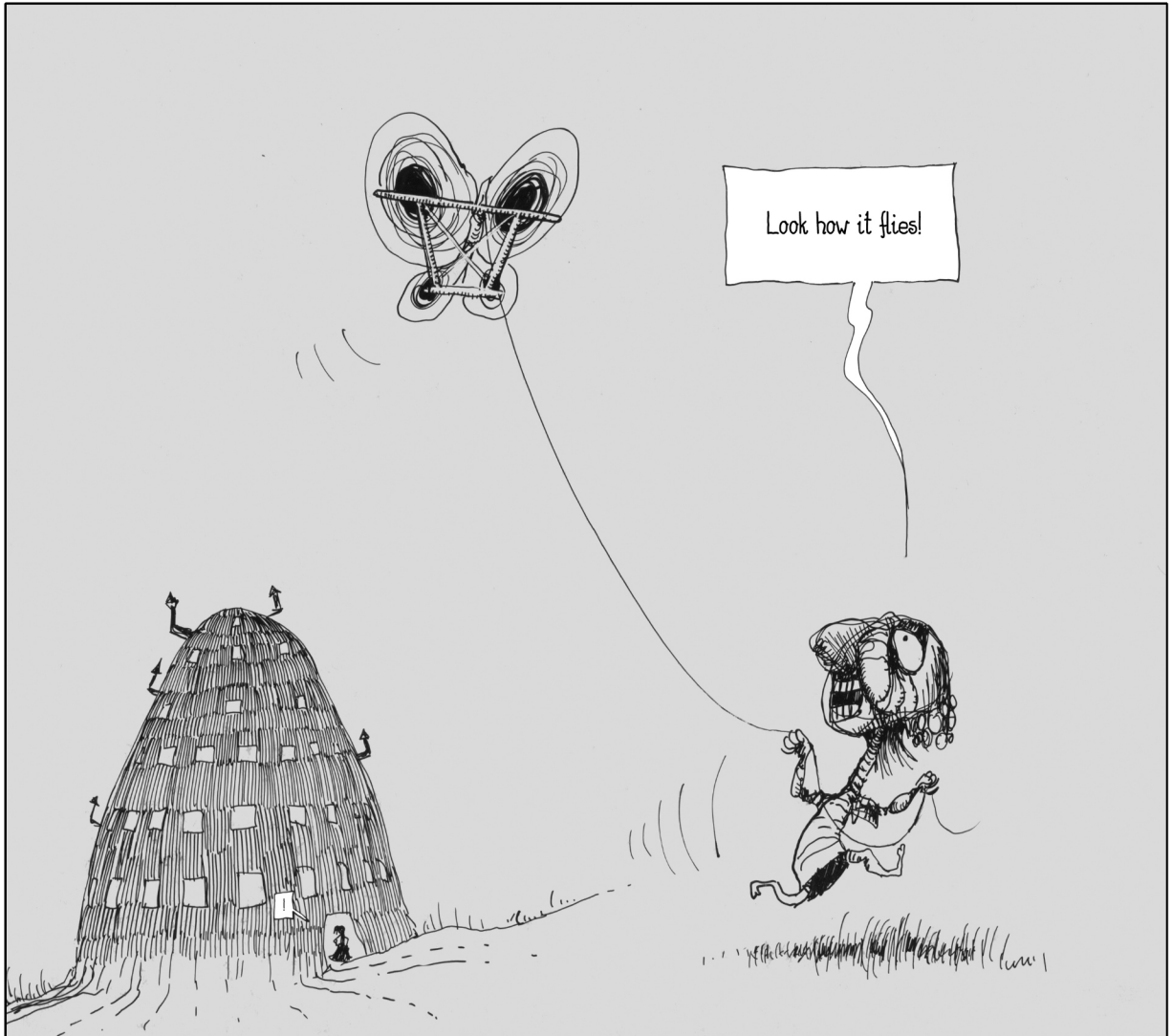
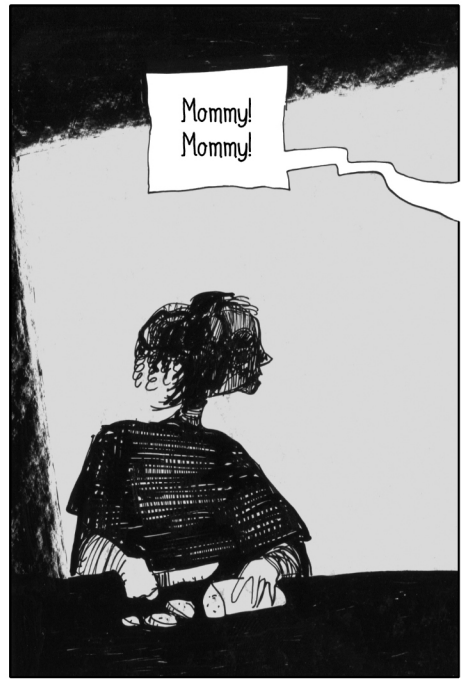




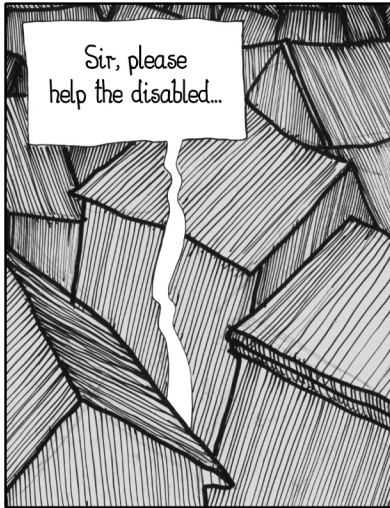








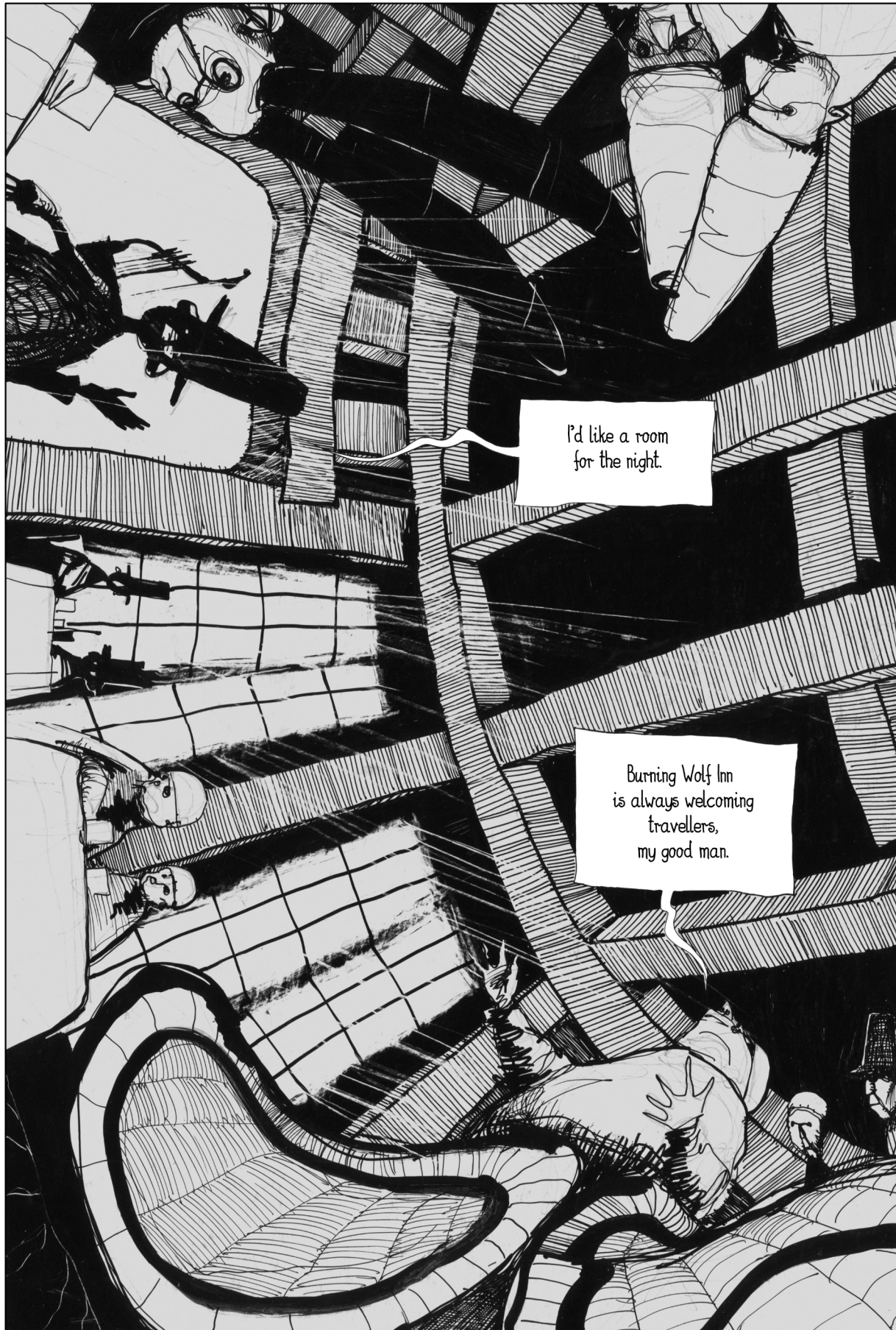






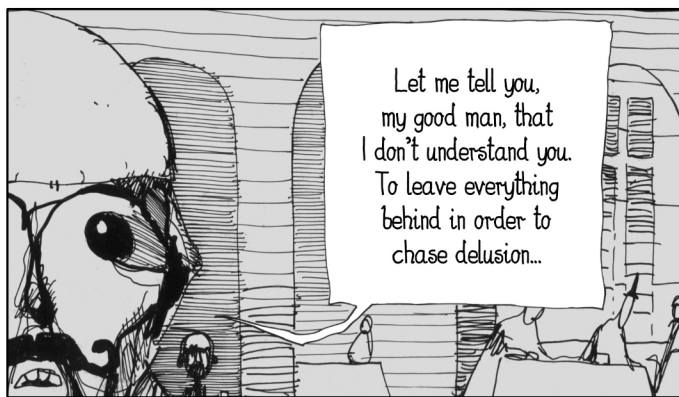
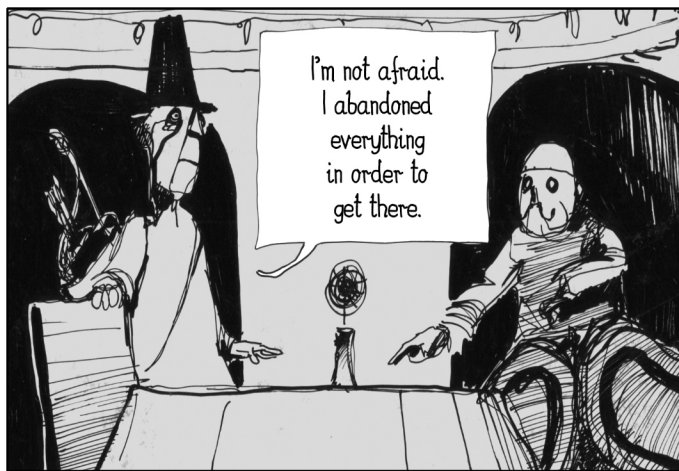
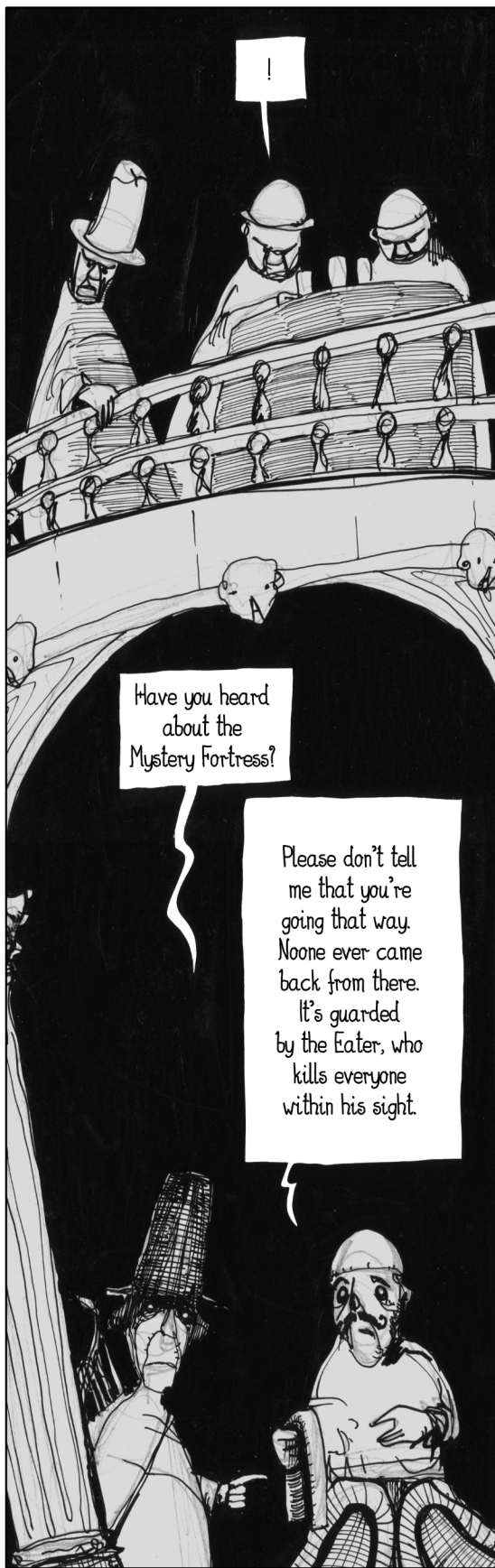




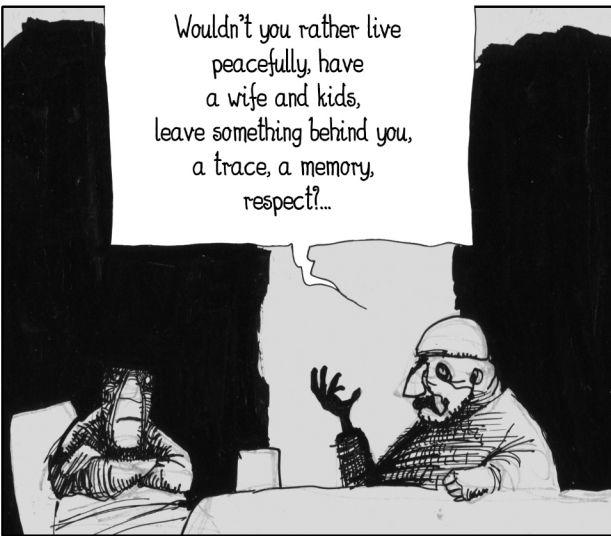


I'd like a room  
for the night.

Burning Wolf Inn  
is always welcoming  
travellers,  
my good man.



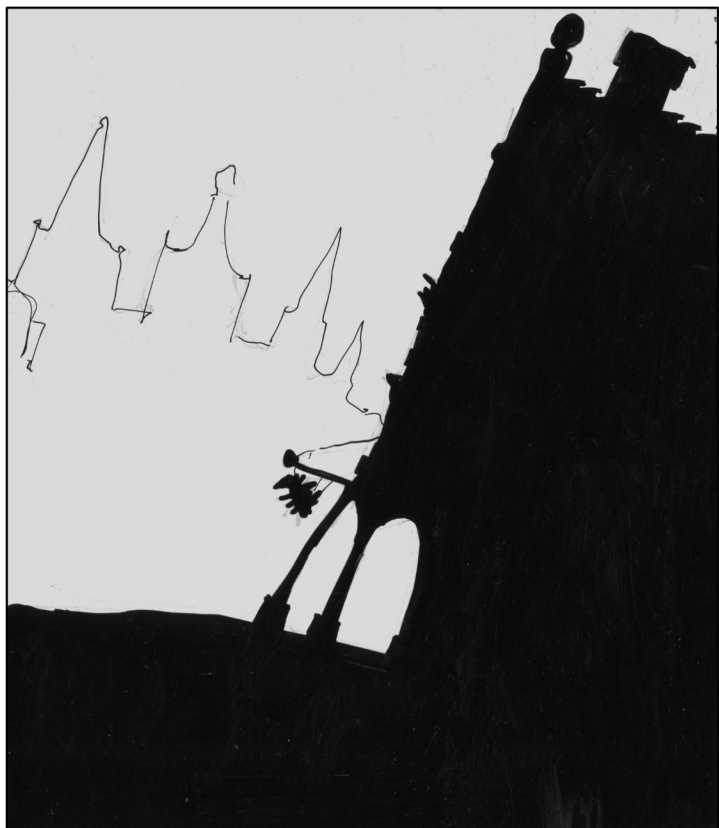
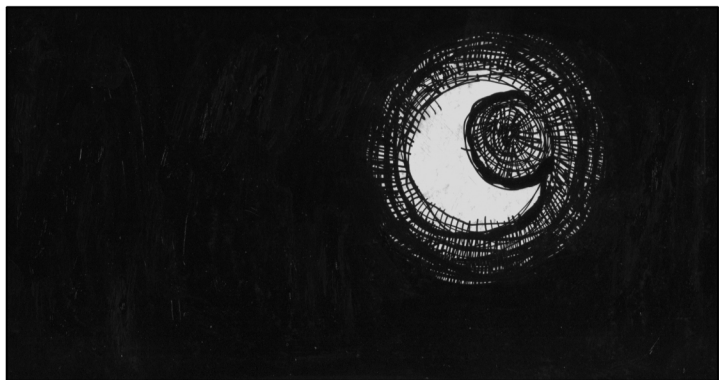
Wouldn't you rather live  
peacefully, have  
a wife and kids,  
leave something behind you,  
a trace, a memory,  
respect!...



Tell me about that Eater.

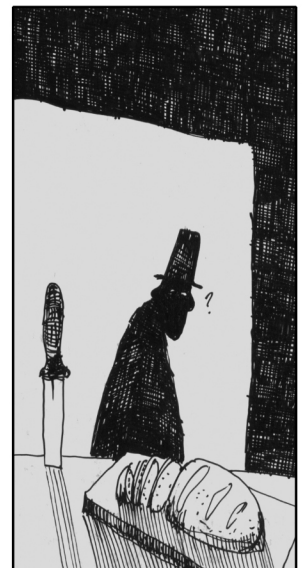
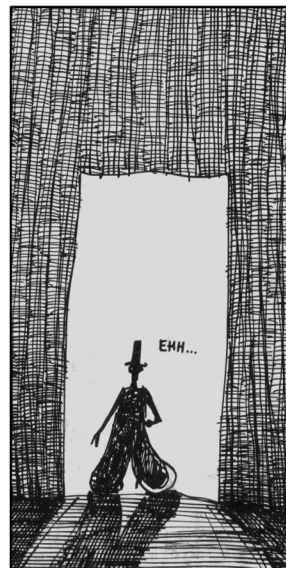
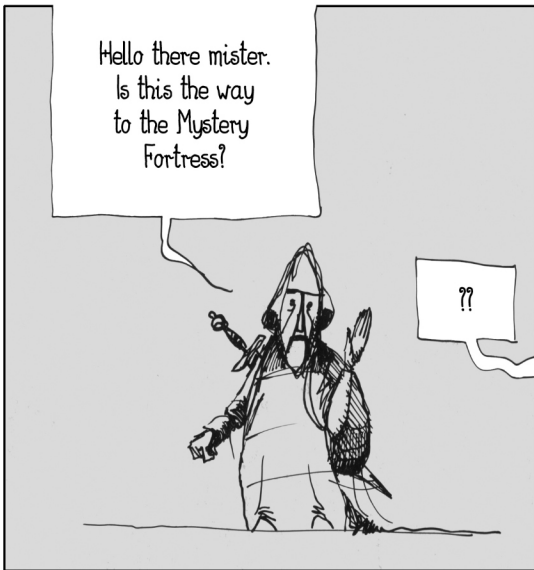
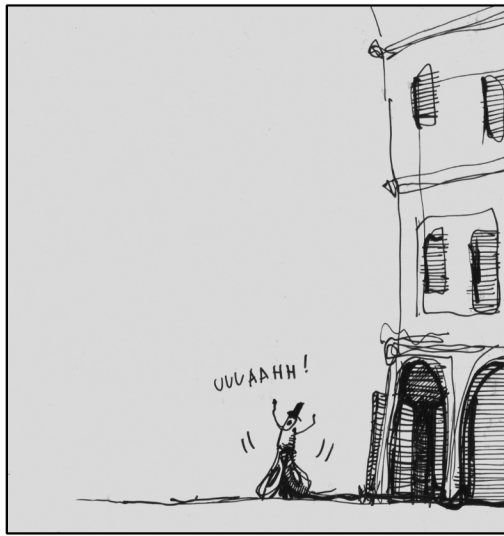


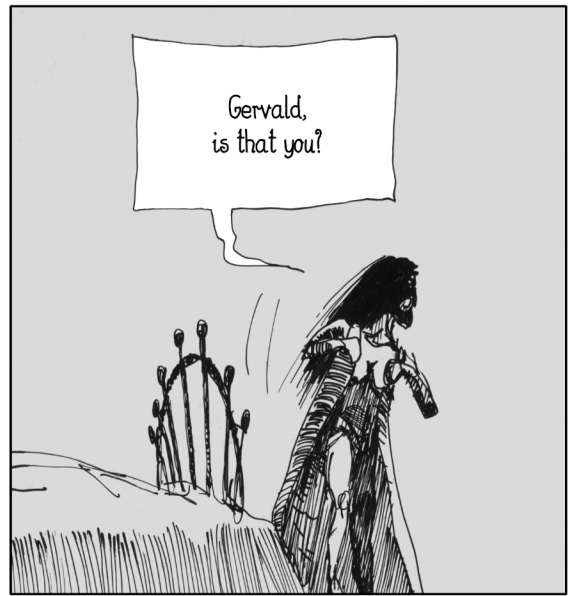
What can  
I tell you?...  
I live in  
the real world.



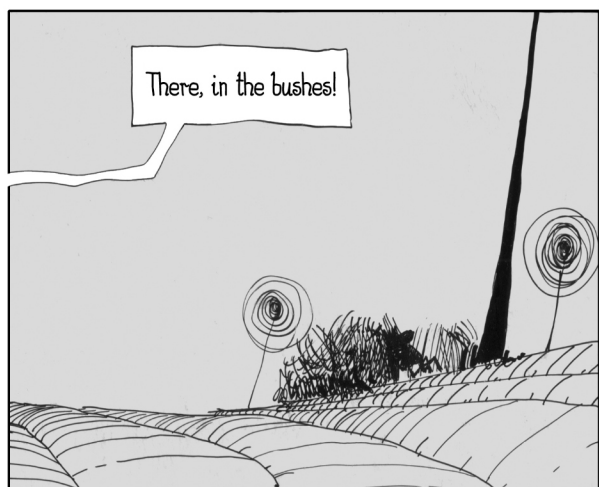
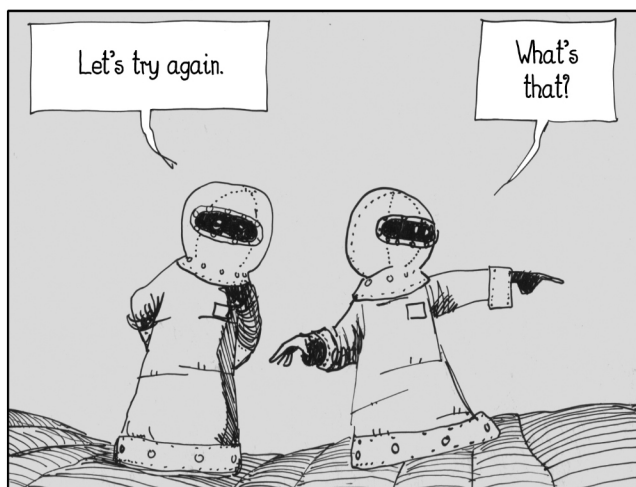
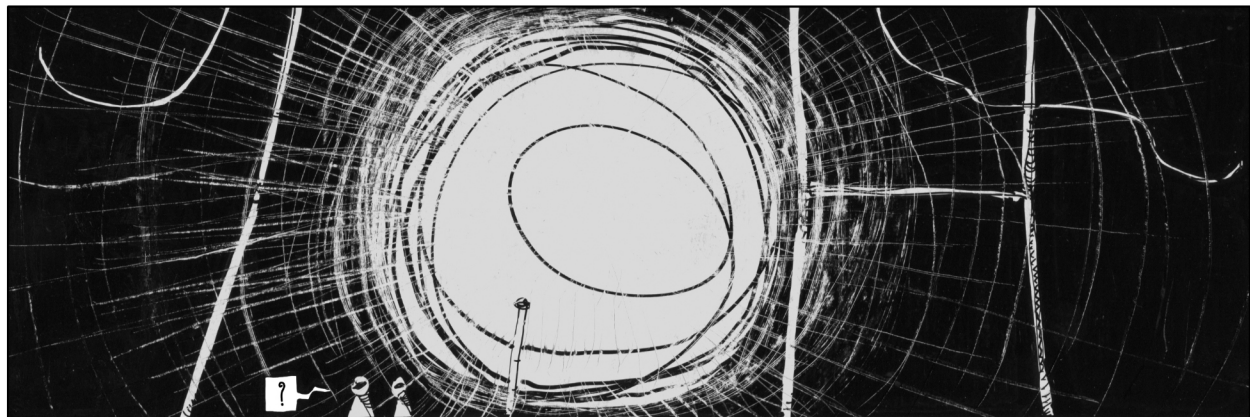
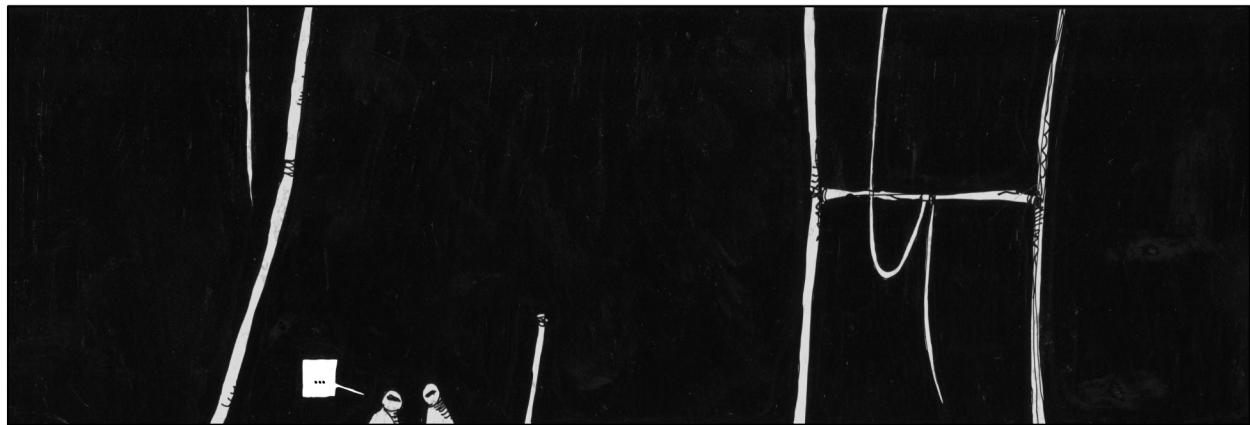










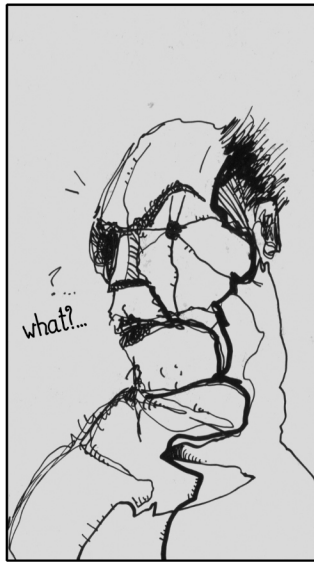




What are you  
doing here?!



what?...



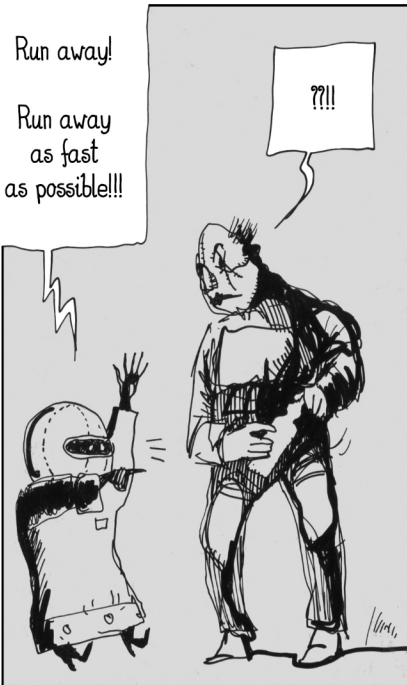
Caution!  
Another leak  
is coming up!



Run away!

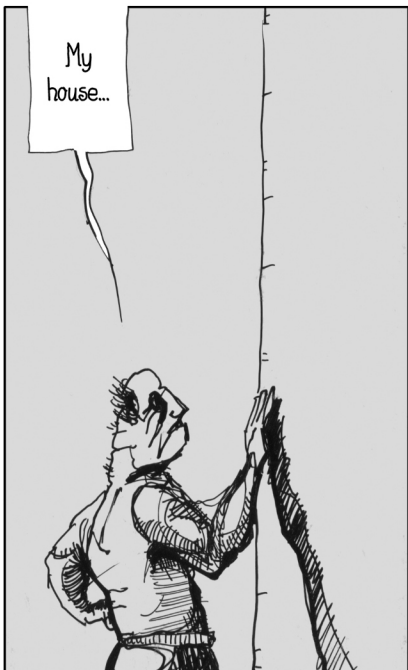
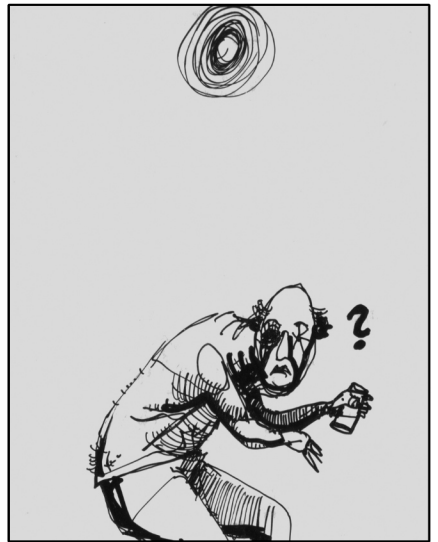
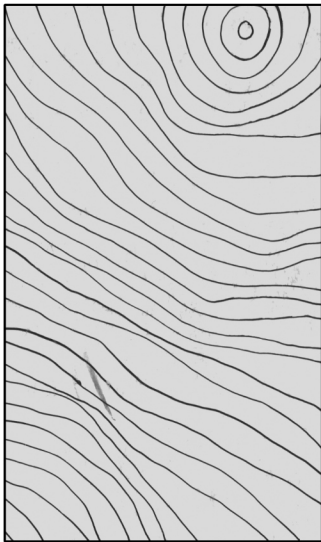
Run away  
as fast  
as possible!!!

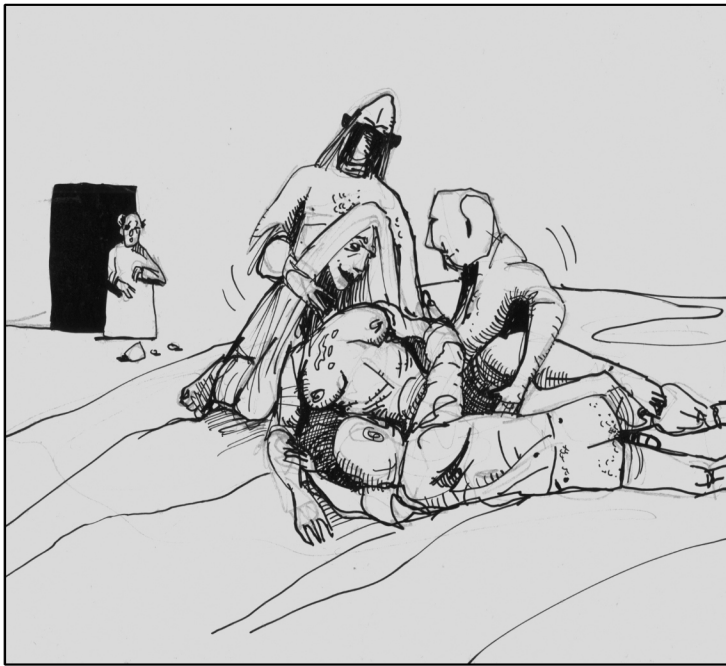
??!!

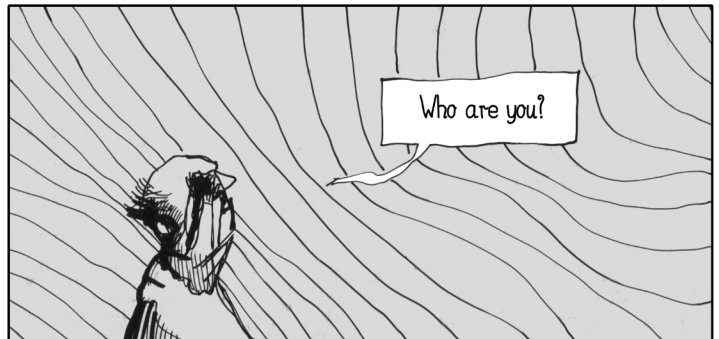
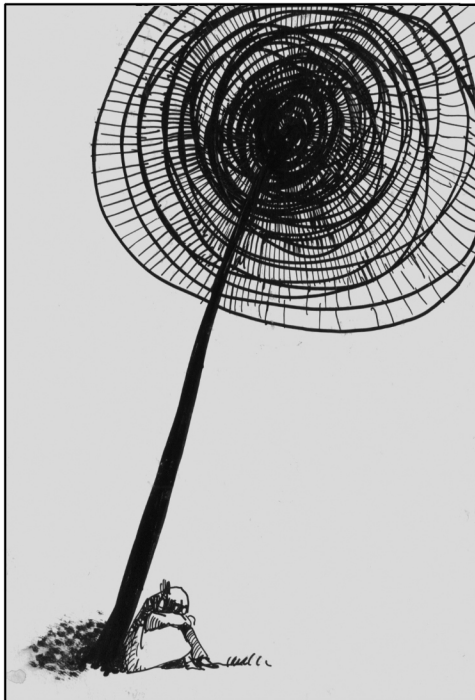
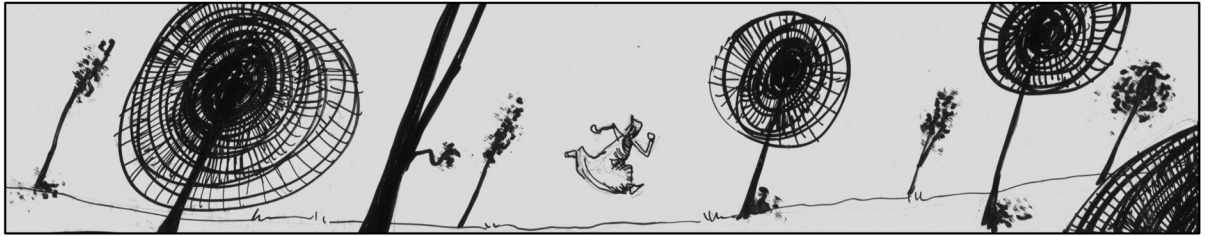
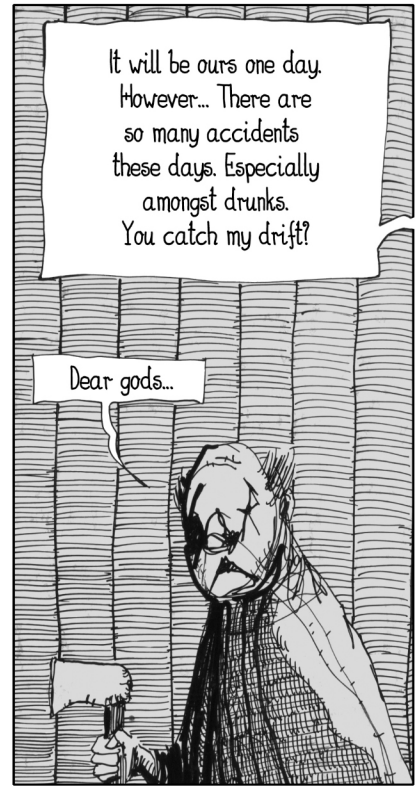
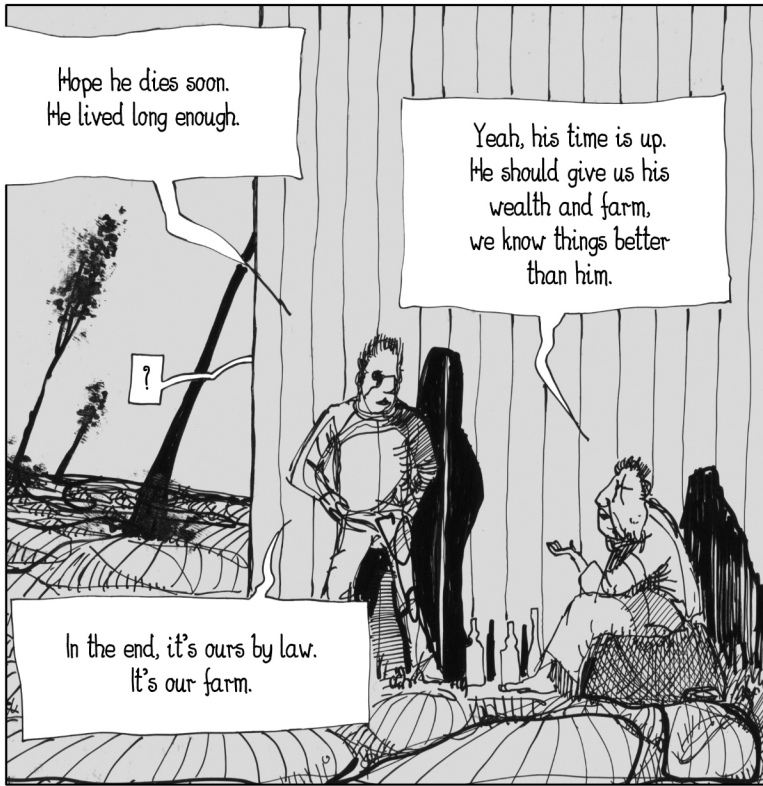


??











I'm a traveller  
and now I live inside you.

I uncover  
the truth  
in search of  
mysteries.

?

I look under the skin  
of the universe.  
Look at your  
house now.

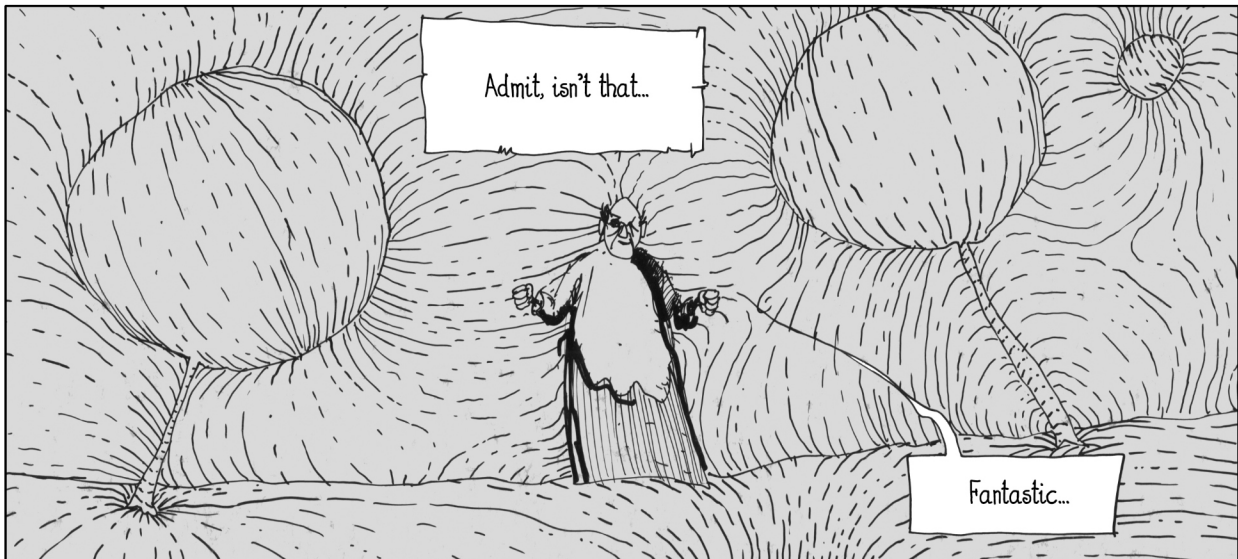
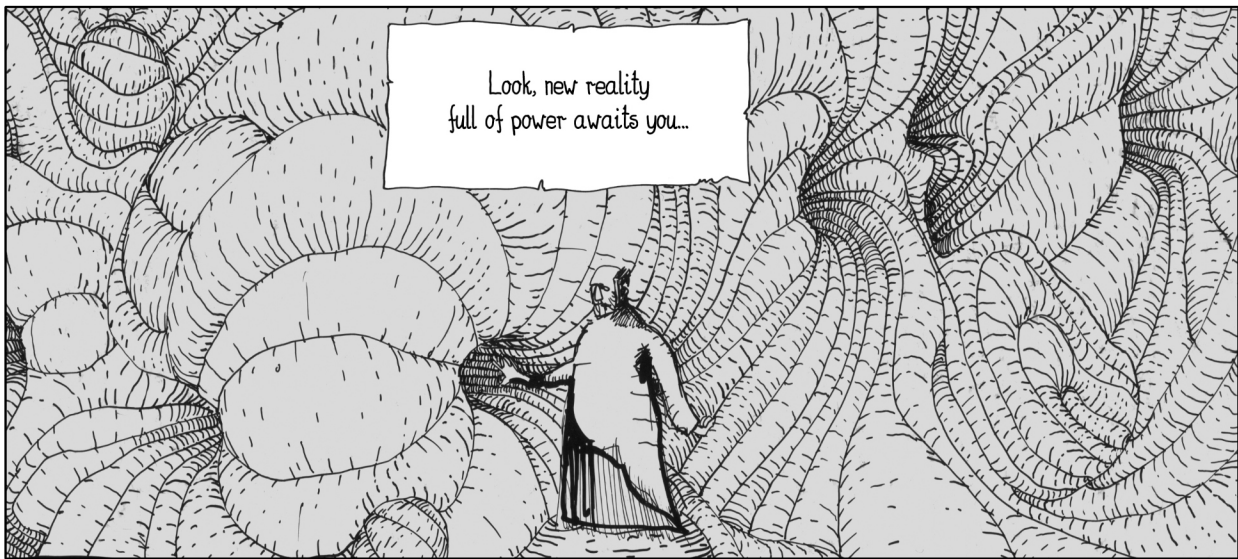
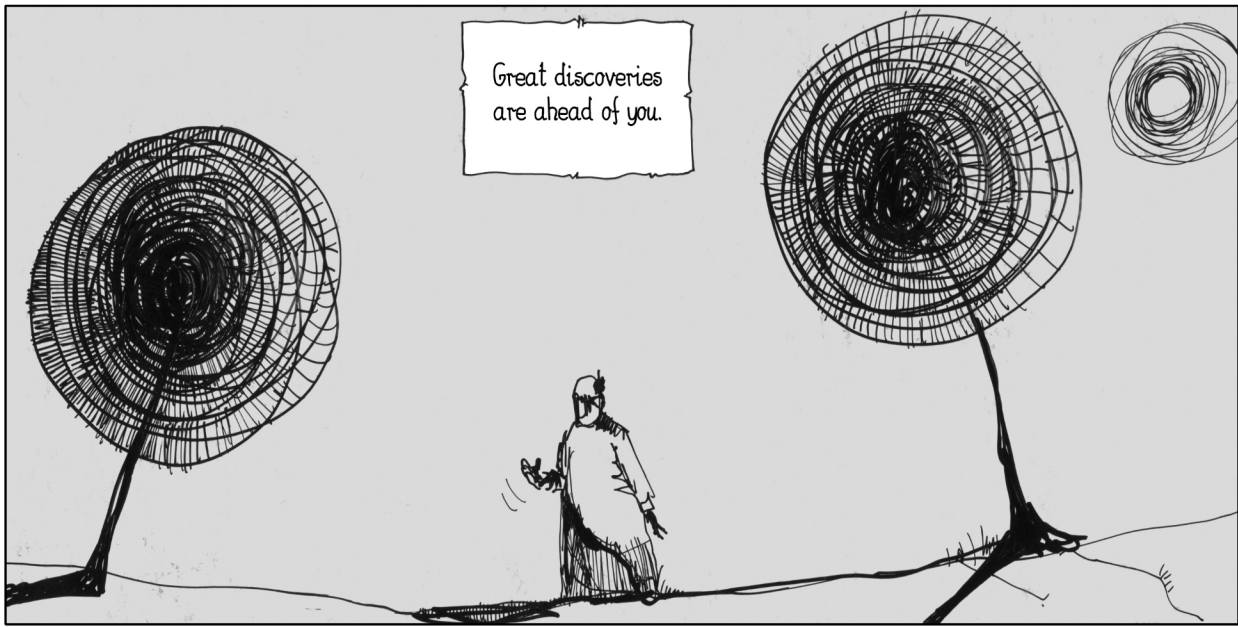
Something new and better  
awaits you now...

??

But... It was  
my home...

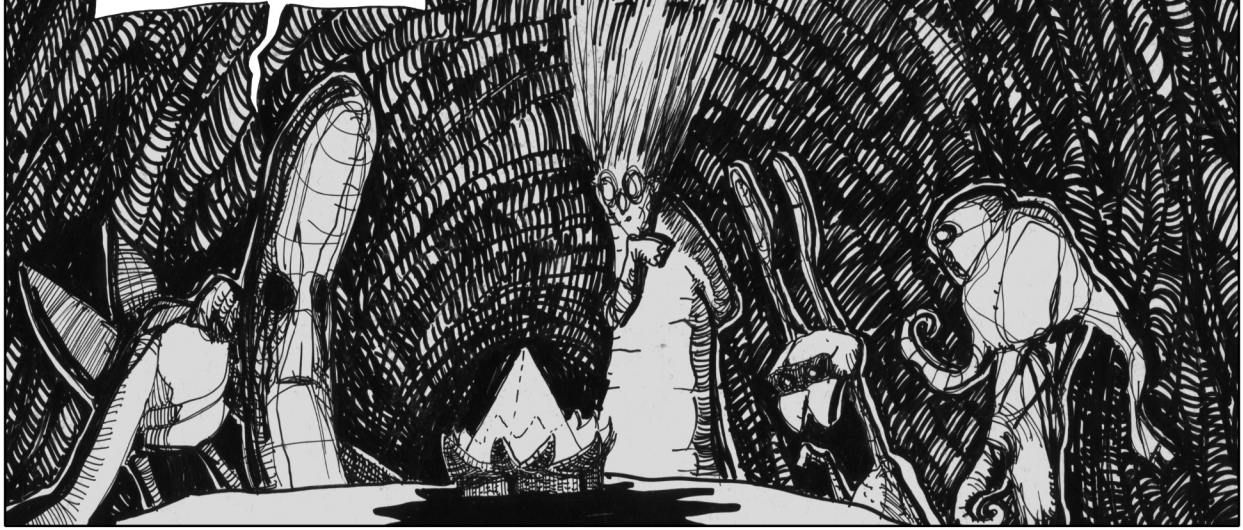
That is not  
important  
anymore.







This is my newest invention.  
A machine that brings  
harvest abundance.



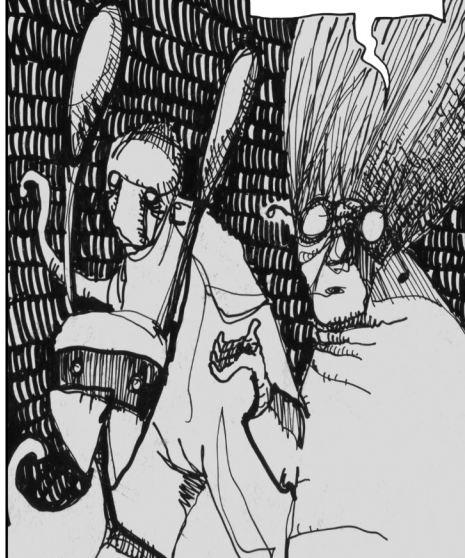
It will make meadows greener,  
creeks will be filled with fish,  
tables will be full of food  
and pantries will  
be overstacked forever!



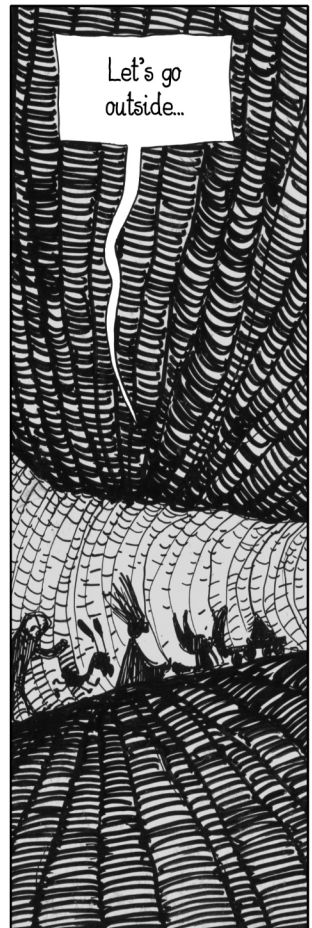
Bravo!

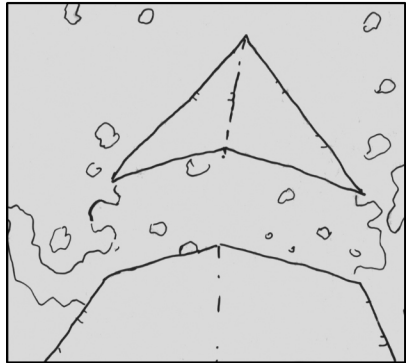
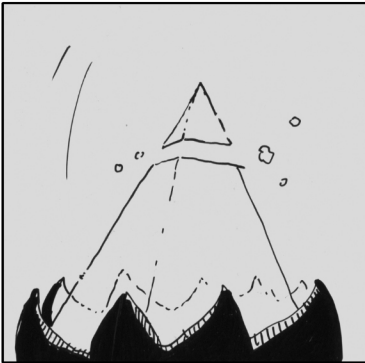
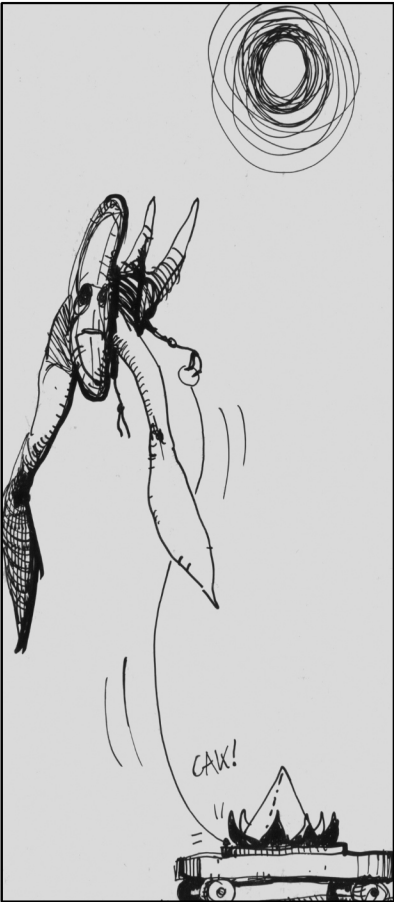
Kudos!

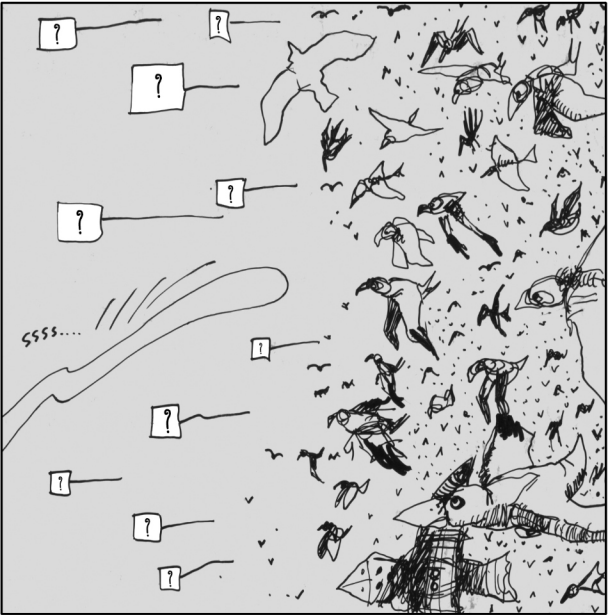
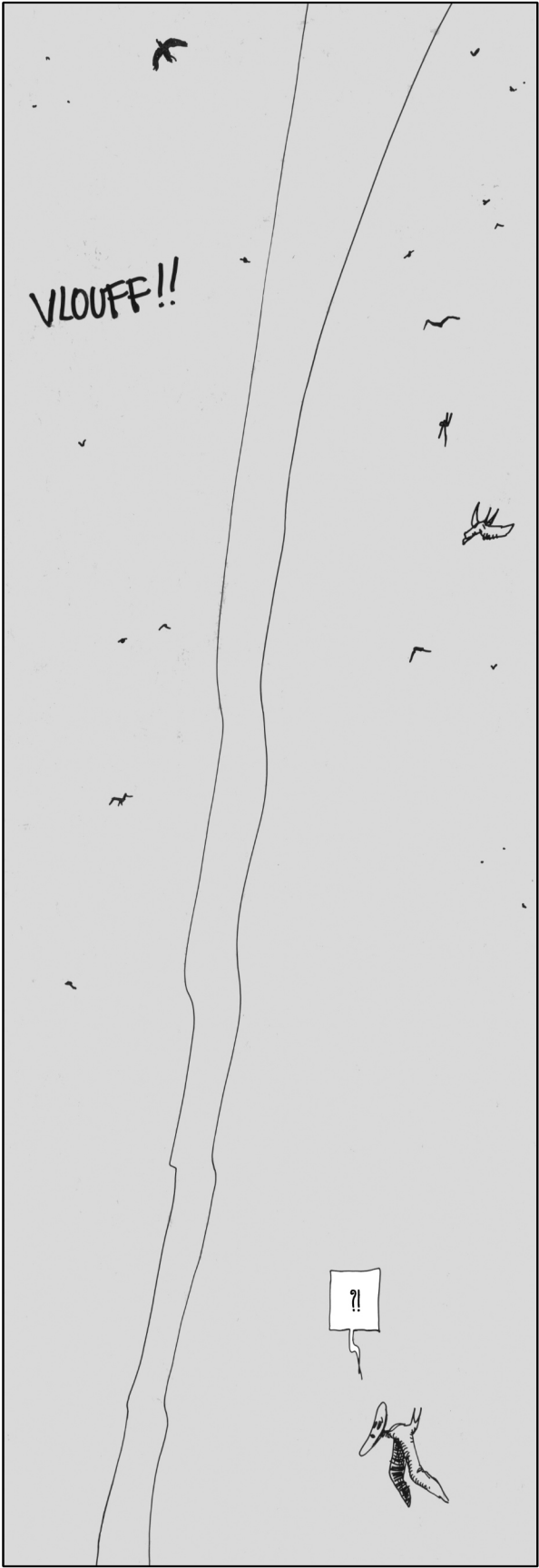
What are we  
waiting for?  
Fire it up!



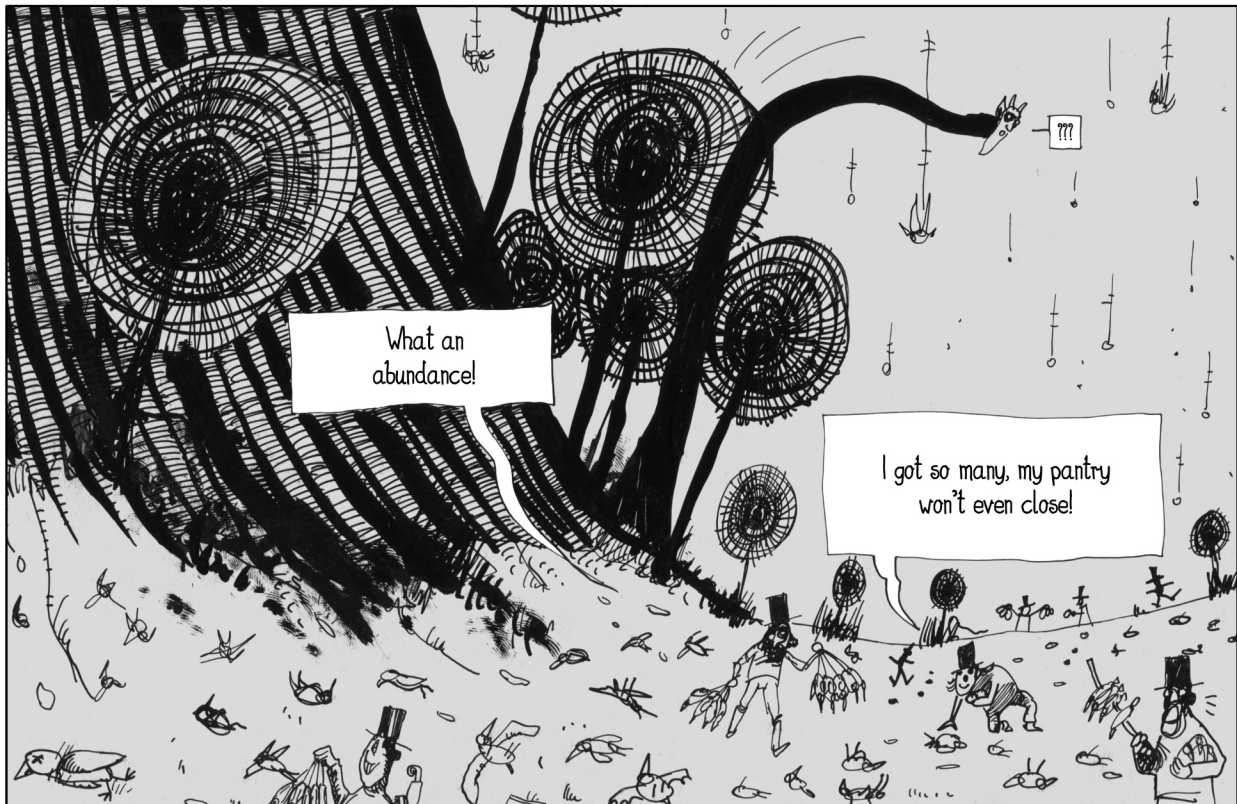
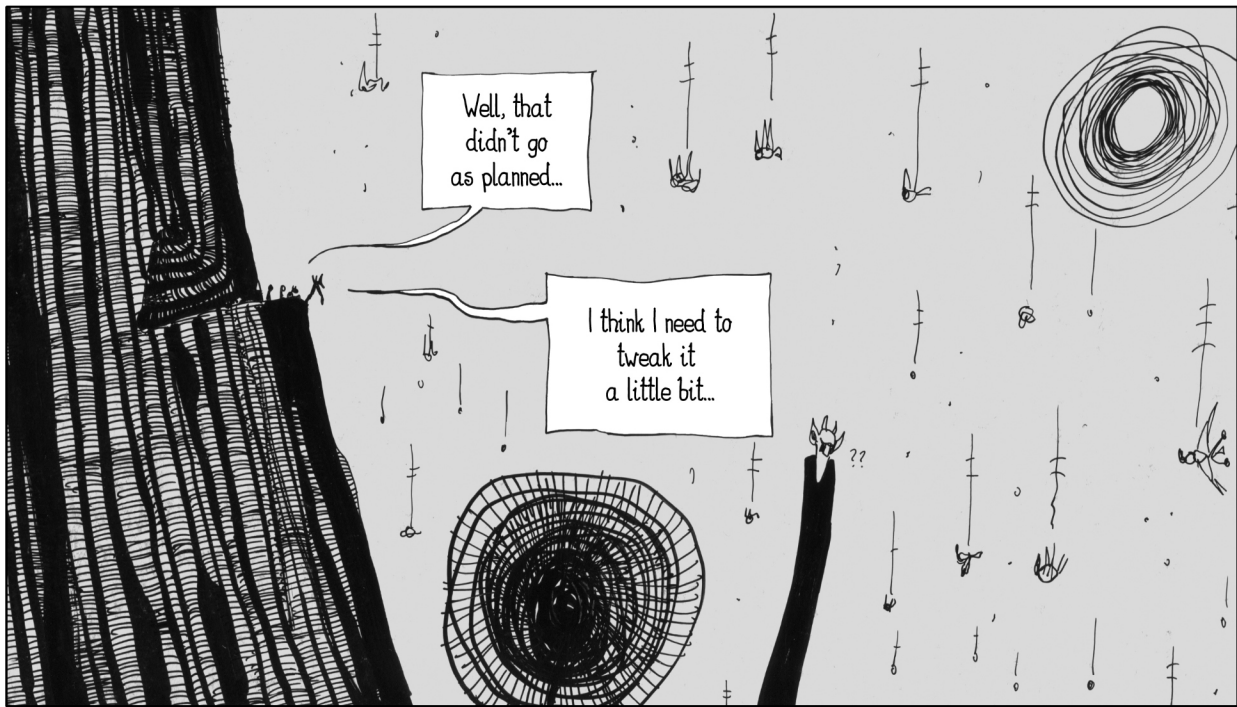
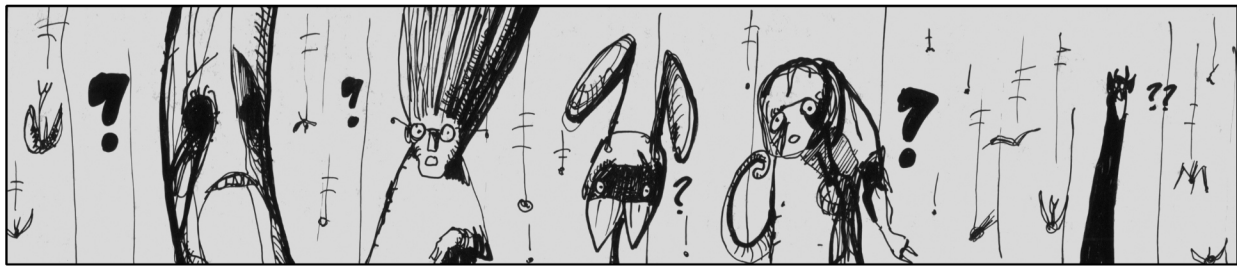
Let's go  
outside...



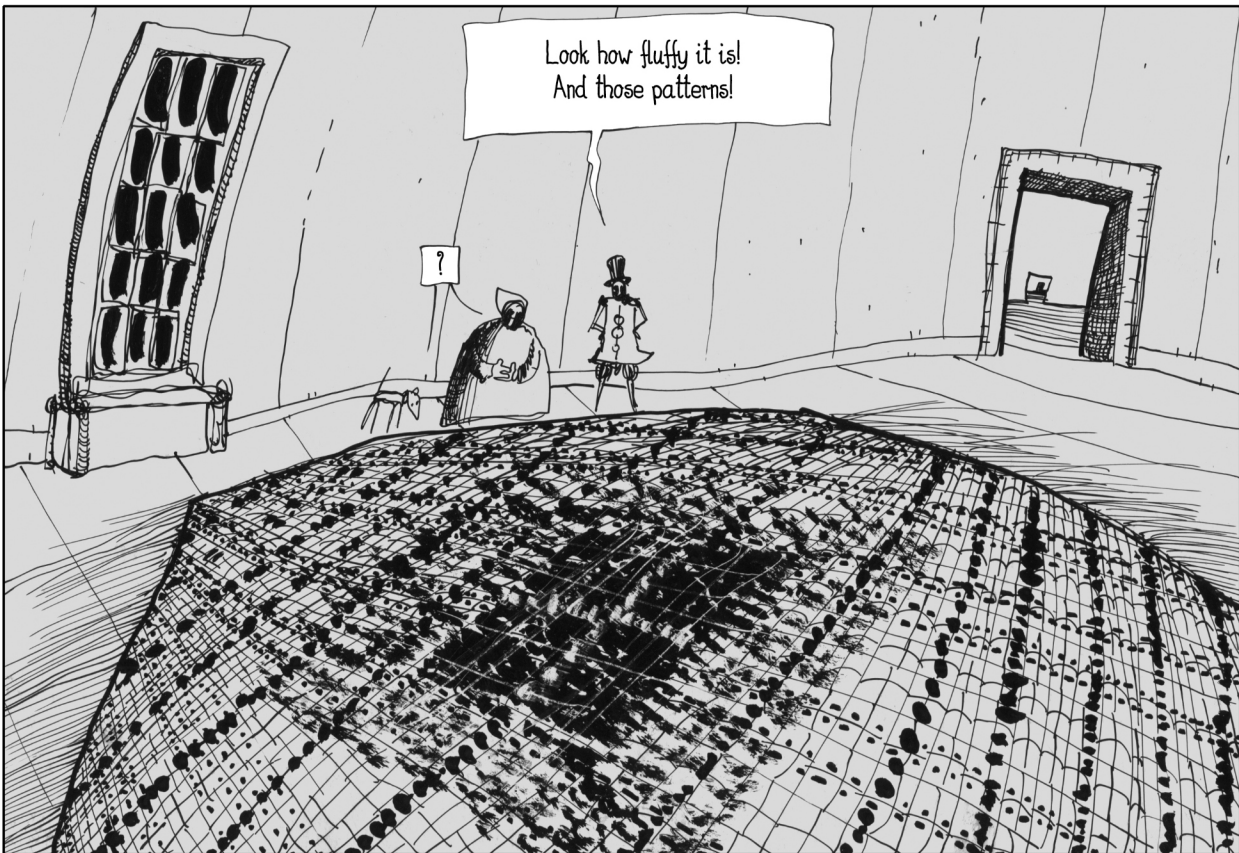
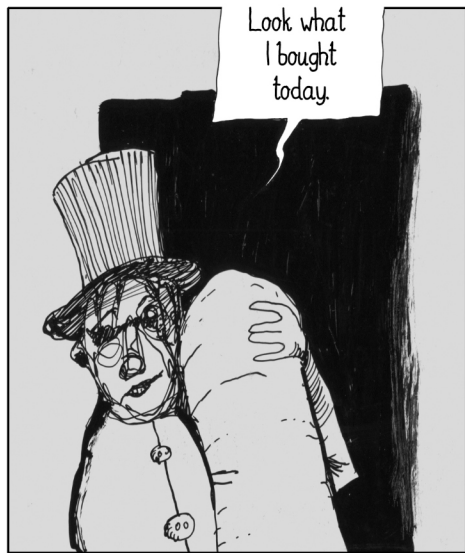




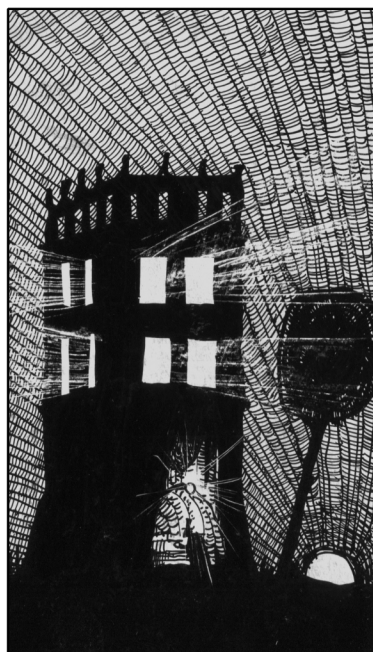
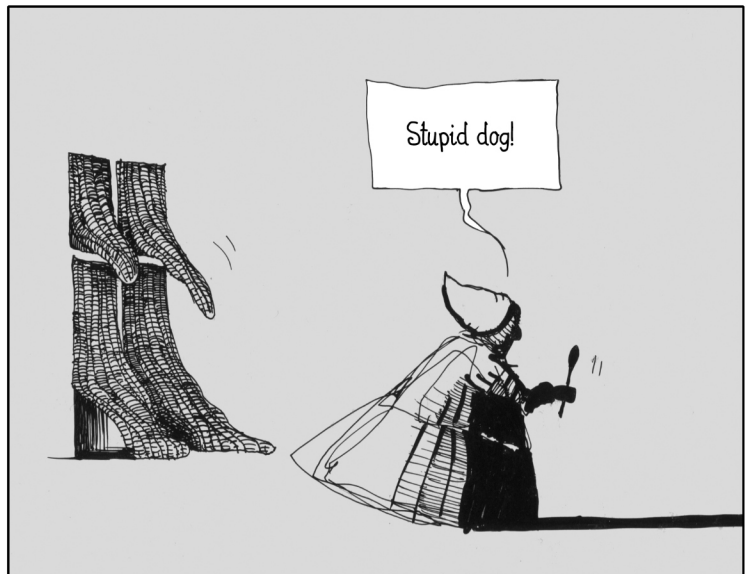
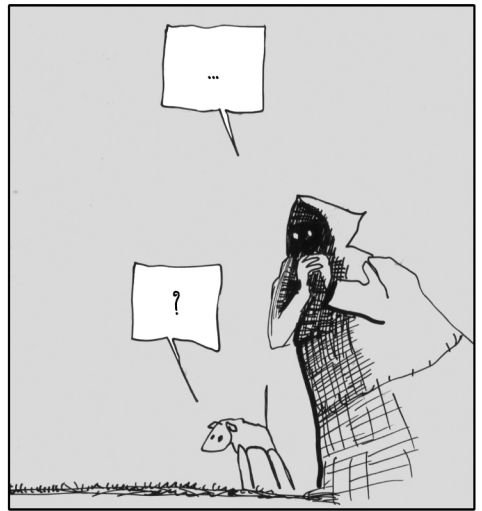


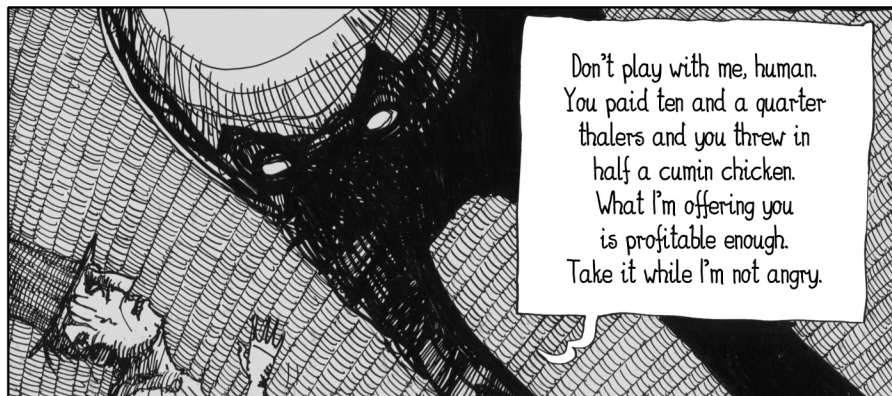
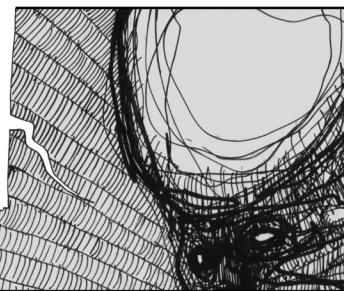
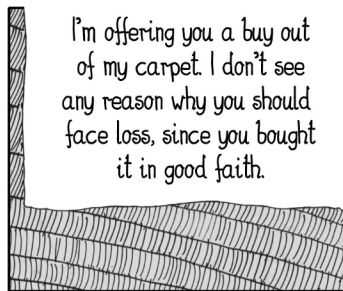
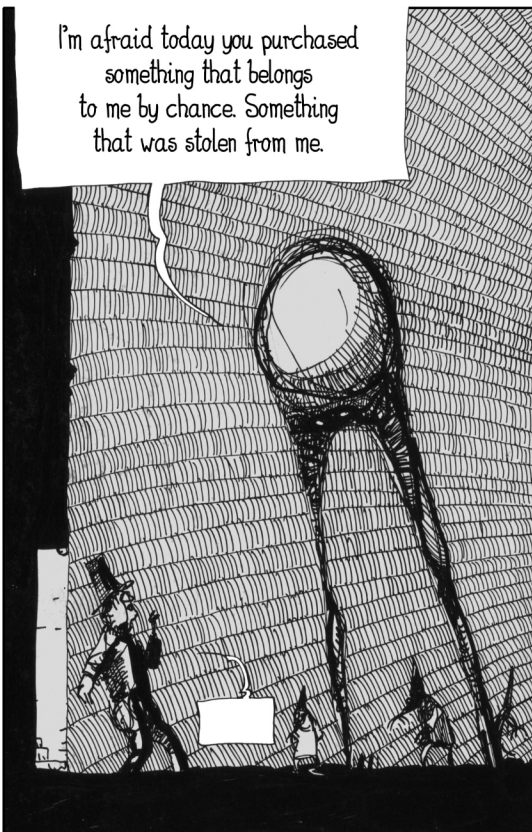
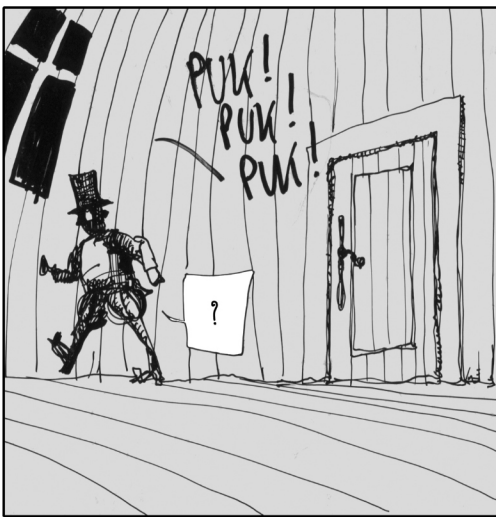






I have to go back to my stand,  
that dumb acolyte just can't  
tend to anything.  
I'll be home before sunset.







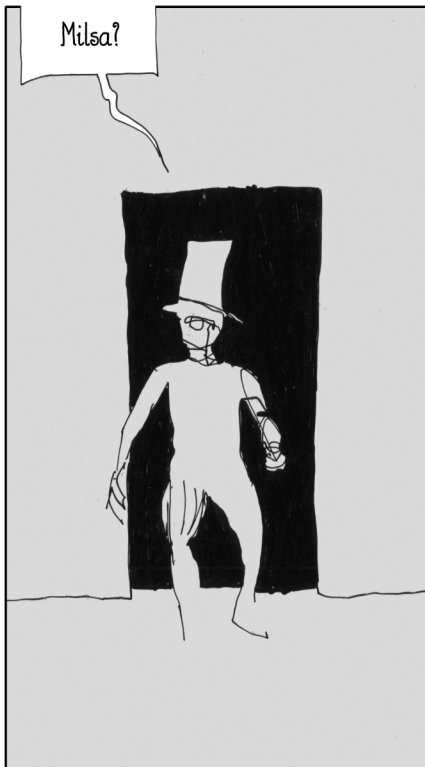
Well, of course...  
We have a deal.



Good bye. I hope the carpet was behaving  
nicely while that short stay at your house.



Milsa?



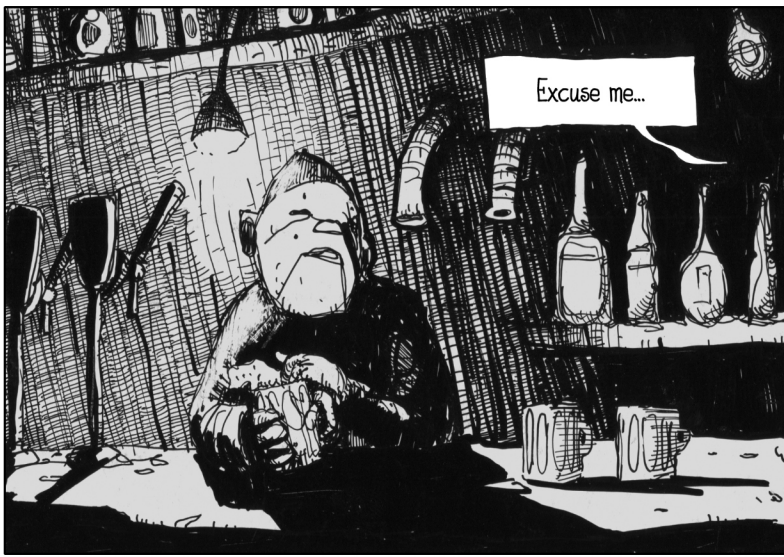
Milsa!!



Milsa!!!



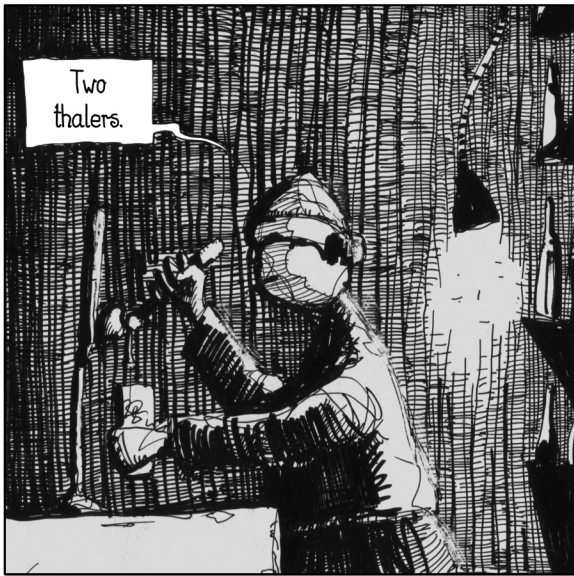




Excuse me...



Can I have a beer?

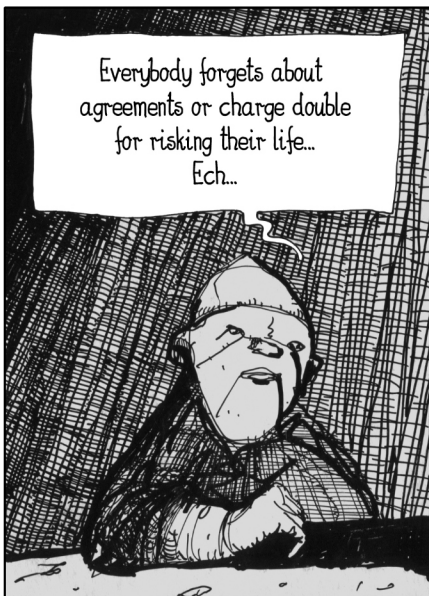


Two thalers.



Expensive.

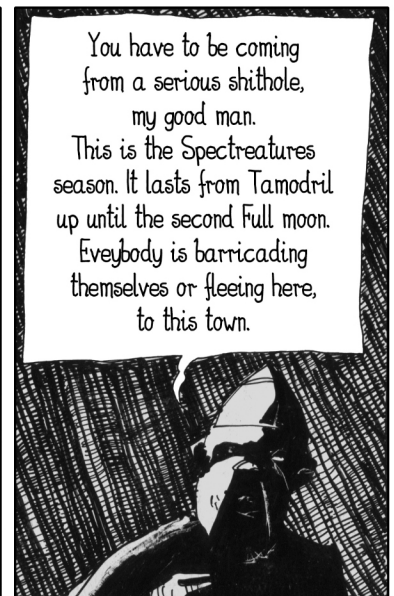
Everything is expensive now.  
Tending to fields and trade is risky this time of year.



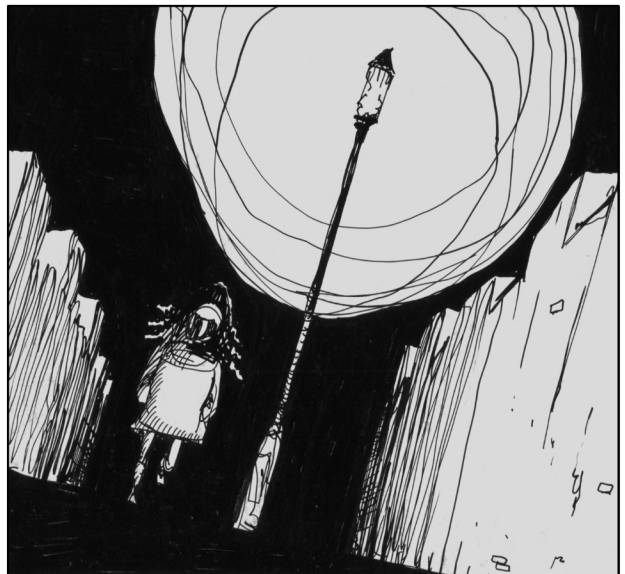
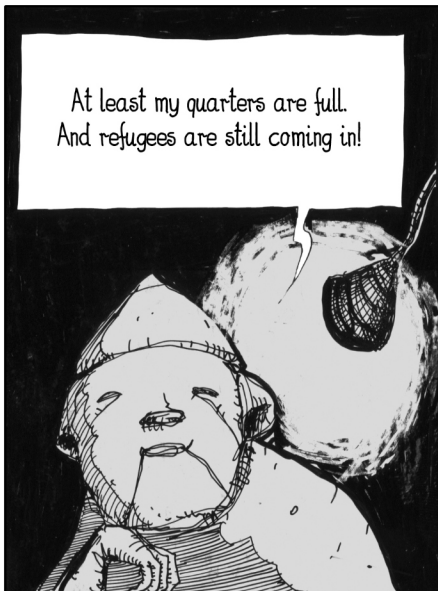
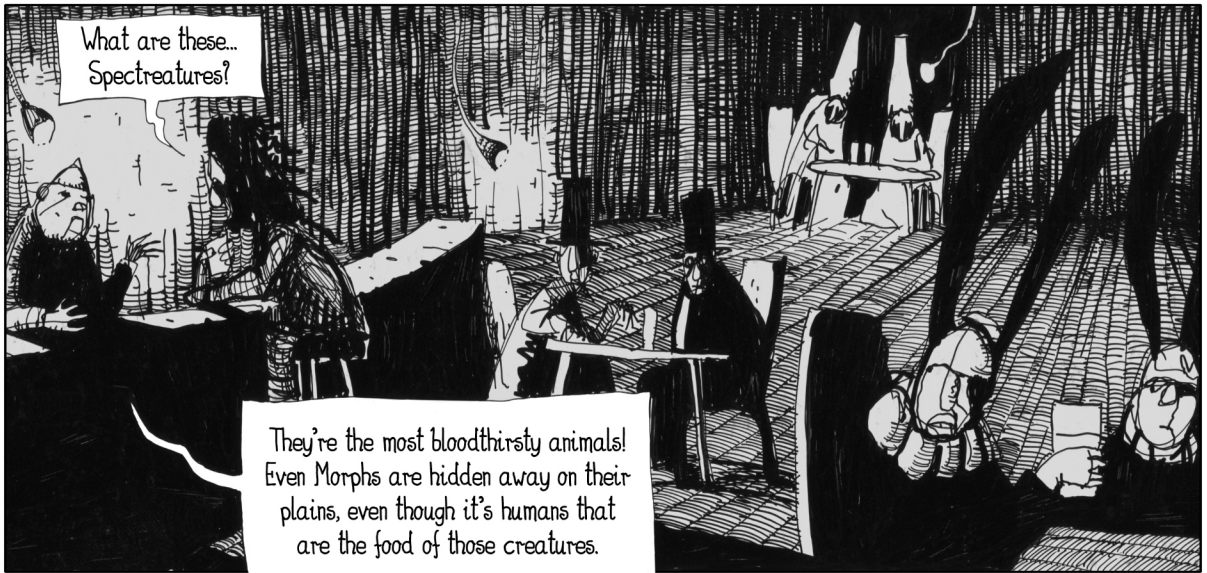
Everybody forgets about agreements or charge double for risking their life...  
Ech...



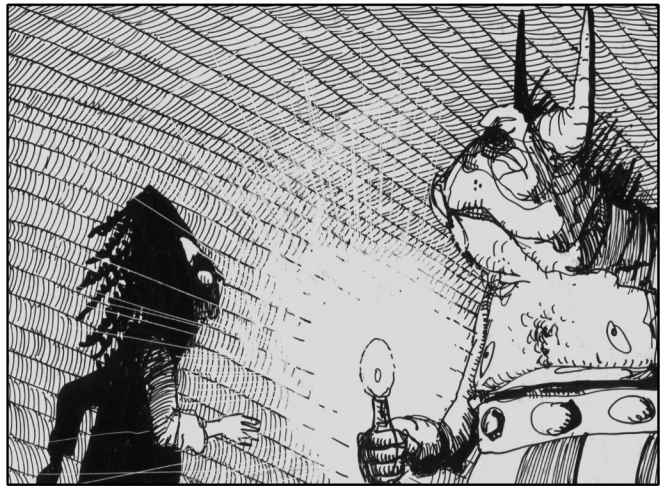
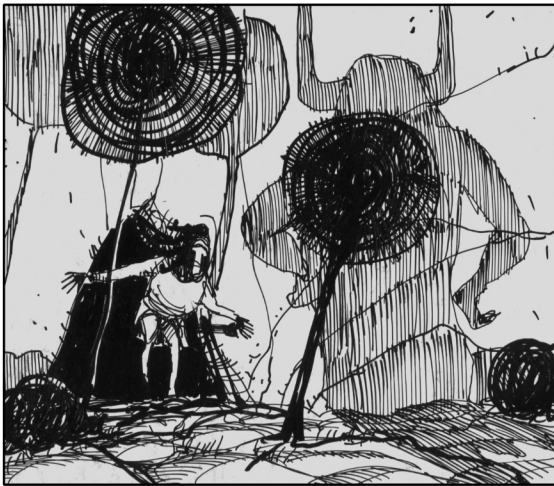
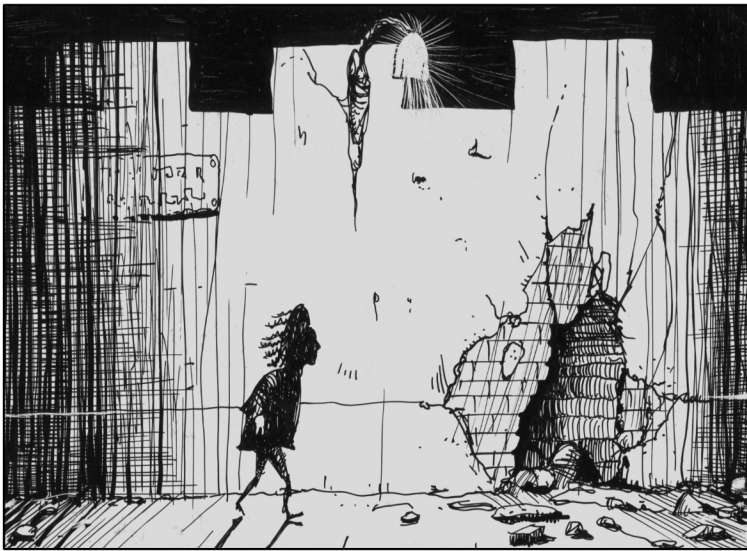
I still don't understand, my good man.



You have to be coming from a serious shithole, my good man.  
This is the Spectreatures season. It lasts from Tamodril up until the second Full moon.  
Everybody is barricading themselves or fleeing here, to this town.

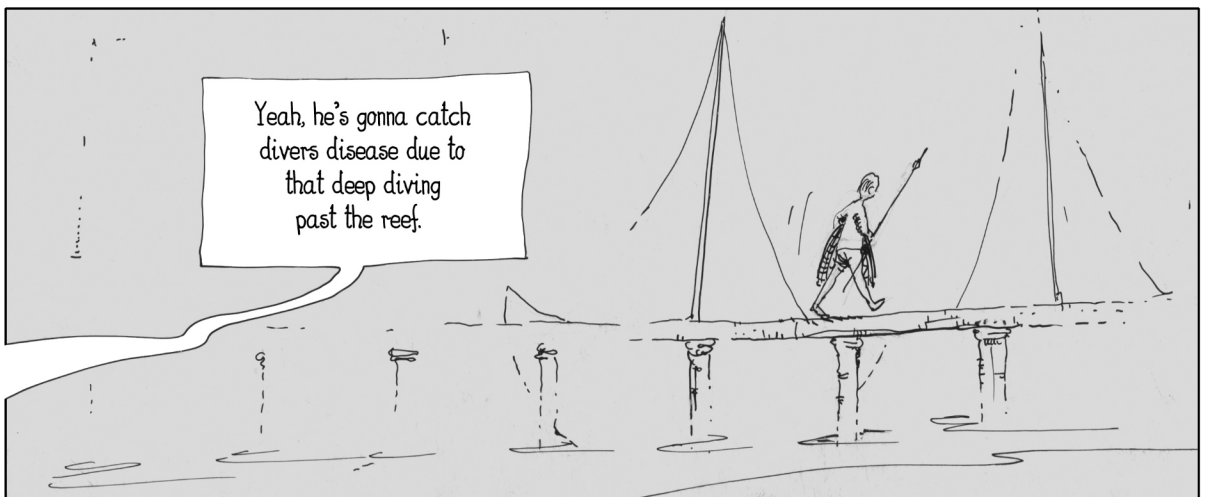
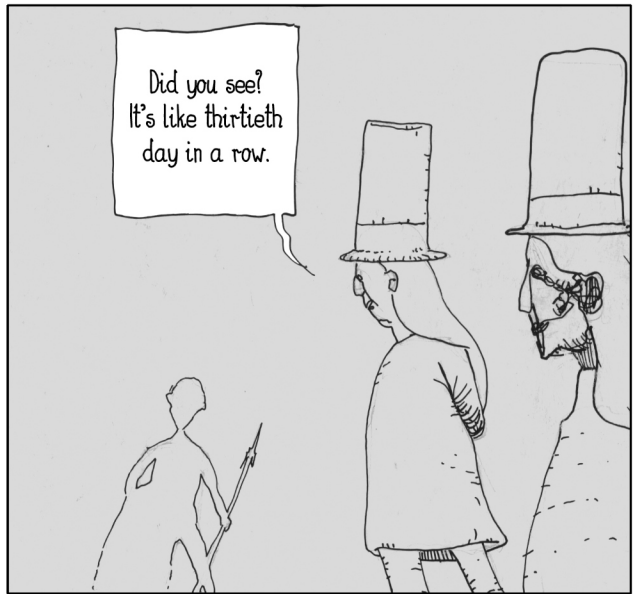
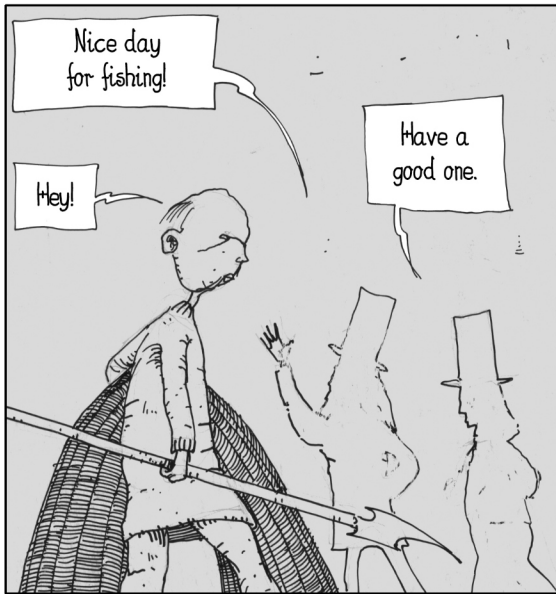
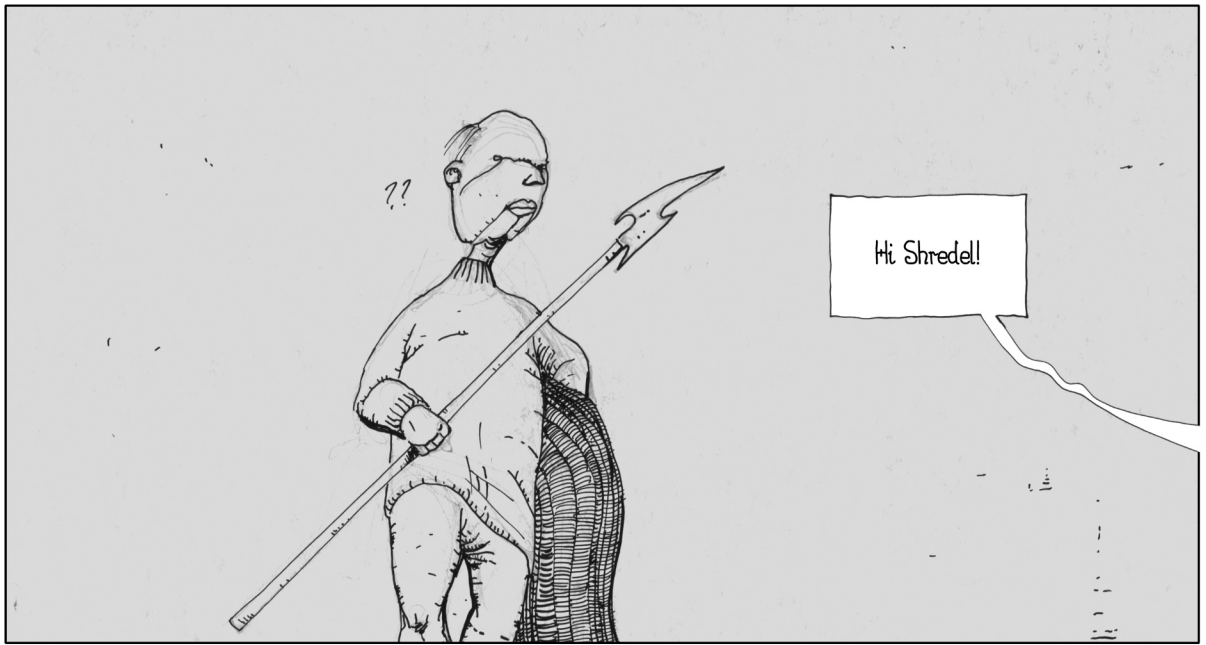


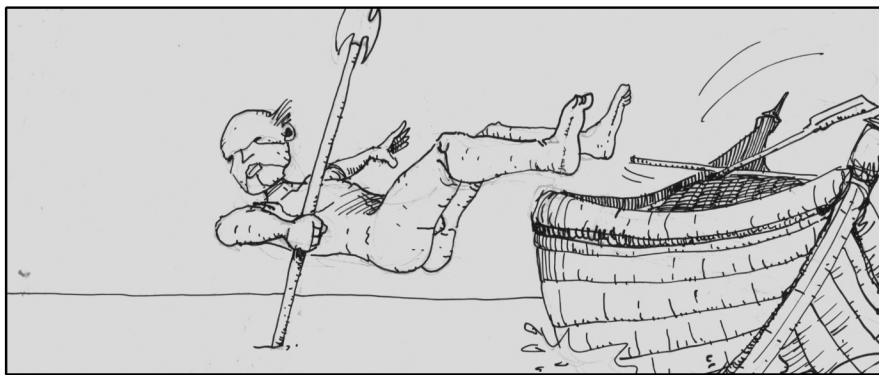
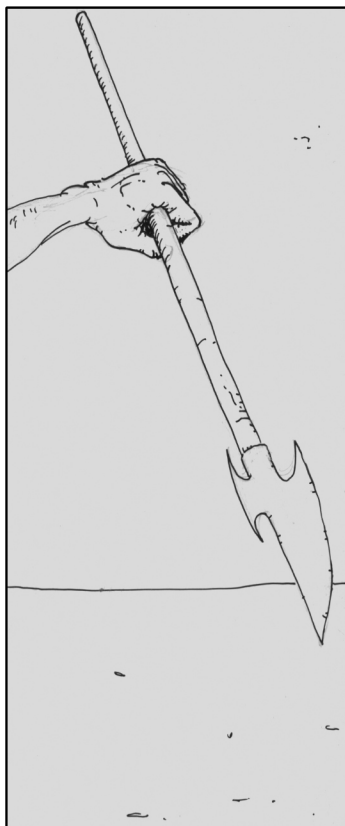
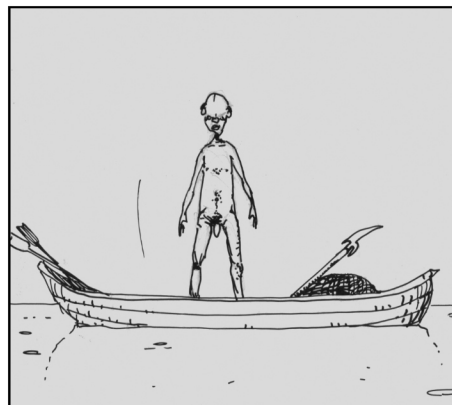
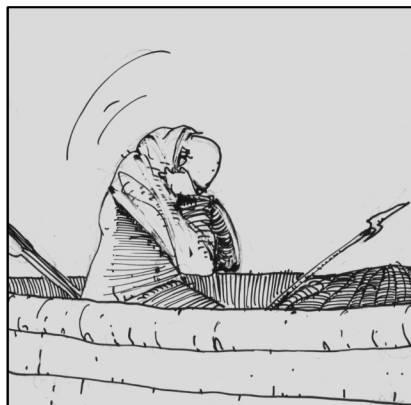
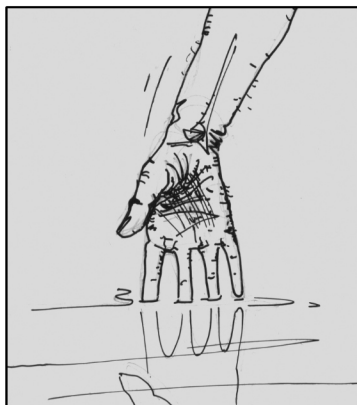
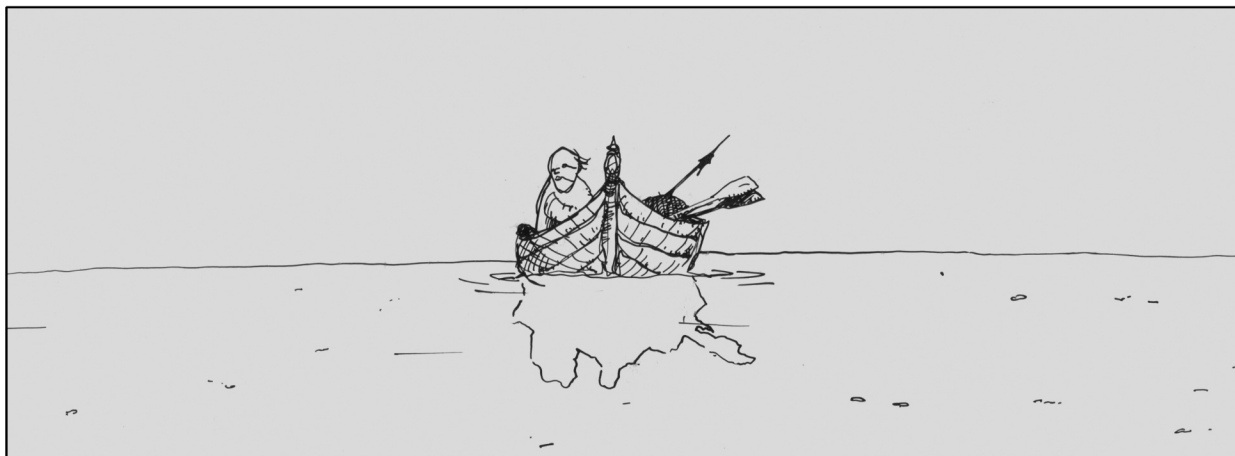


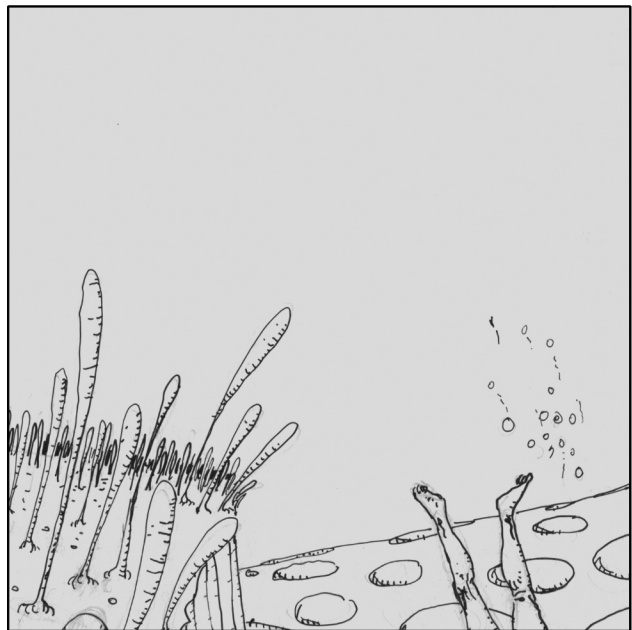
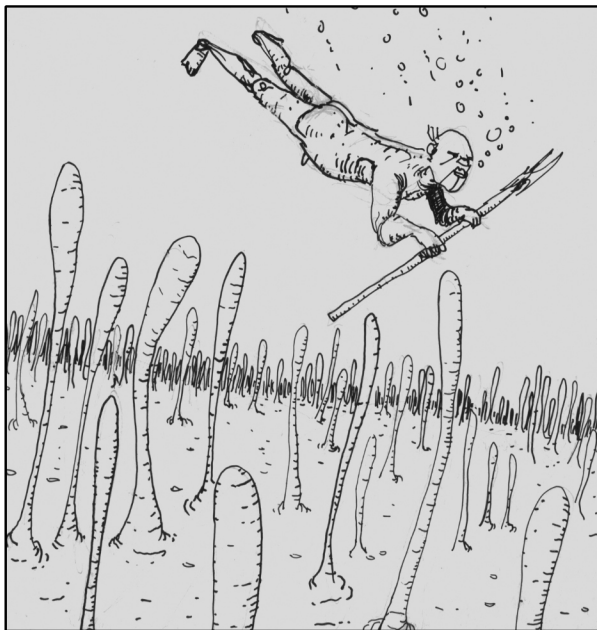
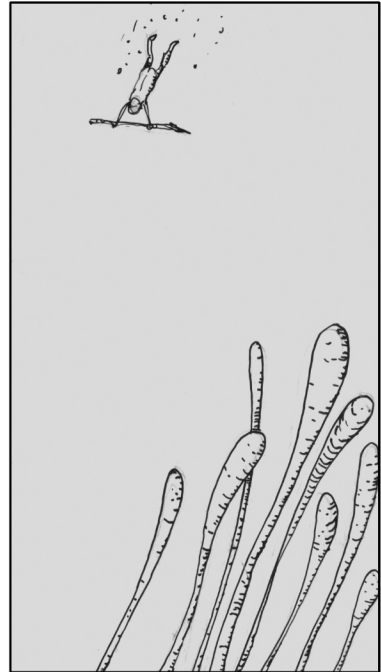
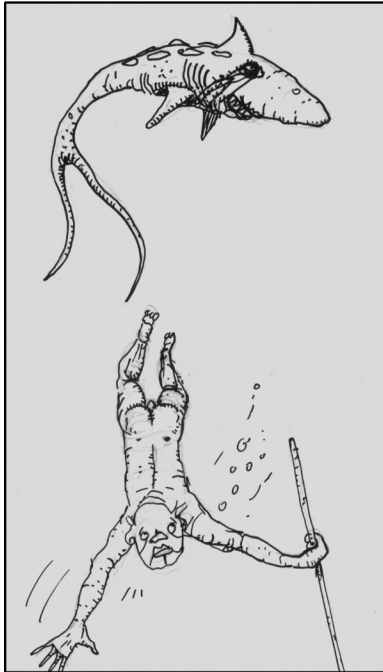
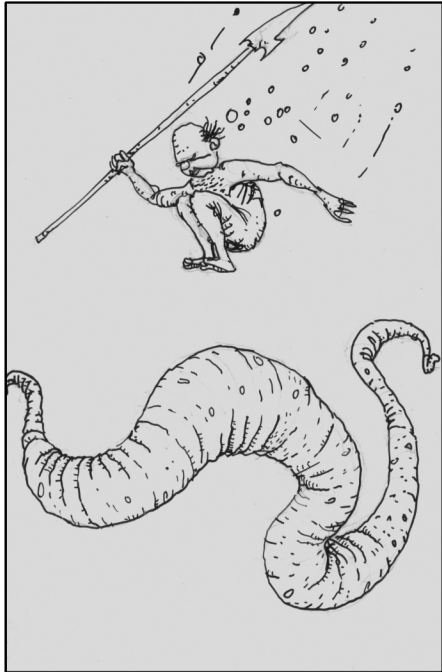
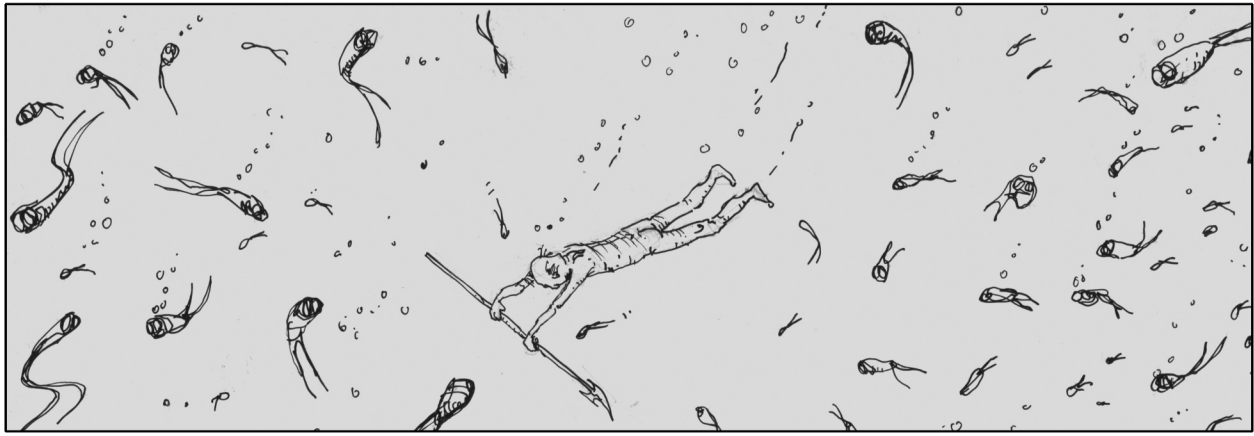


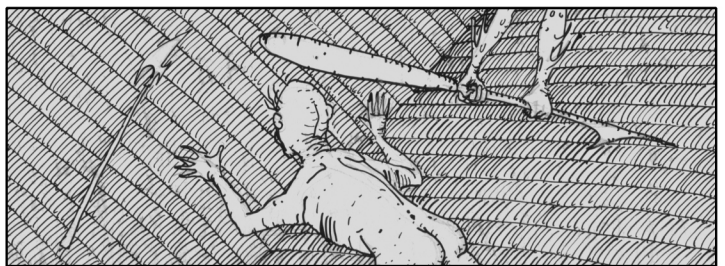
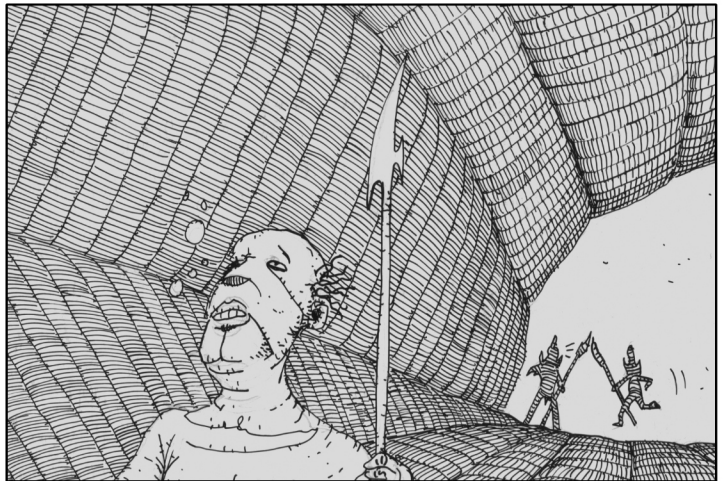
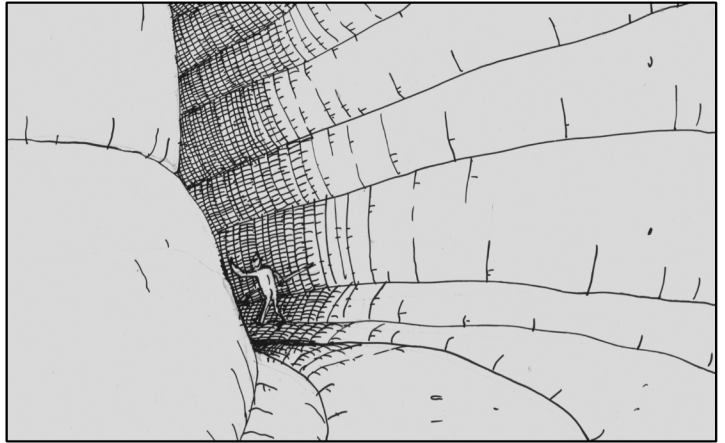
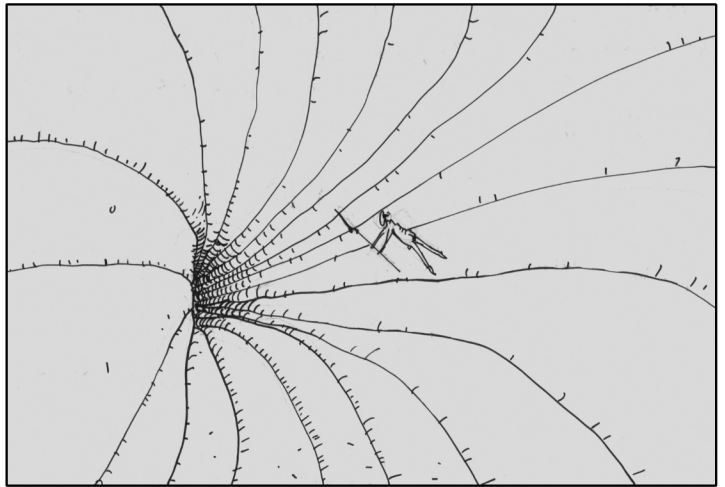
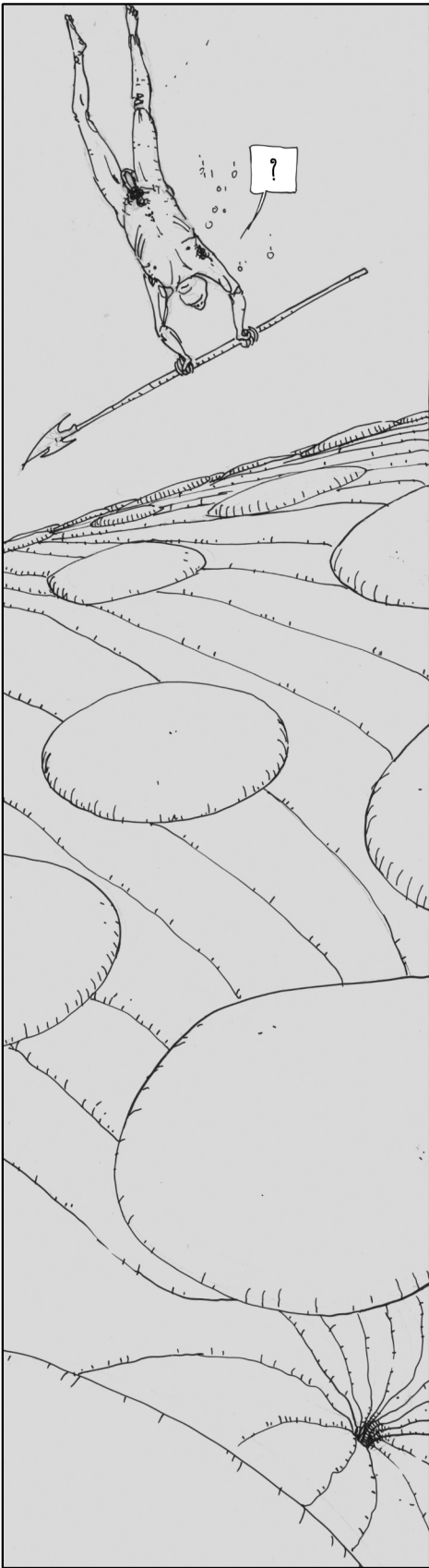








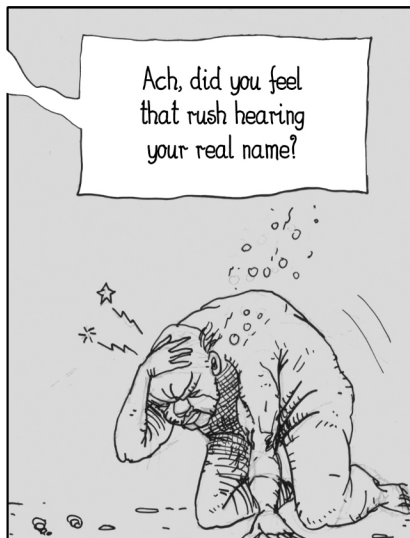








Wake up,  
Quassal.

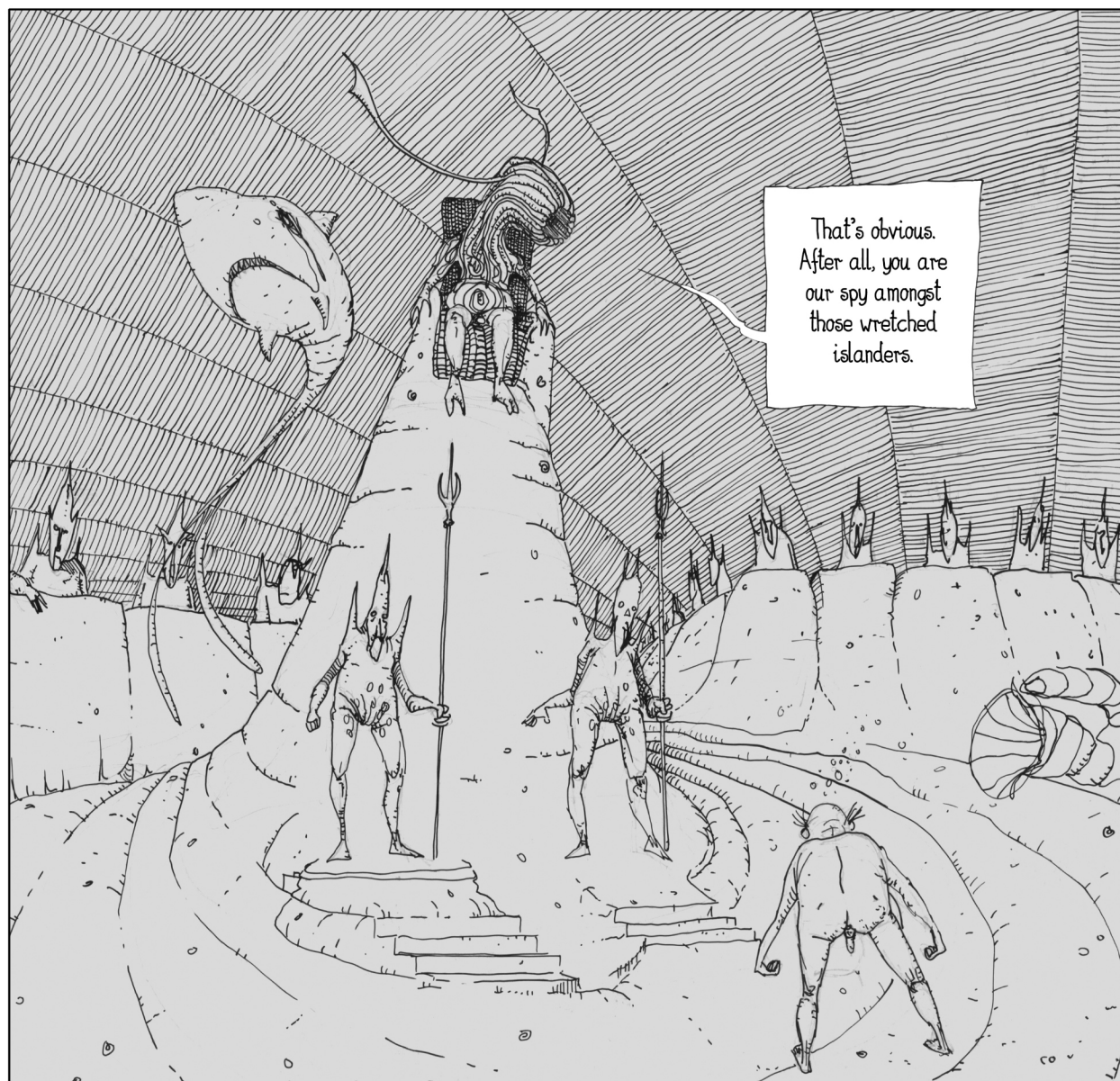


Ach, did you feel  
that rush hearing  
your real name?



At last you  
heard our calling.

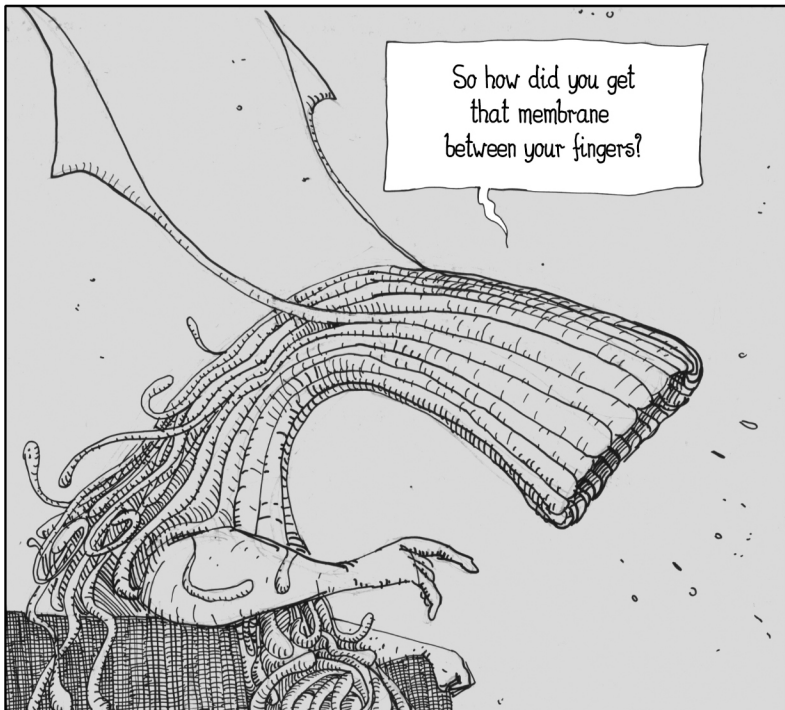
!?



That's obvious.  
After all, you are  
our spy amongst  
those wretched  
islanders.



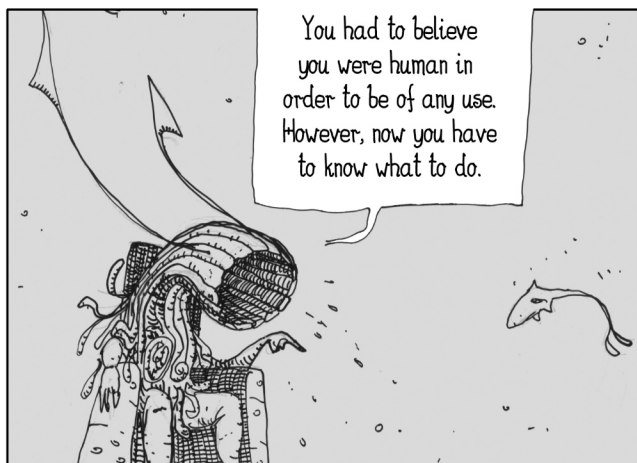
Interesting.  
But I don't know nothing  
about this.



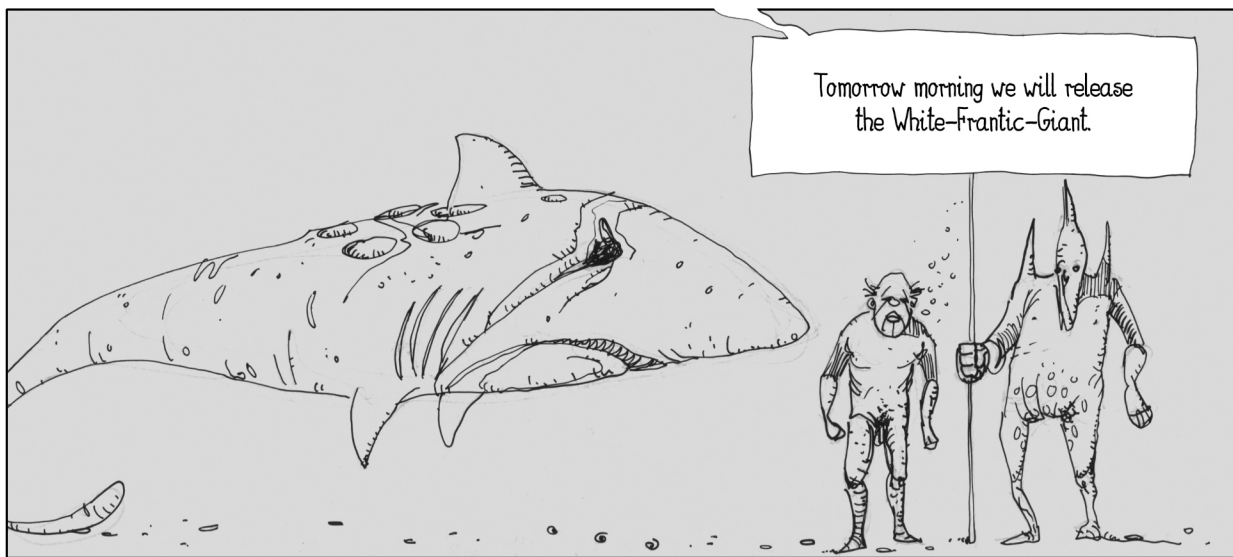
So how did you get  
that membrane  
between your fingers?



And how are you able to breathe  
underwater, you fool?



You had to believe  
you were human in  
order to be of any use.  
However, now you have  
to know what to do.

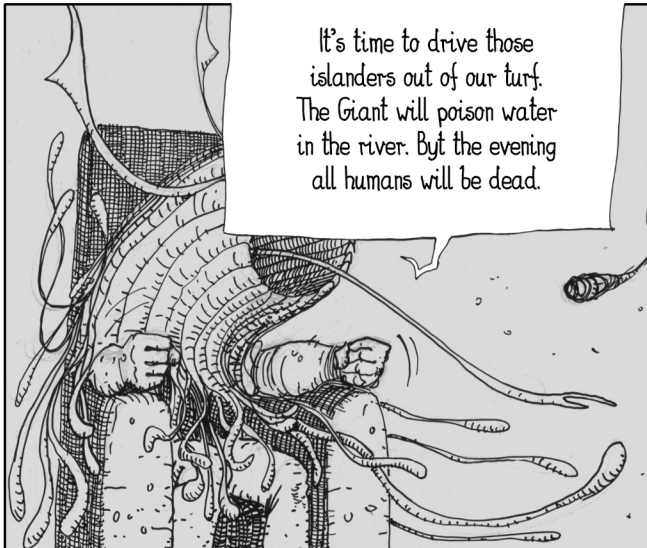


Tomorrow morning we will release  
the White-Frantic-Giant.

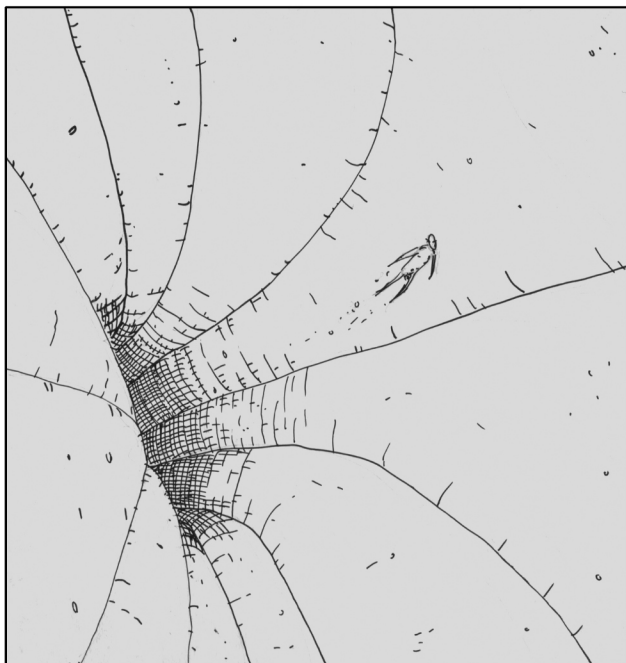
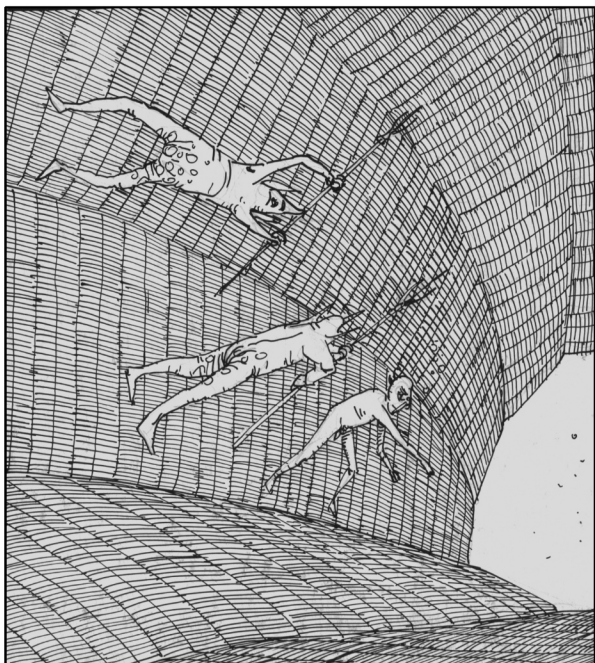
You will lead him  
through the river mouth  
up to the city that  
you know so well by now.

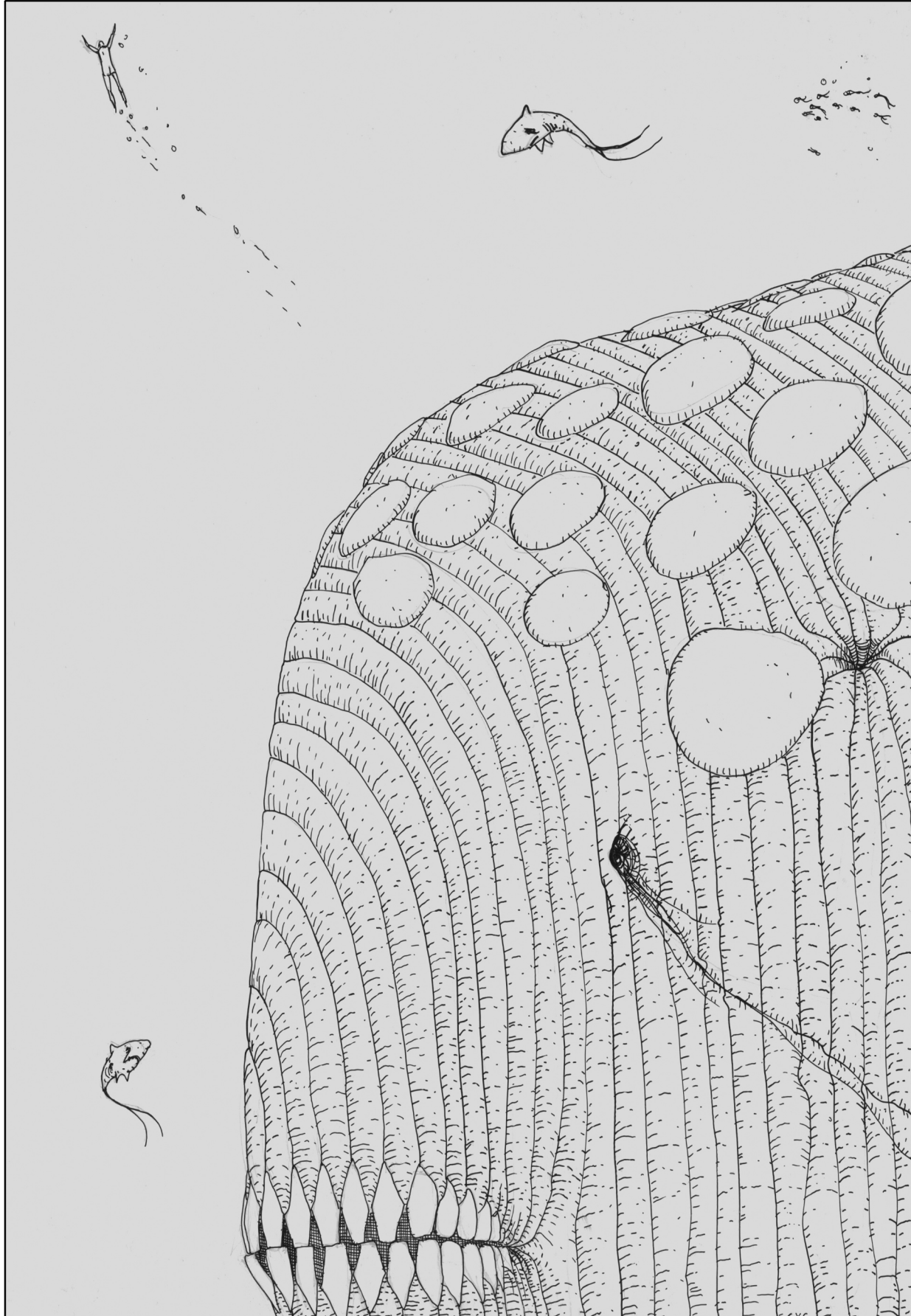


It's time to drive those  
islanders out of our turf.  
The Giant will poison water  
in the river. Byt the evening  
all humans will be dead.

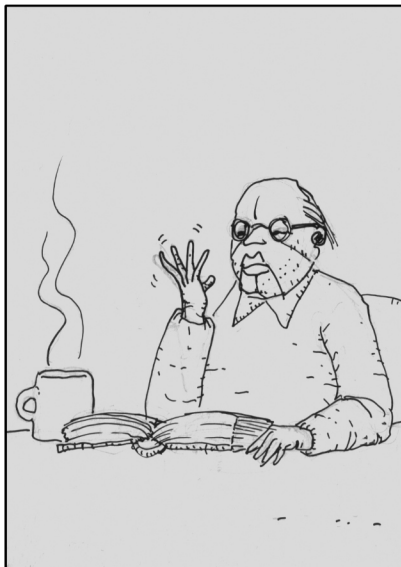
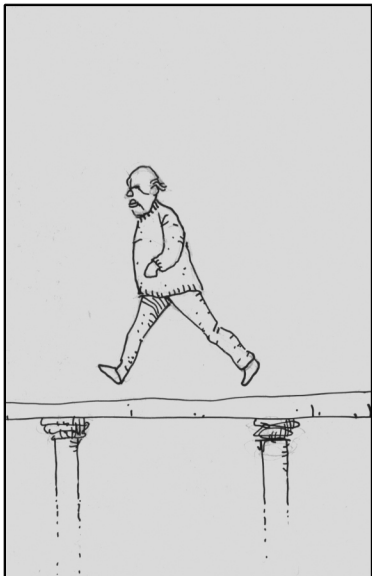
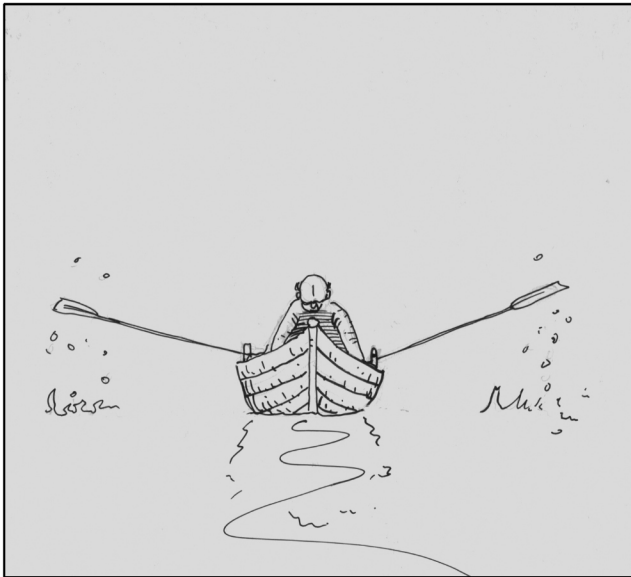
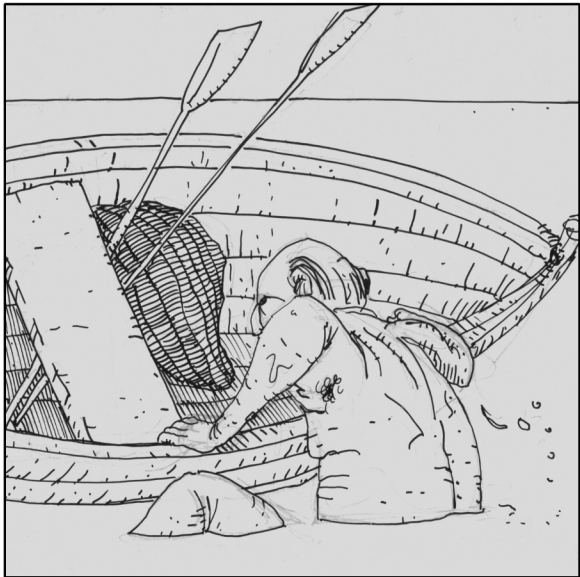


Now you are  
free to go, Quassal.

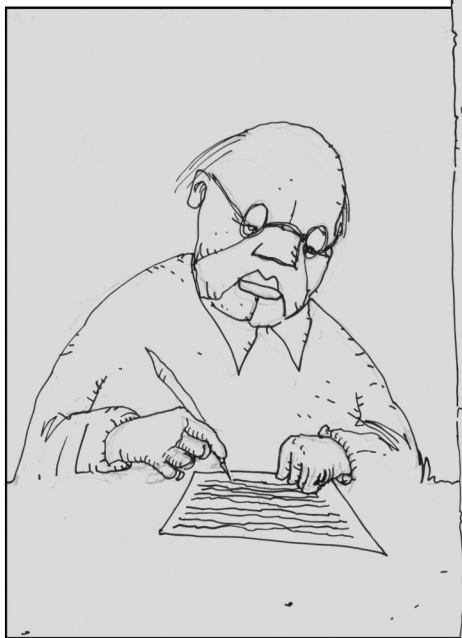












I don't believe I'm a fish, or any other sea creature...

I might have fallen victim of some underwater demons and their magic or something.

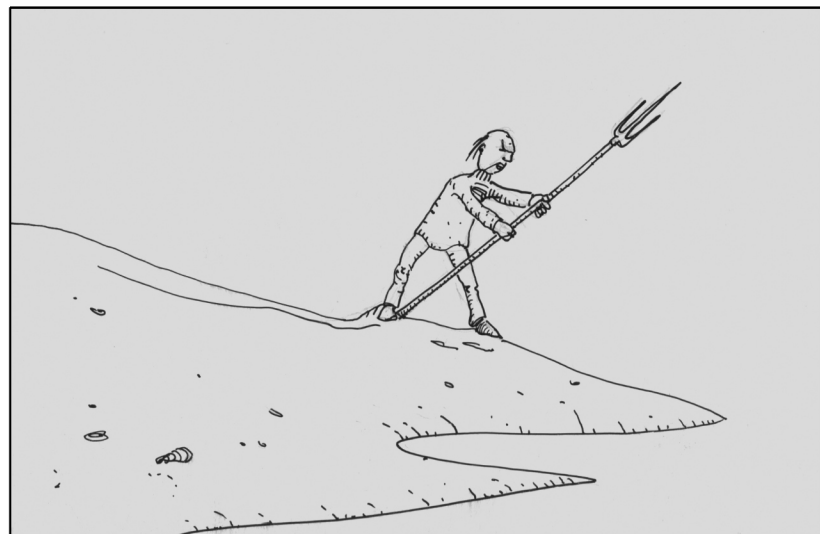
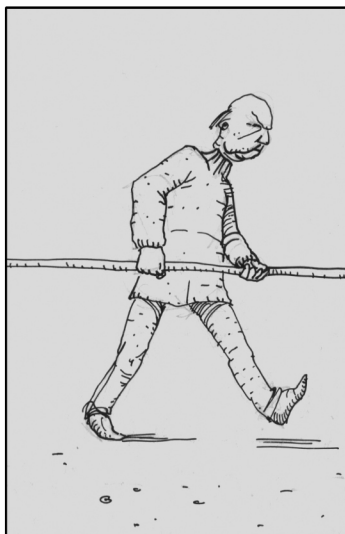
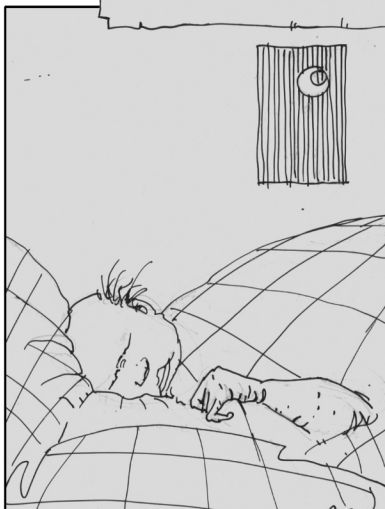
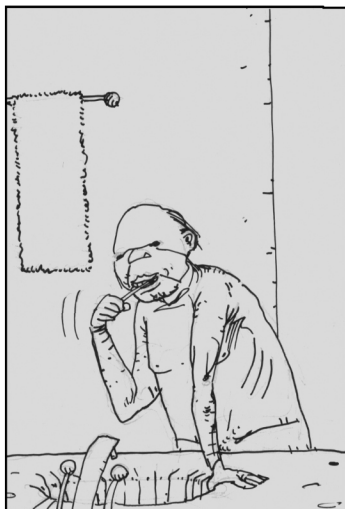
Tomorrow morning I will await that monster, but I will not lead him up the river.

I'll send him a different message, from a former spy.

A message written with my sharpest harpoon.

If you're reading this it means I died there. Go home or leave these islands forever, if you live here.

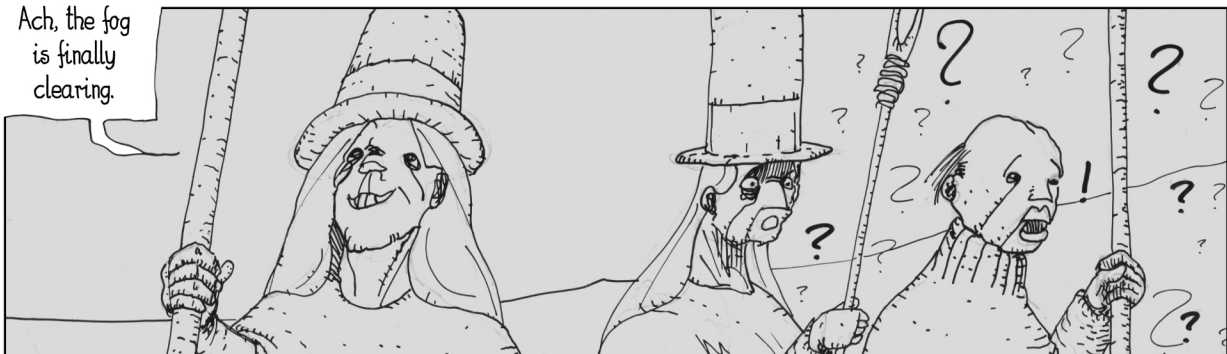
Shredel.



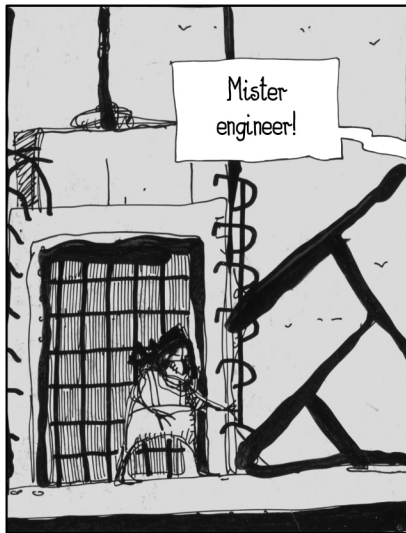
Hi Shredel!

You won't believe  
but we had a very  
interesting swim  
yesterday.

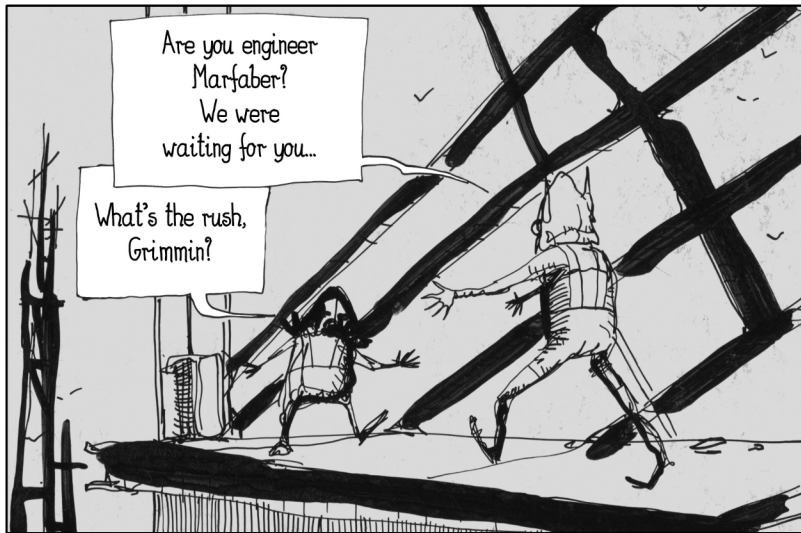
Ach, the fog  
is finally  
clearing.







Mister  
engineer!



Are you engineer  
Marfaber?  
We were  
waiting for you...

What's the rush,  
Grimmin?



Something evil  
is happening  
on the bridge,  
mister  
engineer.

It all started a week ago, when we were building another segment on the Ninth. It was as something was passing through here on it's way down to earth's surface.



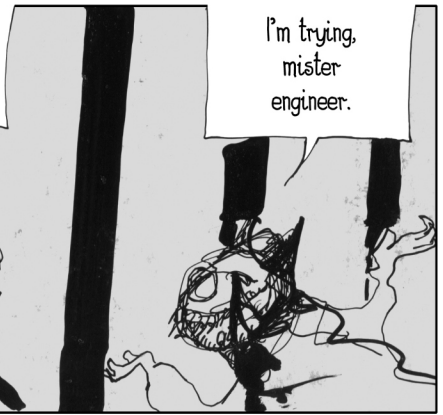
I don't understand. Passing our bridge?



I see you want to end up a bit higher than common foreman.



I'm trying, mister engineer.



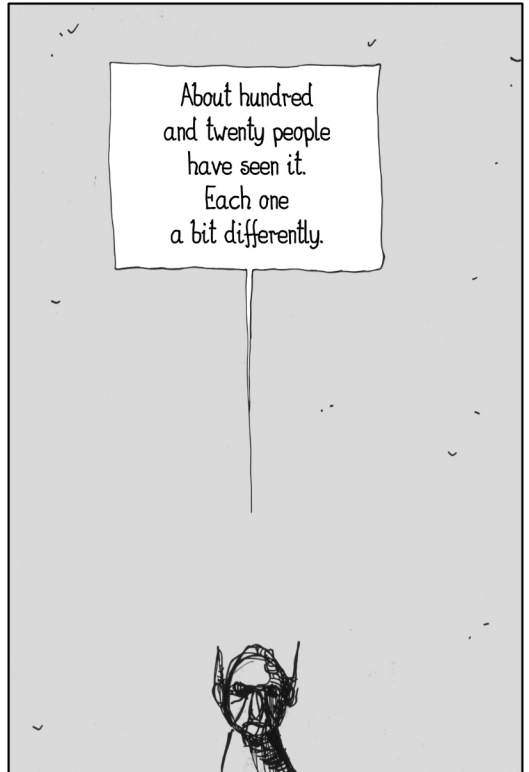
Sometimes. As I see it, that thing has it's own passage that intersects with our bridge and that causes the phenomena.



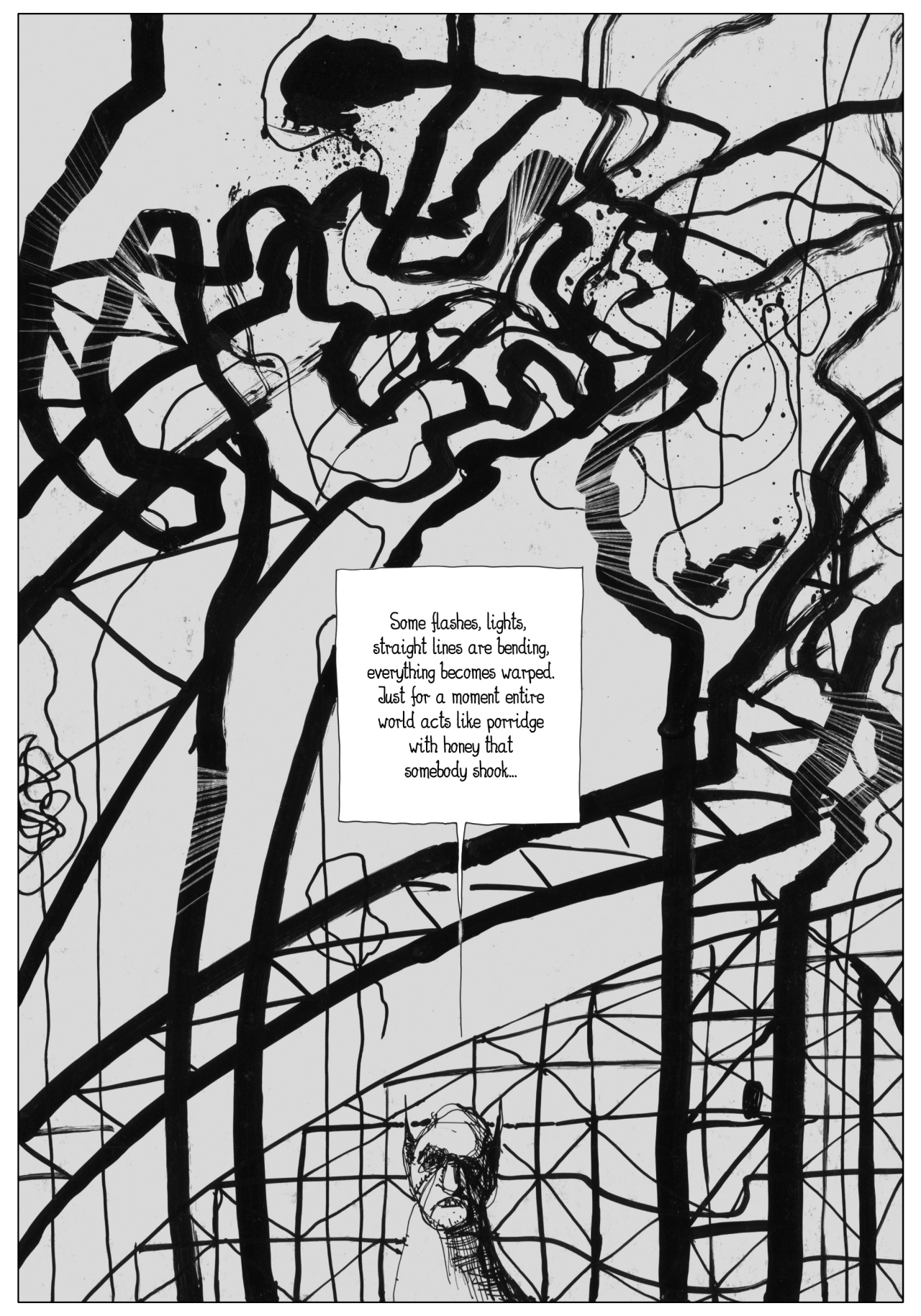
Describe those phenomena.



About hundred and twenty people have seen it. Each one a bit differently.





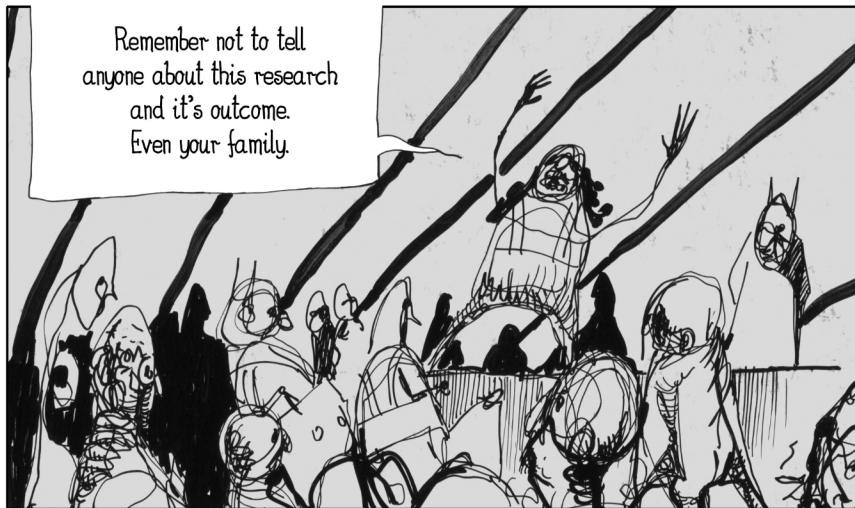


Some flashes, lights,  
straight lines are bending,  
everything becomes warped.  
Just for a moment entire  
world acts like porridge  
with honey that  
somebody shook...

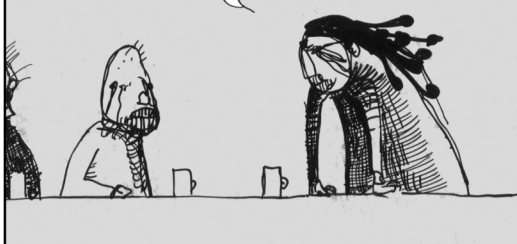
I can see that you've seen it too.  
Gather the rest of witnessess.  
Let's begin the research...



Remember not to tell  
anyone about this research  
and it's outcome.  
Even your family.



At first I thought they were smoking  
meth, but our research strongly  
suggests otherwise...



Whole day would be lost  
if not for one thought I had...

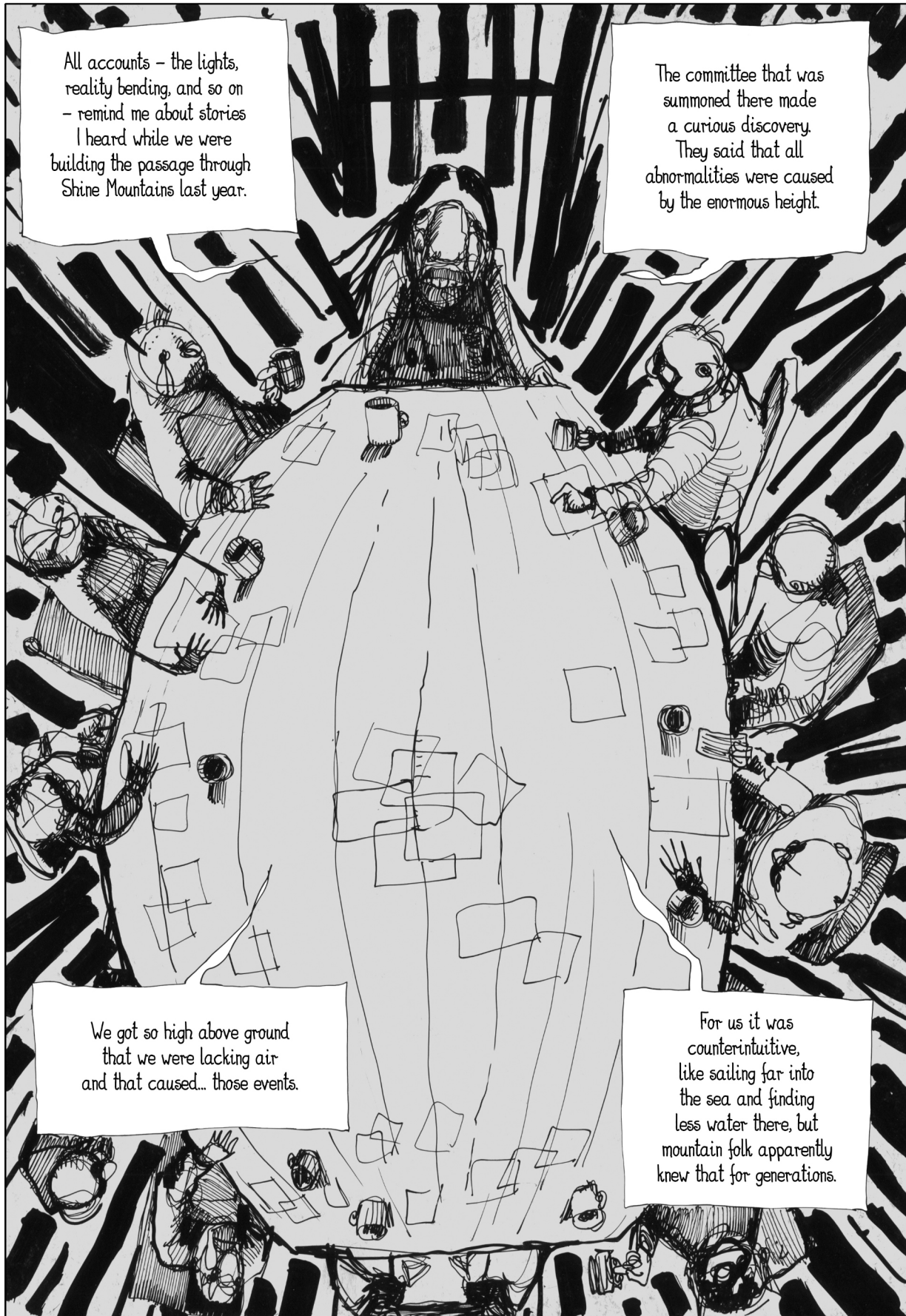


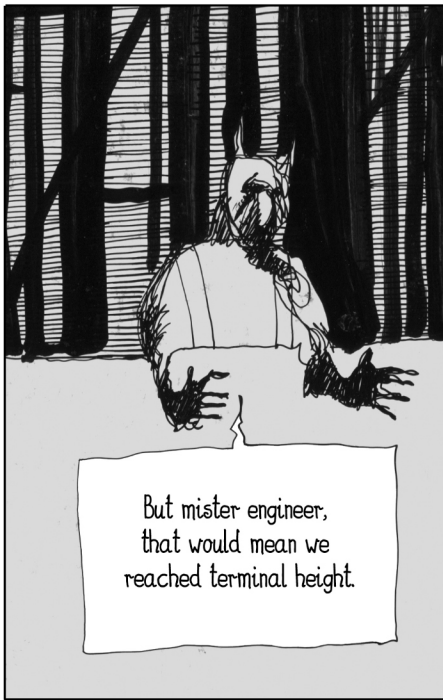
All accounts – the lights,  
reality bending, and so on  
– remind me about stories  
I heard while we were  
building the passage through  
Shine Mountains last year.

The committee that was  
summoned there made  
a curious discovery.  
They said that all  
abnormalities were caused  
by the enormous height.

We got so high above ground  
that we were lacking air  
and that caused... those events.

For us it was  
counterintuitive,  
like sailing far into  
the sea and finding  
less water there, but  
mountain folk apparently  
knew that for generations.





But mister engineer,  
that would mean we  
reached terminal height.

Maybe it's the folk  
from heaven sabotaging  
construction of our  
bridge.  
Maybe they're afraid  
of a solid connection  
between our lands  
and yet unconquered  
celestial realm?



This might be  
an attack!!

We have to  
write to the  
verification  
committee.

Yes!  
We need to summon  
the committee!





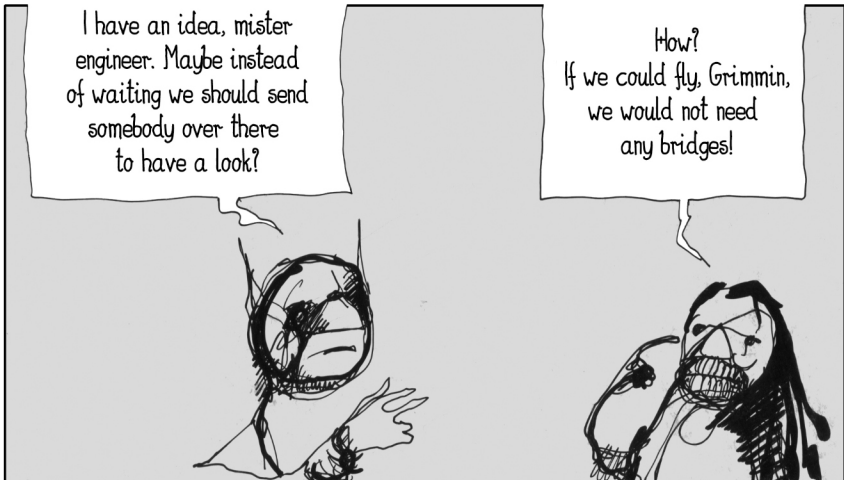


As for a Merikholm  
committee they  
got here pretty fast.



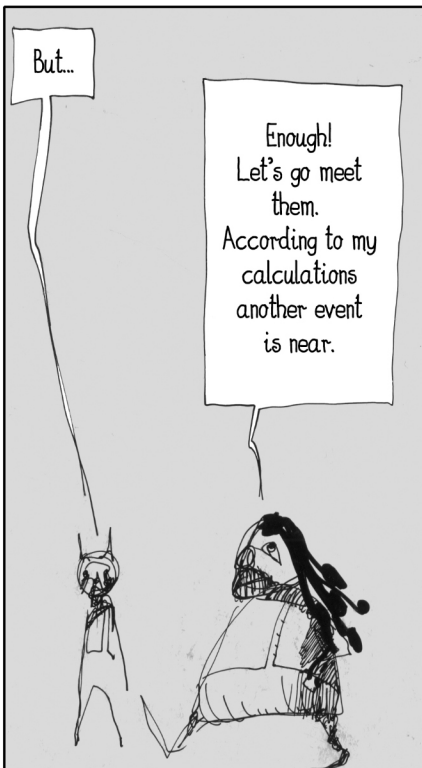
I have an idea, mister  
engineer. Maybe instead  
of waiting we should send  
somebody over there  
to have a look?

How?  
If we could fly, Grimmin,  
we would not need  
any bridges!

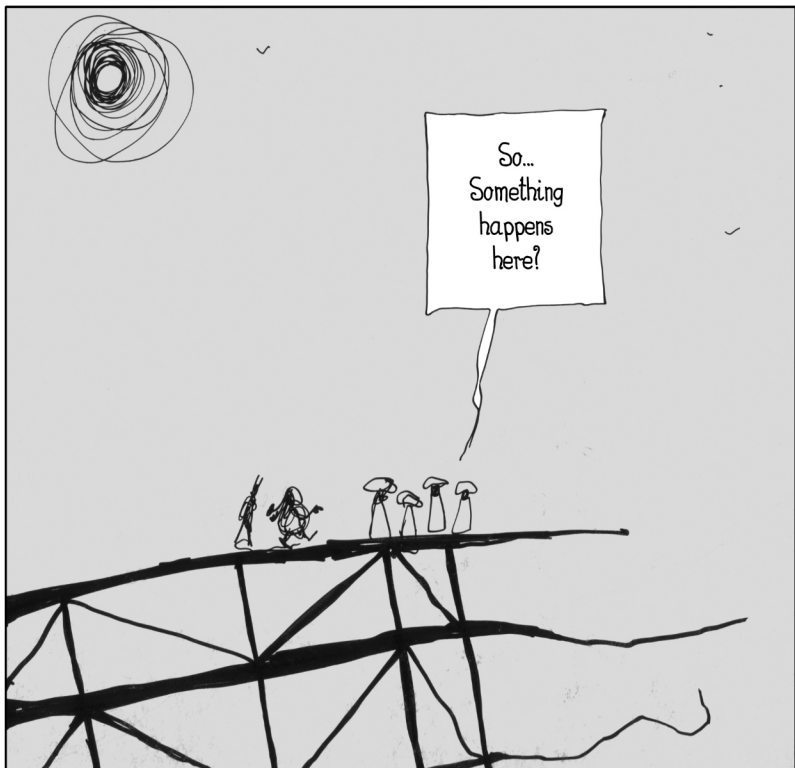


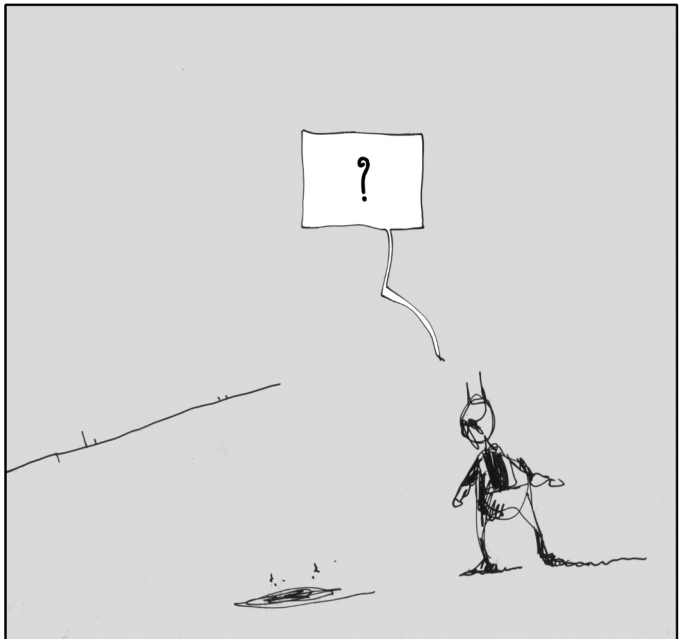
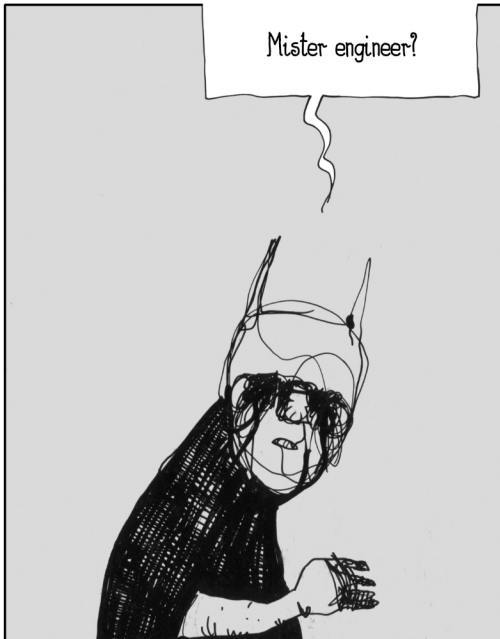
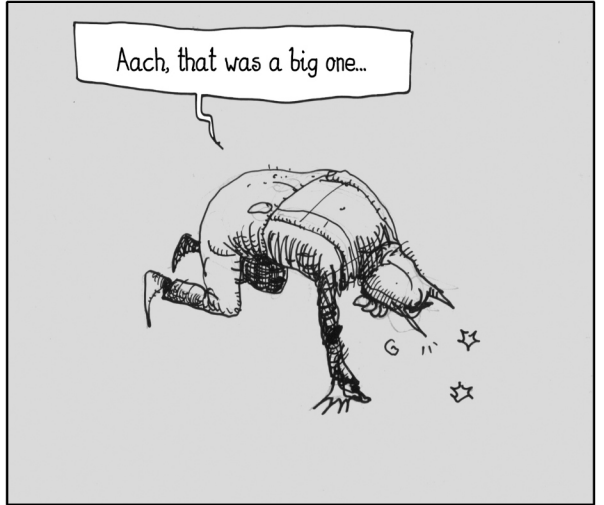
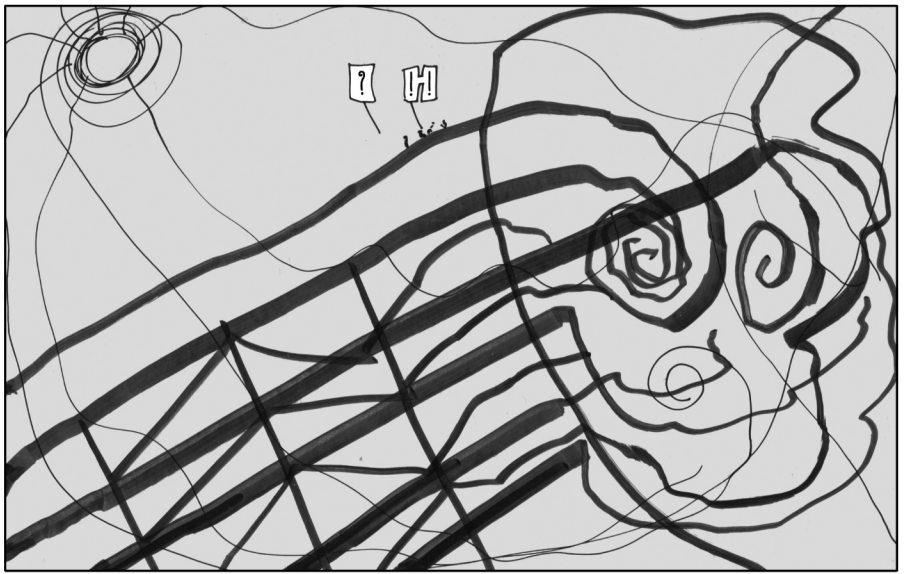
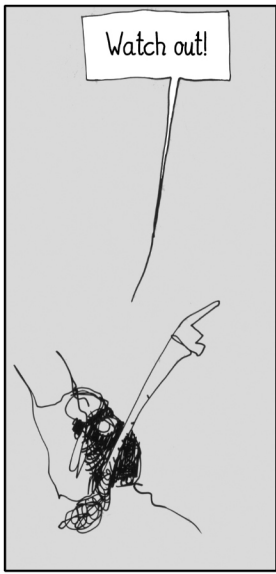
But...

Enough!  
Let's go meet  
them.  
According to my  
calculations  
another event  
is near.



So...  
Something  
happens  
here?





The disappearance, or rather kidnapping of engineer Mar-faber ultimately proves that we're not dealing with delusions.

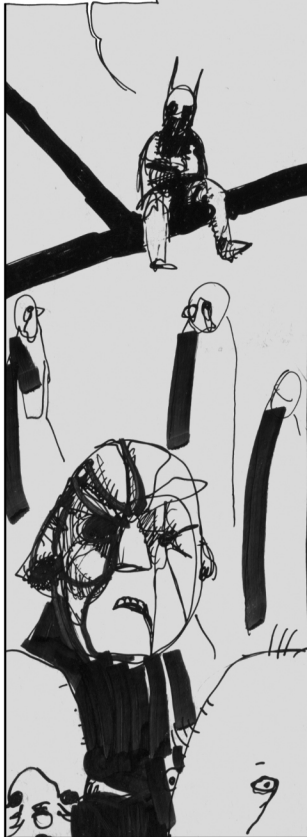
We're faced with hostile actions of celestial folk trying to prevent us from building that bridge!

This is why we need to double our effort in building this structure, which they evidently fear, as they showed.



The final connection between earth and sky via a bridge!

I'm telling you guys, this is going to be a mess.



What was that, boss?



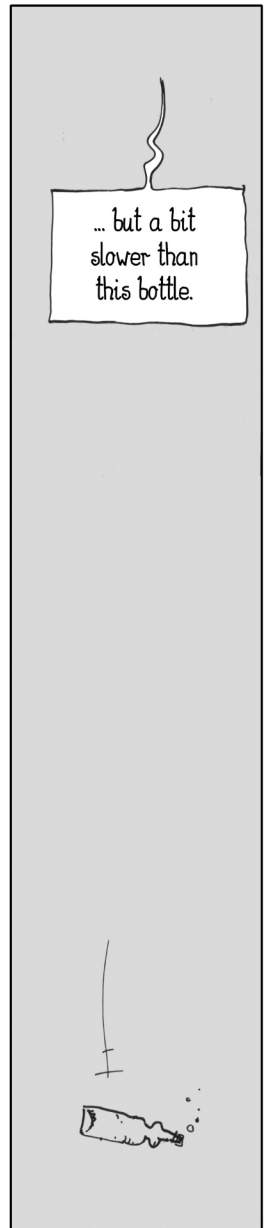
I don't know. Engineer disappeared as if he never existed...

They could have at least listen to me... I urge you guys to build those wings I designed for you.



Because when push comes to shove I'd rather fly away...

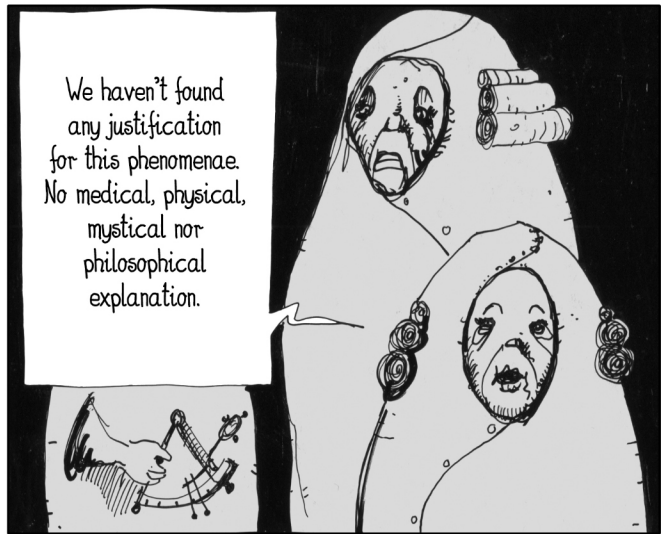
... but a bit slower than this bottle.



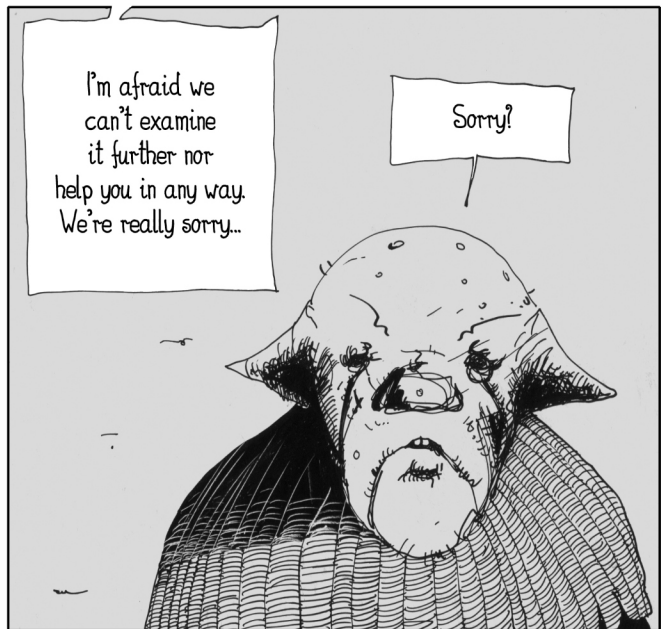




Unfortunately,  
mister Johann,  
we don't have  
any good news  
for you...

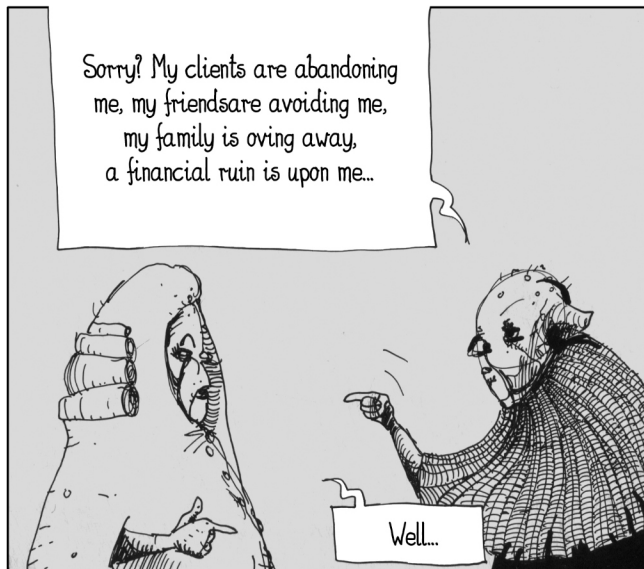


We haven't found  
any justification  
for this phenomenae.  
No medical, physical,  
mystical nor  
philosophical  
explanation.



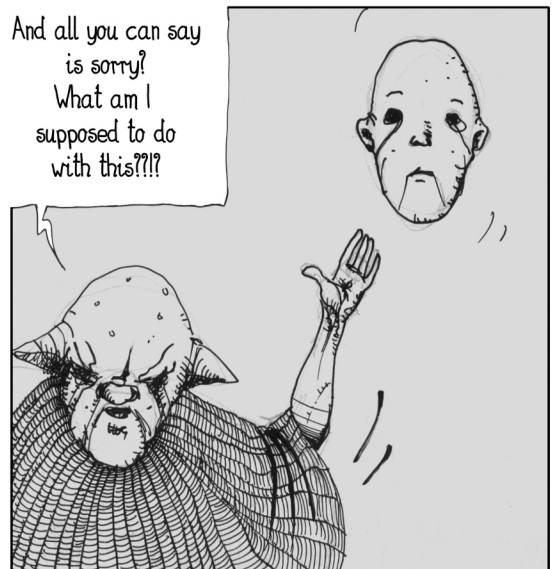
I'm afraid we  
can't examine  
it further nor  
help you in any way.  
We're really sorry...

Sorry!



Sorry? My clients are abandoning  
me, my friends are avoiding me,  
my family is owing away,  
a financial ruin is upon me...

Well...



And all you can say  
is sorry?  
What am I  
supposed to do  
with this??!



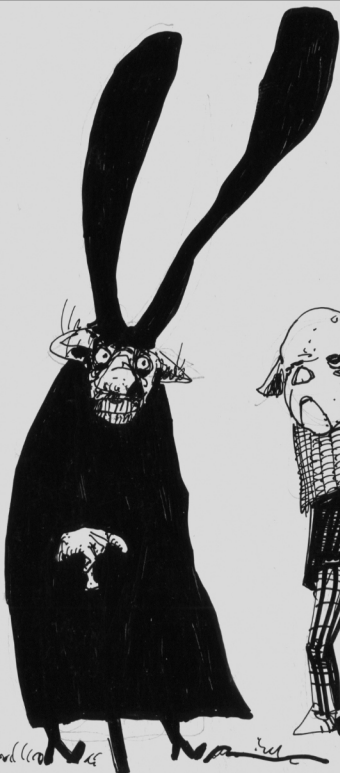
Well, maybe you should try at the temple.  
Maybe the cause is transcendent towards  
us. That would explain our problems.



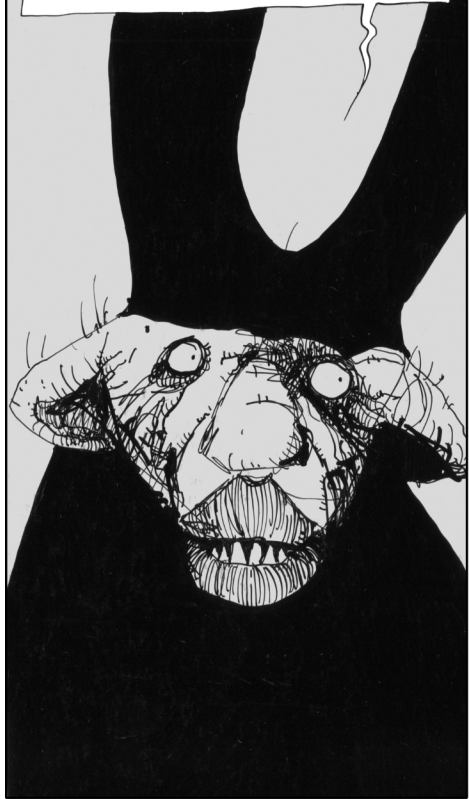
We really wish you'd  
be able to solve this  
problem, mister Johann.



So you understand my situation,  
reverend... Maybe I'm not a saint,  
but I never offended gods  
in any way to deserve  
such curse...



I know you and I know it's true.  
Pray to merciful Don'Gryaz and  
mighty Volgrum and they will  
open your eyes and you will see.



I don't understand,  
reverend.



Maybe it's not  
a curse, Johann.

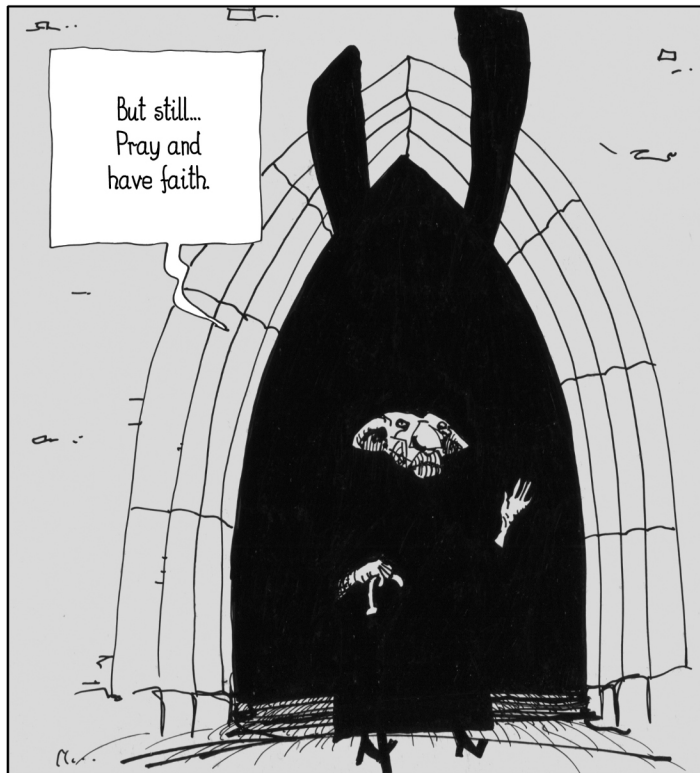
Maybe you were chosen  
and this head is  
a sign? Maybe it's  
an announcement of  
bigger things to come?

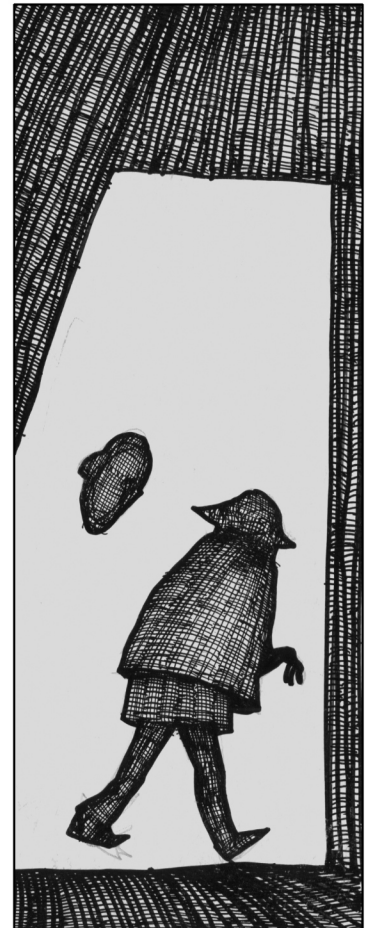
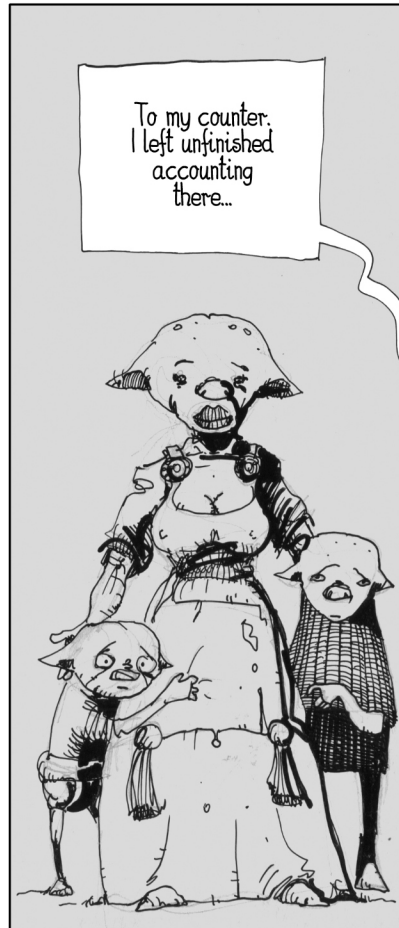
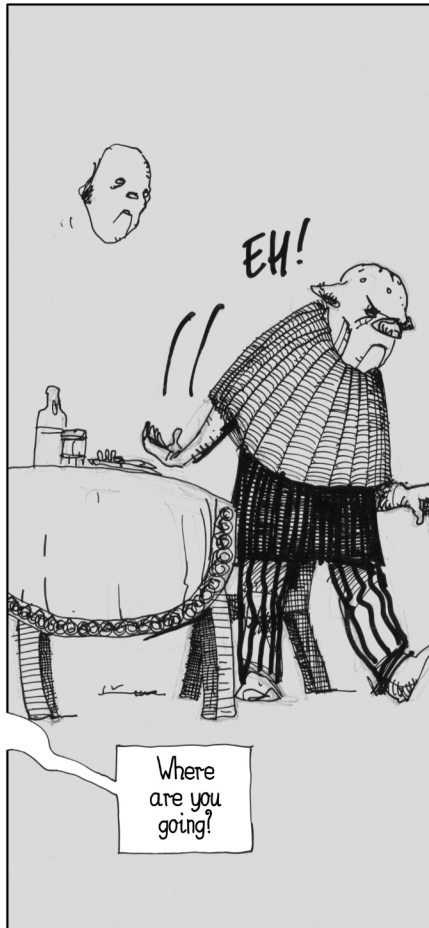
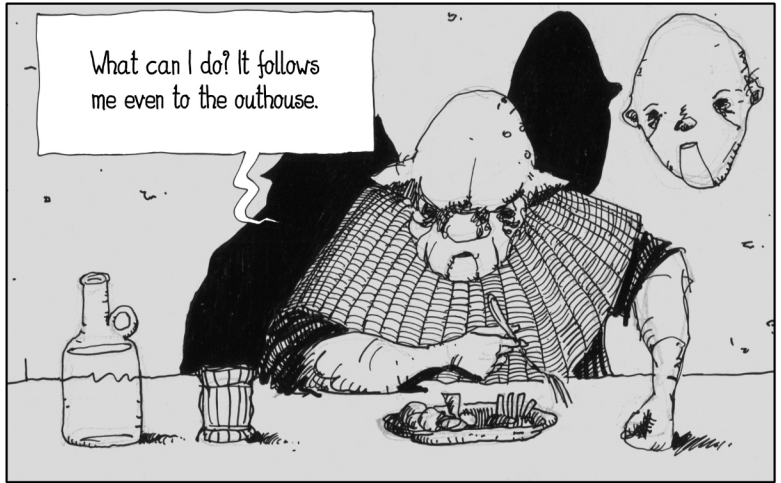
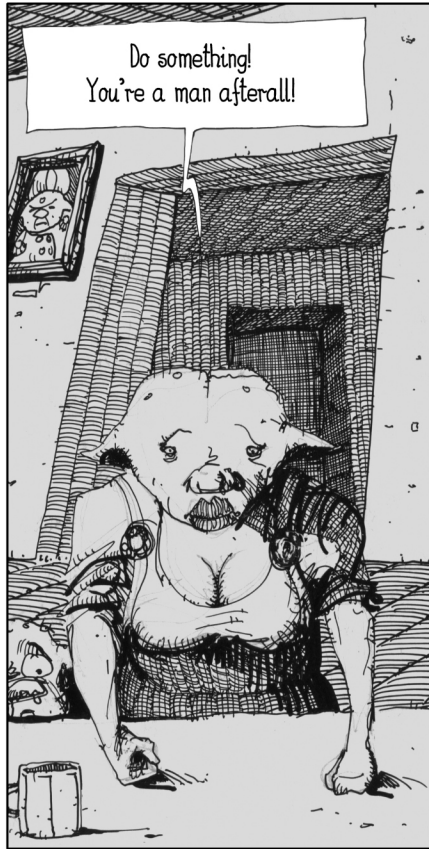


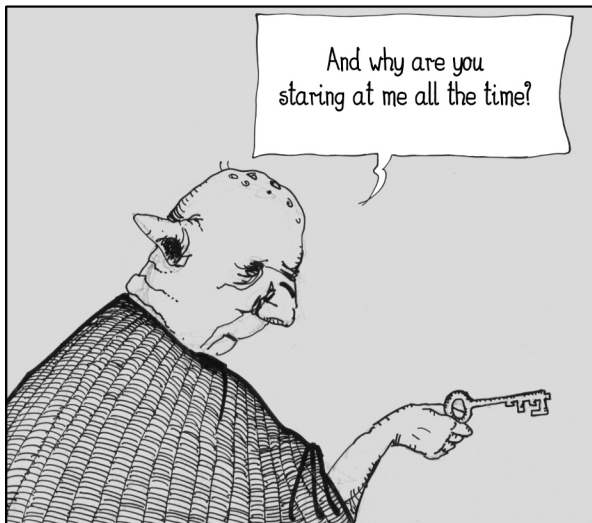
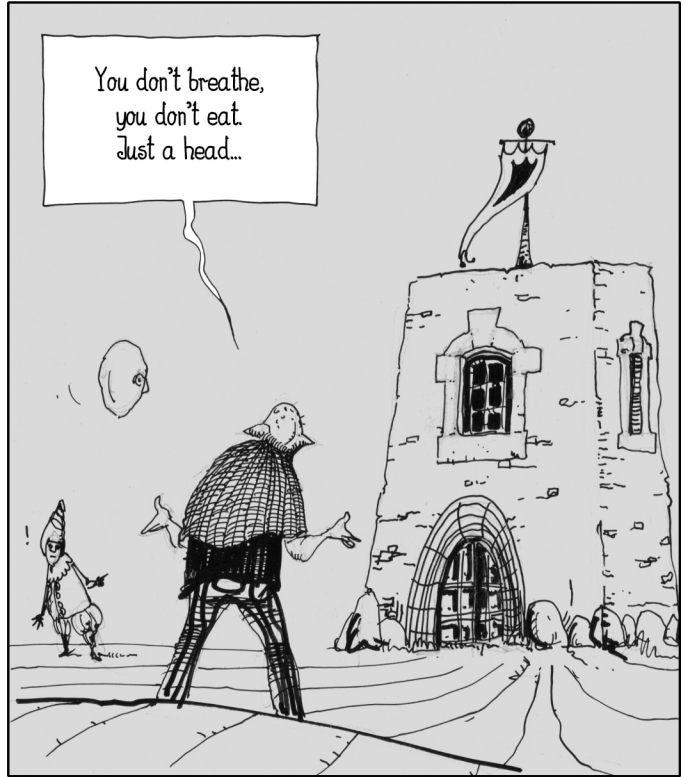
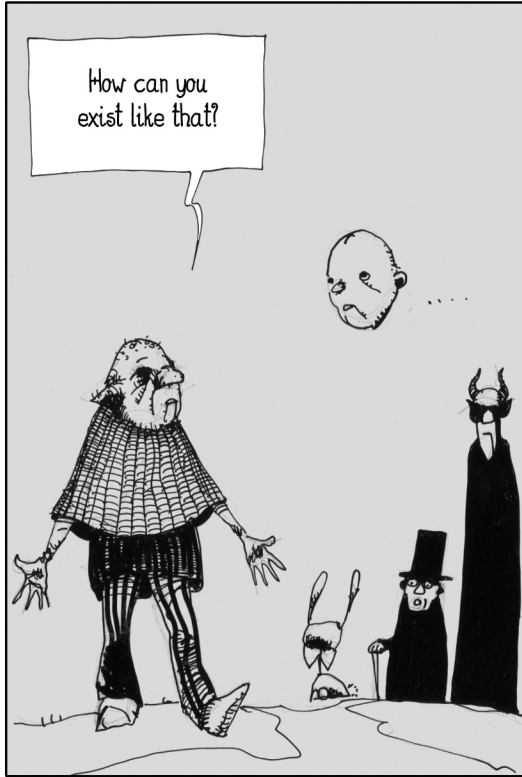
In that case it's a silent  
announcement...



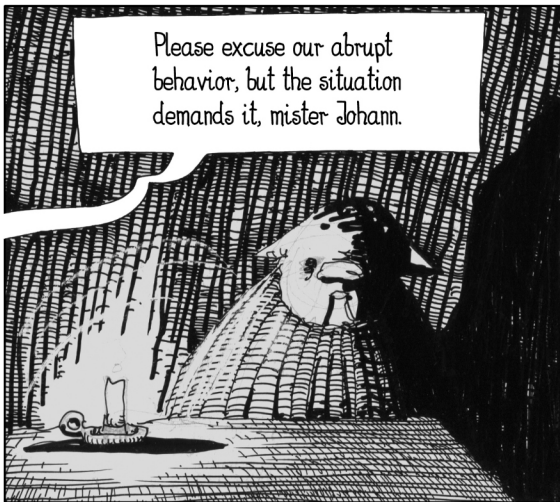
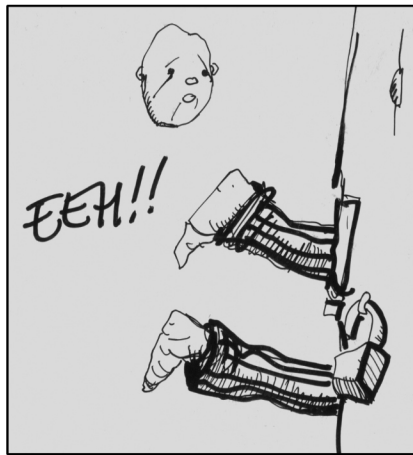
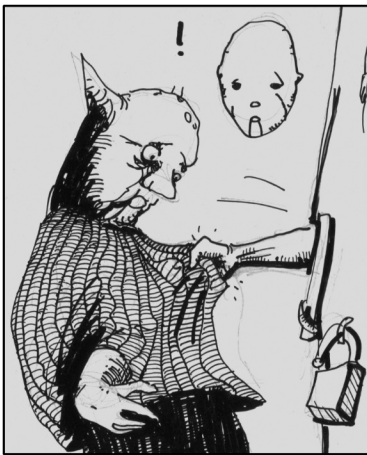
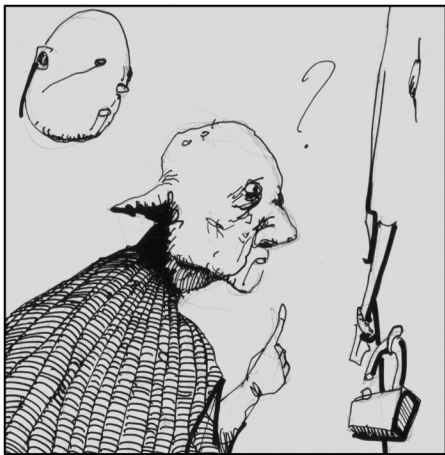
But still...  
Pray and  
have faith.







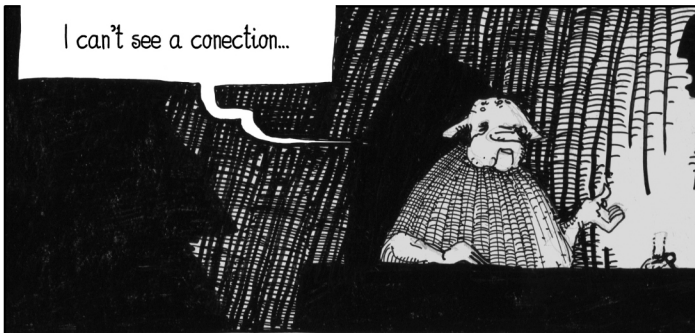




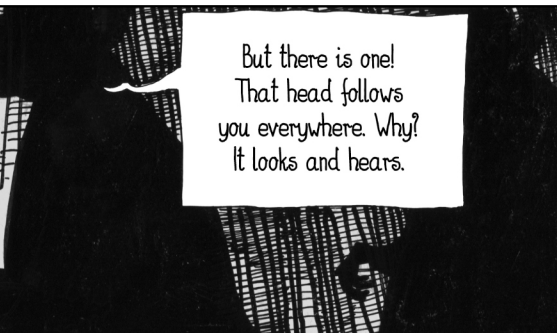
Please excuse our abrupt behavior, but the situation demands it, mister Johann.



We're in Caesar's duty. We were informed about your peculiar friend.



I can't see a conection...



But there is one! That head follows you everywhere. Why? It looks and hears.



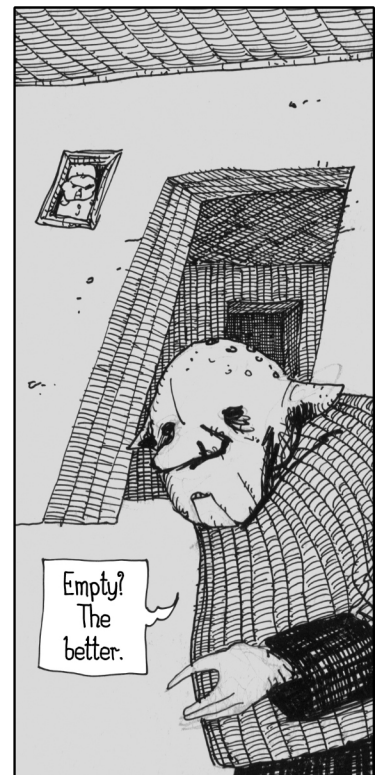
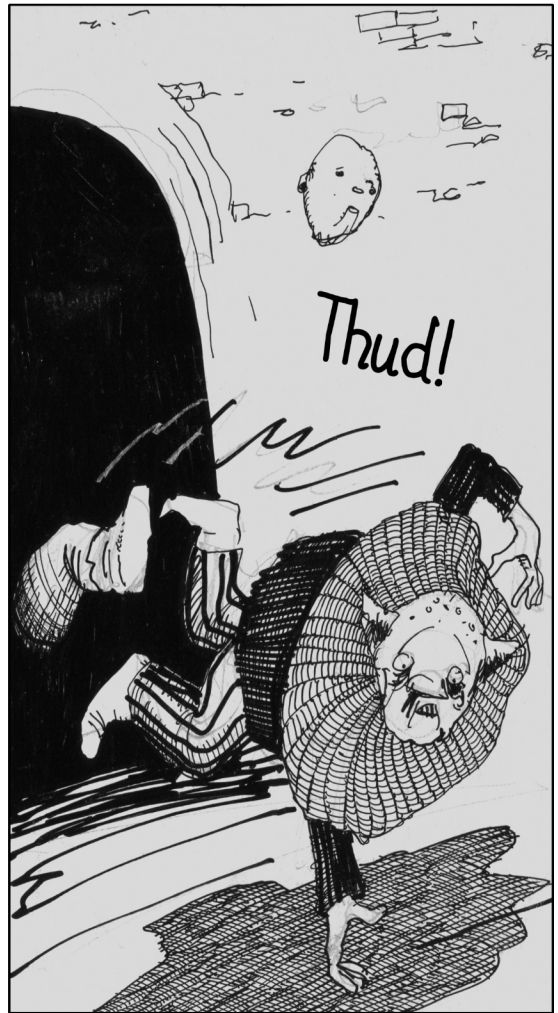
But what does it hear? And more importantly whom it reports to??

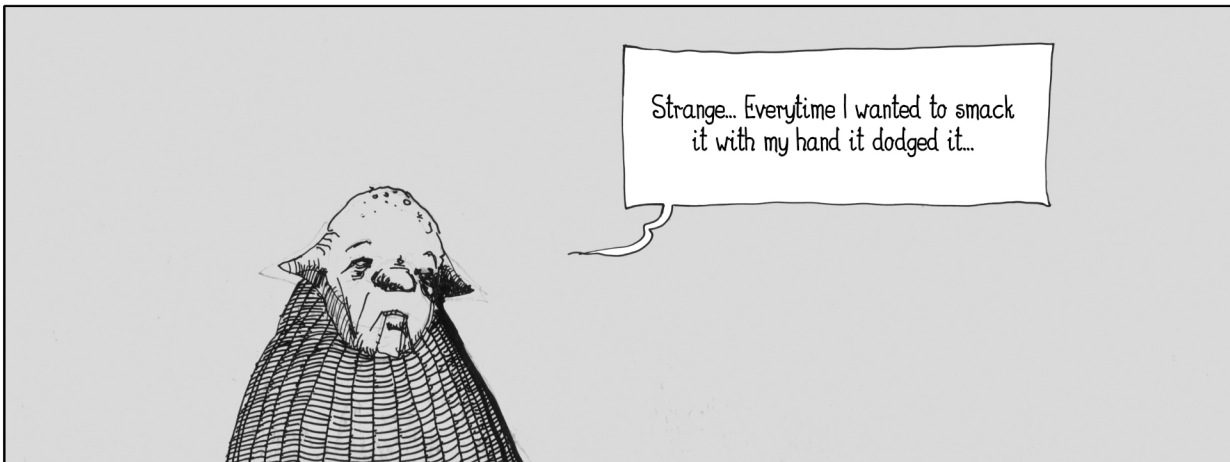
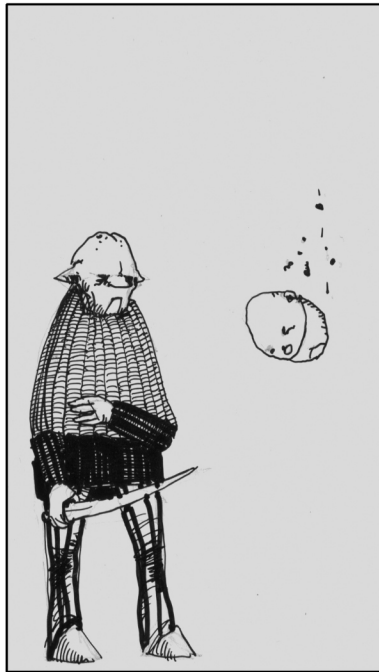
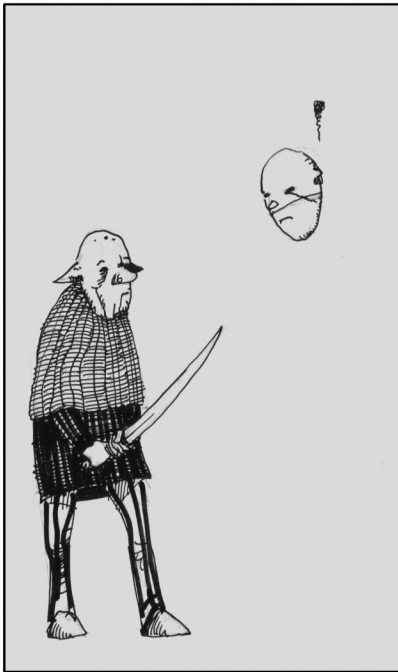
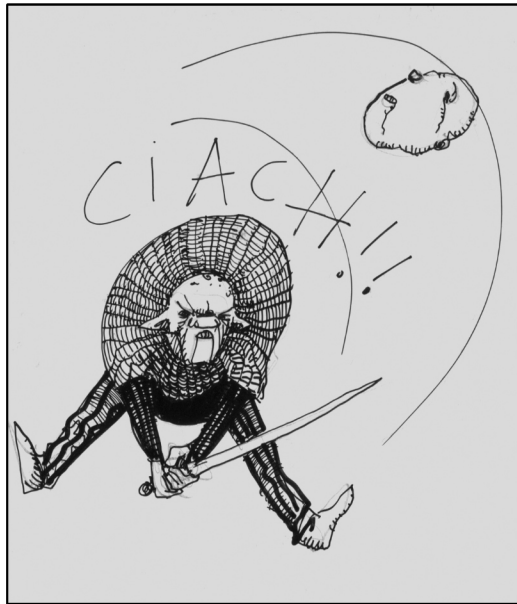
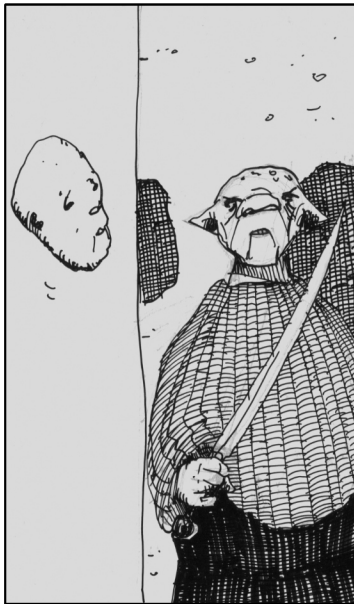


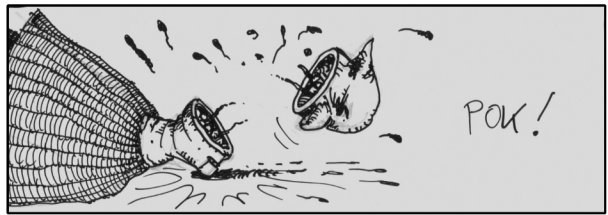
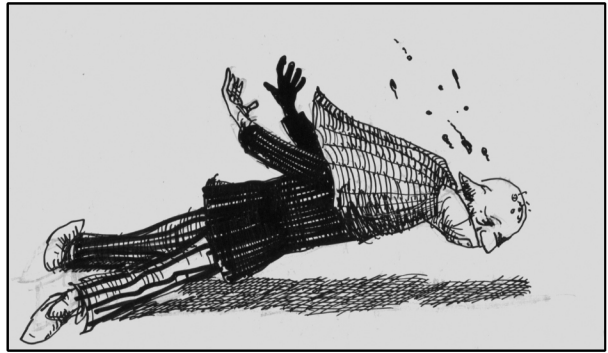
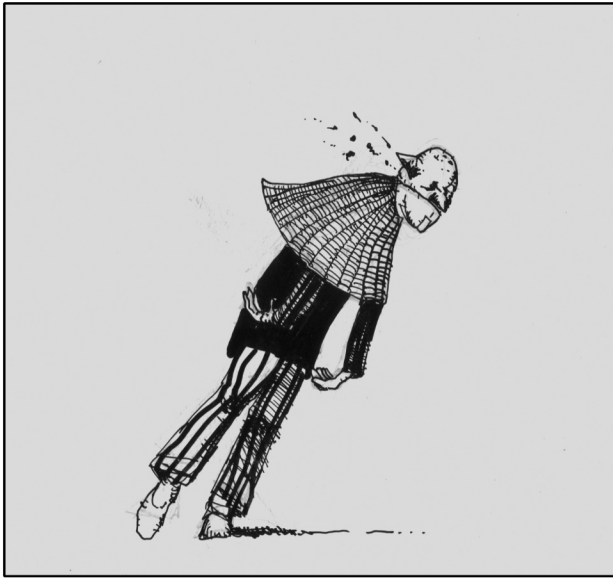
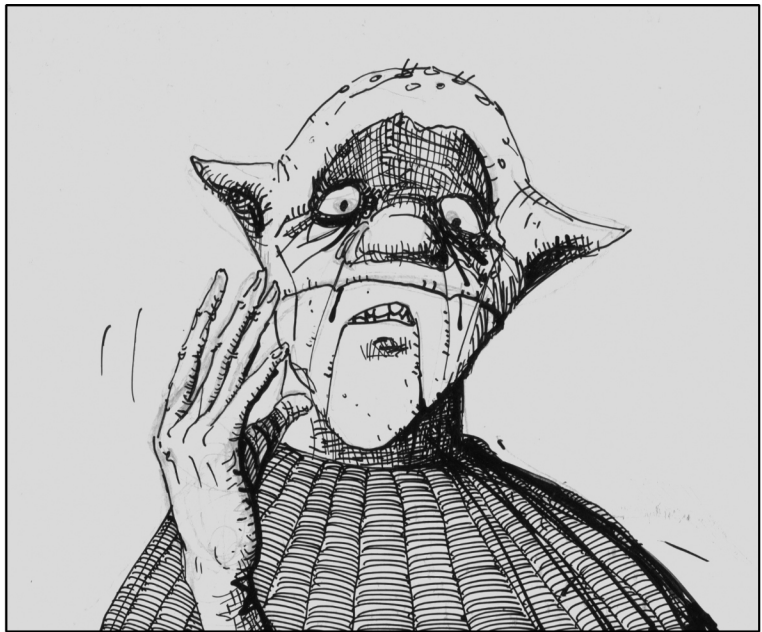
You're in a dire situation, mister Johann. We think this head ,works for Garbutulians!!!

But... How?...







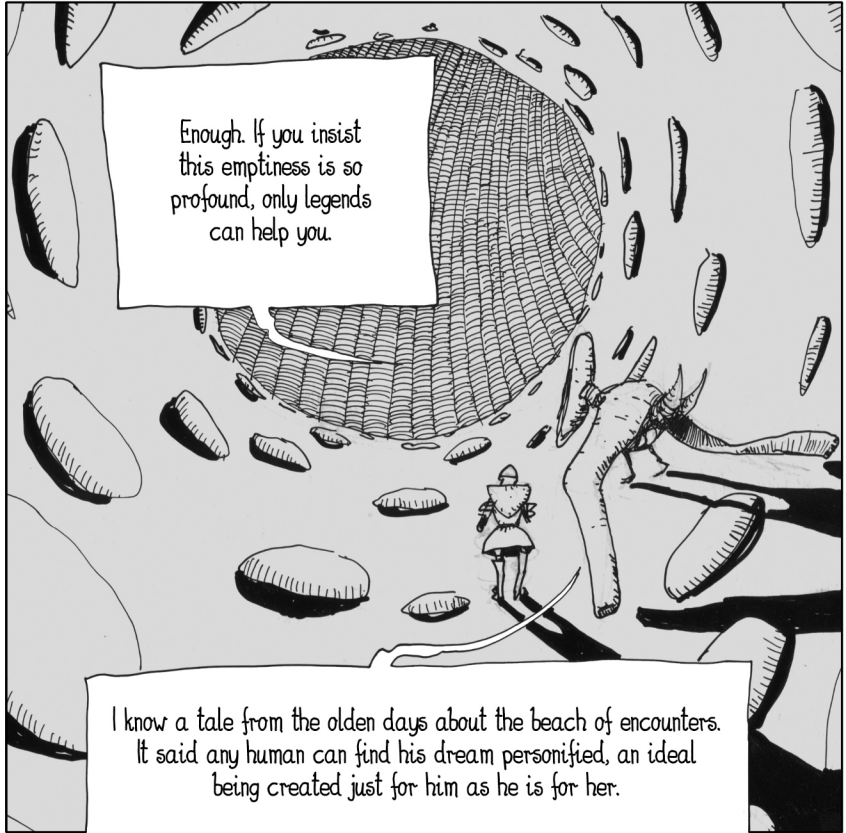
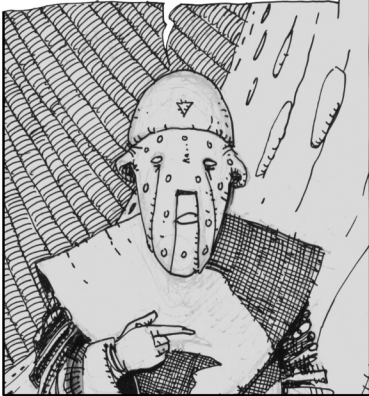






I don't think your problem requires my help.

On the contrary!  
My loneliness isn't something trivial, felt by hundreds of people in thousands of countries!  
It's overwhelming, consuming me from the inside, there's no simple solution to it. And you, master Ssufok deal with things that are uncommon.



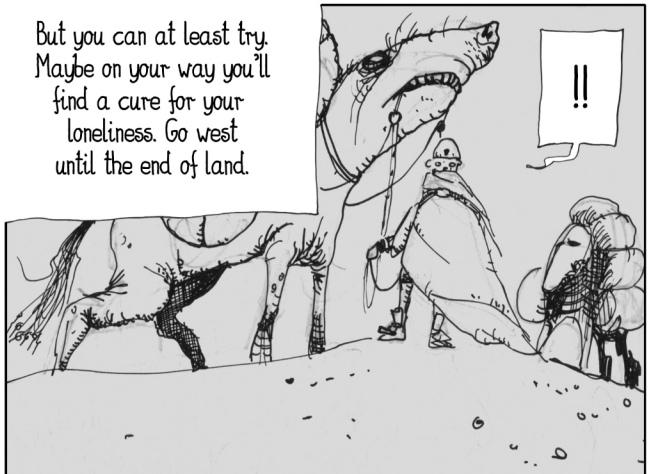
Enough. If you insist this emptiness is so profound, only legends can help you.

I know a tale from the olden days about the beach of encounters. It said any human can find his dream personified, an ideal being created just for him as he is for her.

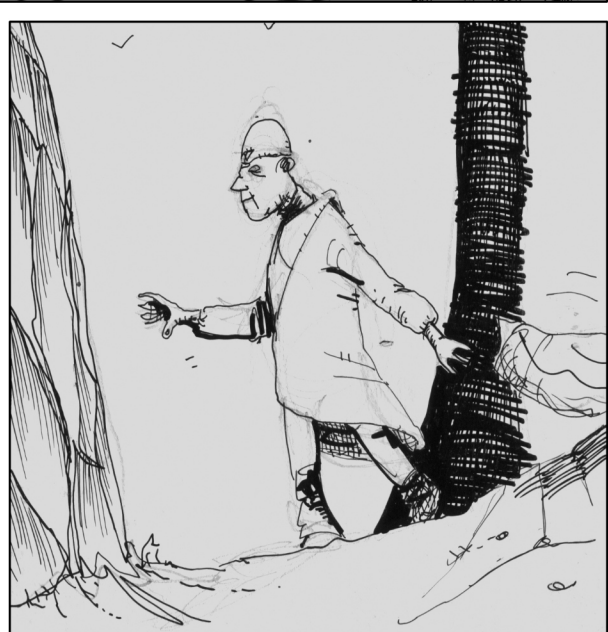
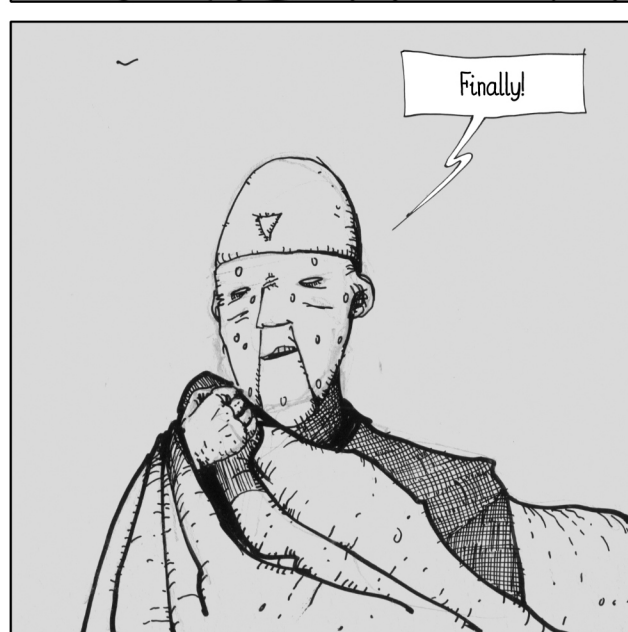
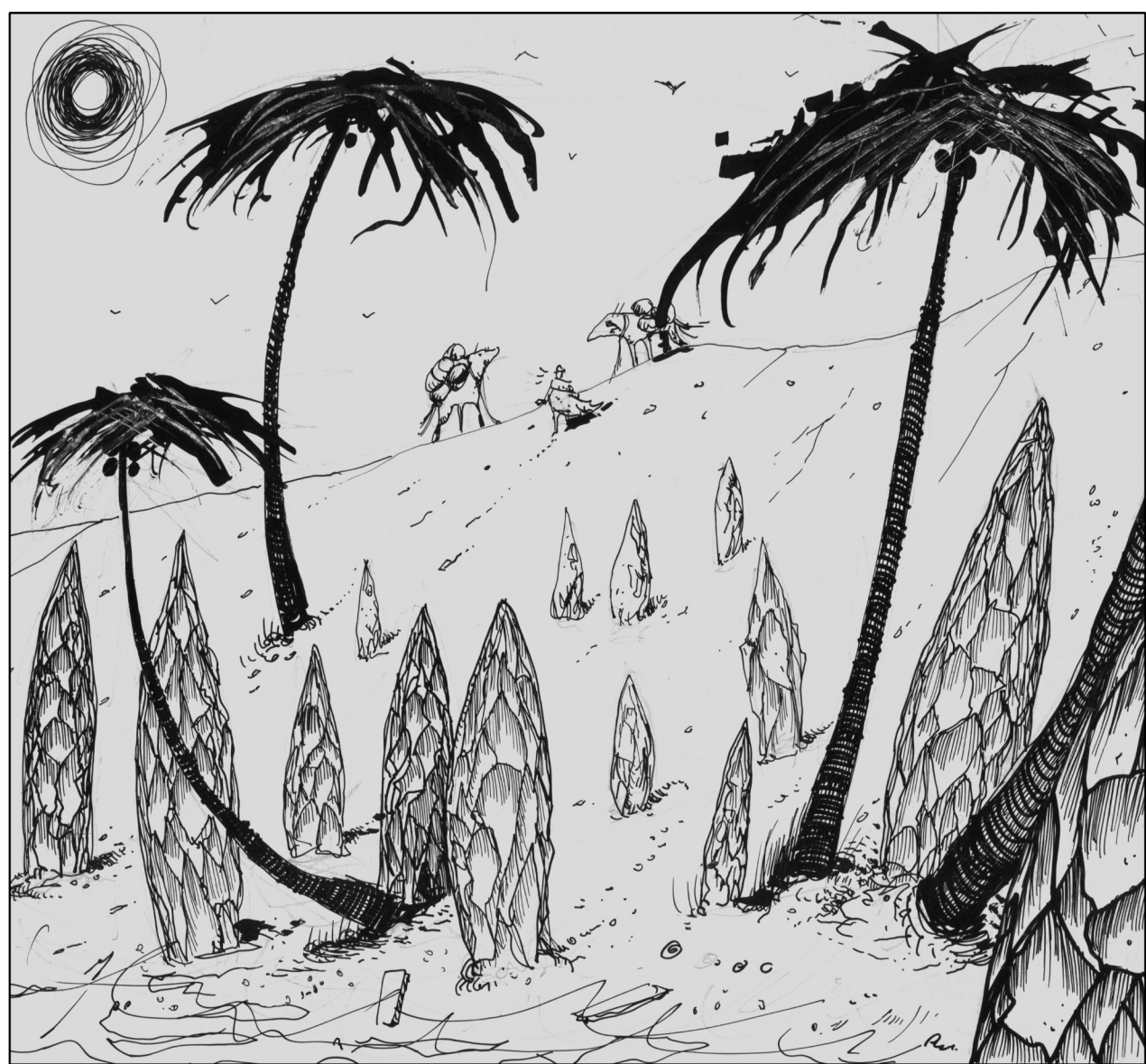
For me it's just a far cry for unreachable happiness and fulfillment...

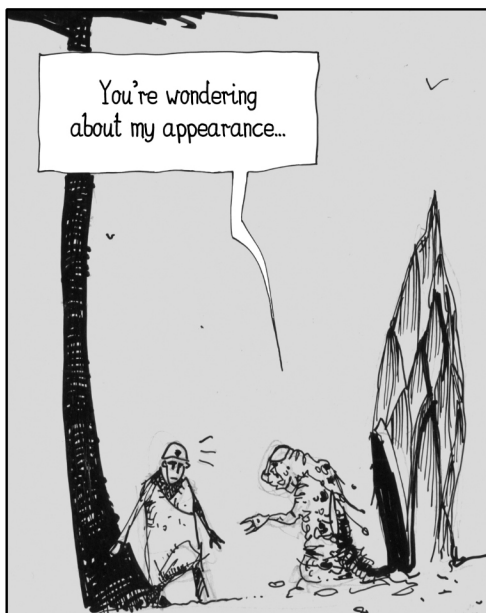
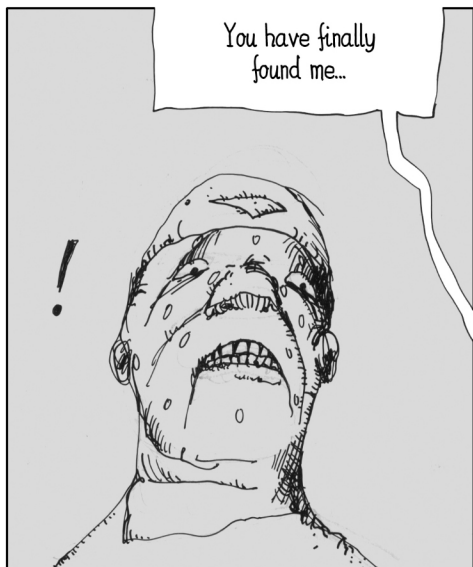


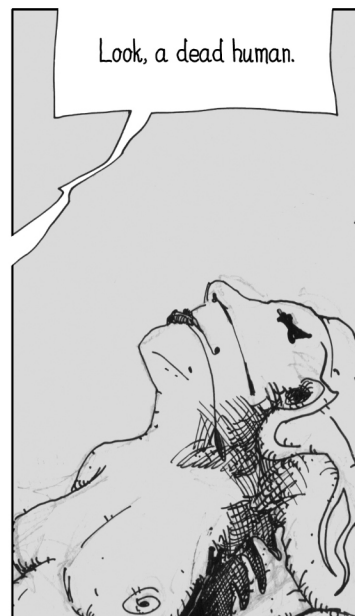
But you can at least try. Maybe on your way you'll find a cure for your loneliness. Go west until the end of land.



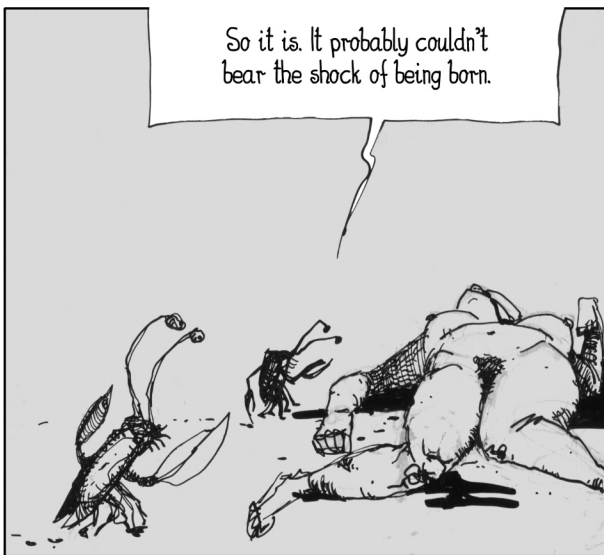




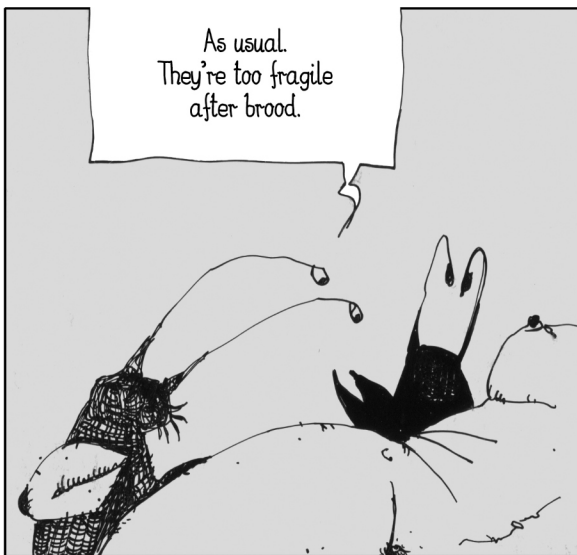




So it is. It probably couldn't  
bear the shock of being born.



As usual.  
They're too fragile  
after brood.

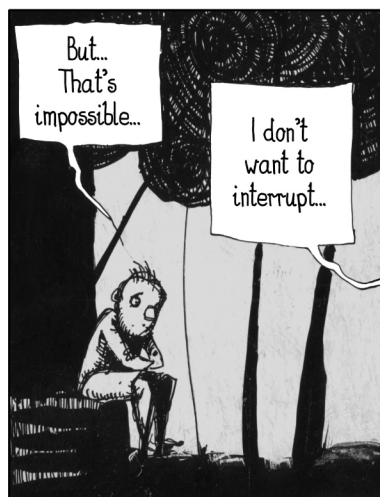
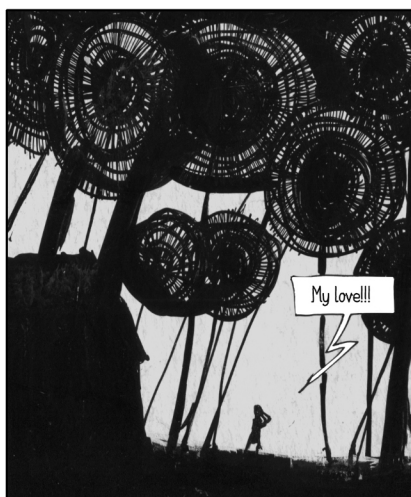
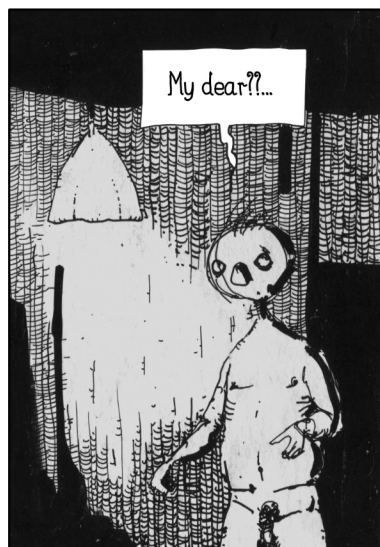


What an ineffective  
way to reproduce...







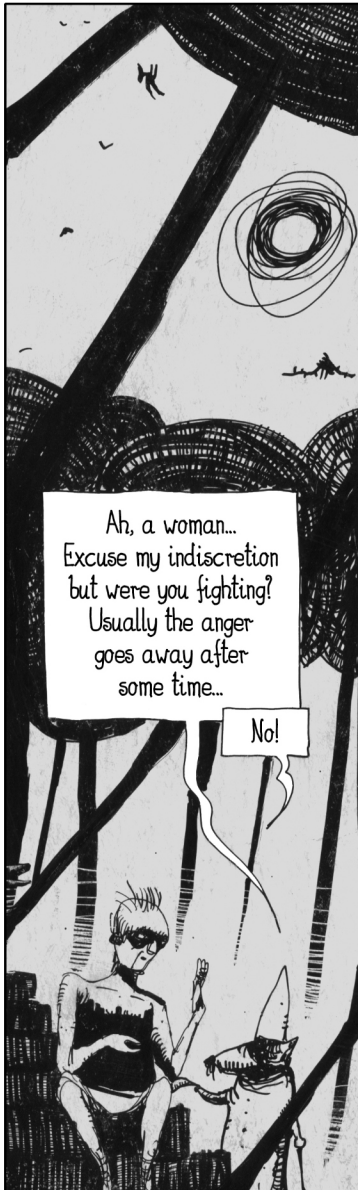




... but it looks like something is troubling you.  
And I, Gormik, am a healer of souls and minds,  
I can't leave suffering without help.



But... Oh...  
She's gone!



Ah, a woman...  
Excuse my indiscretion  
but were you fighting?  
Usually the anger  
goes away after  
some time...

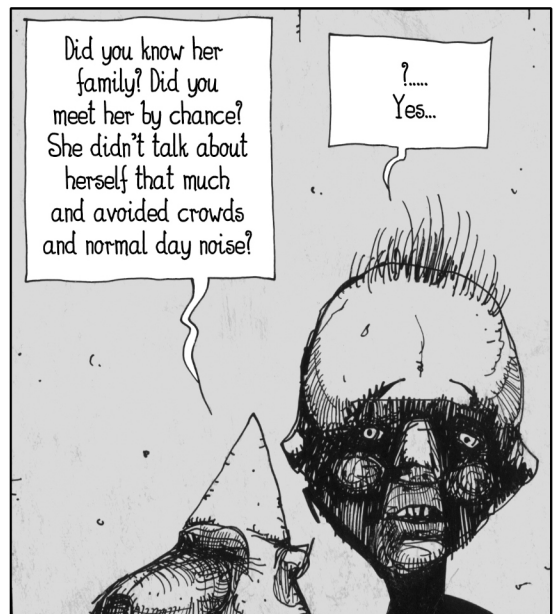
No!



I just fell asleep.  
And in the morning  
she was gone!  
We were in love!



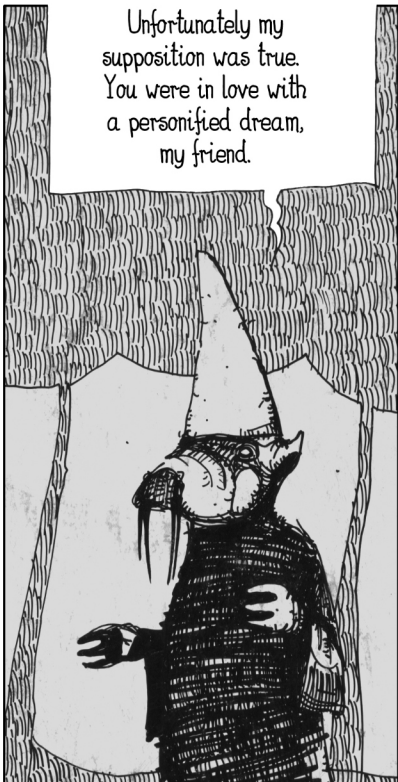
And there was nobody else!  
Well, the way she left you  
gives me an idea, but  
I have to know something  
first...



Did you know her  
family? Did you  
meet her by chance?  
She didn't talk about  
herself that much  
and avoided crowds  
and normal day noise?

?....  
Yes...

Unfortunately my  
supposition was true.  
You were in love with  
a personified dream,  
my friend.

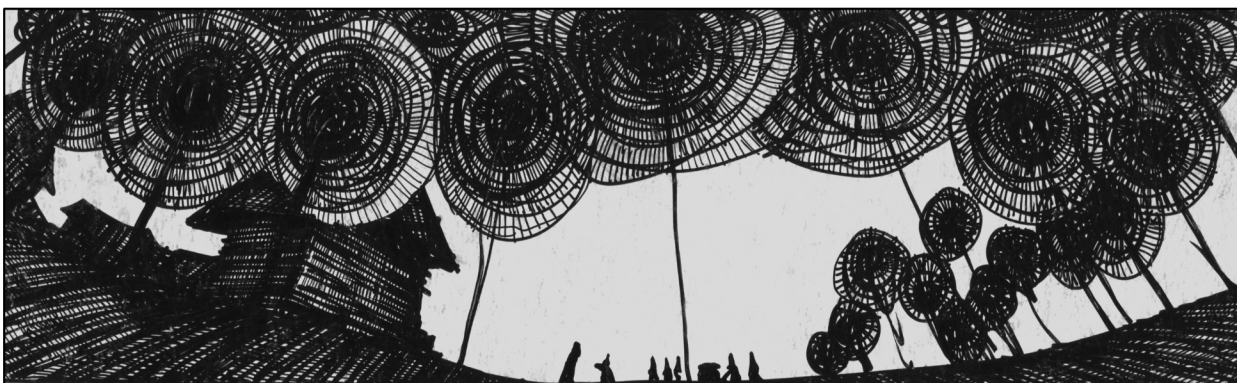
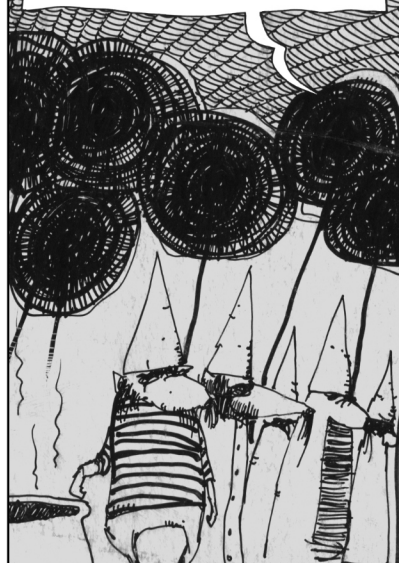


She probably was a dream  
of some rich merchant or  
aristocrat, who ordered  
her materialisation.  
She probably went back to him  
or broke apart, returning  
to the land of dreams.

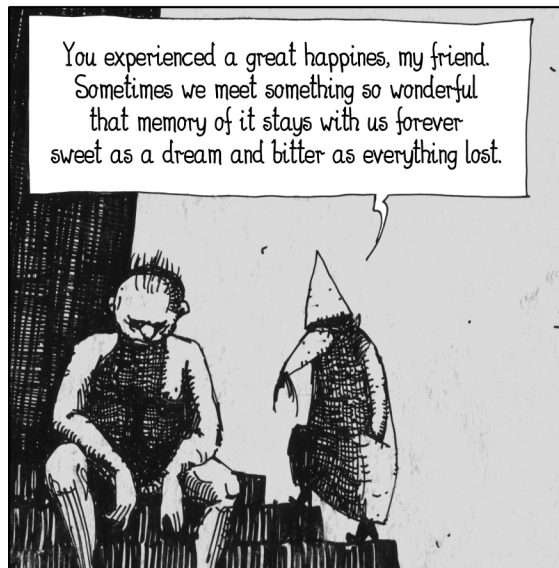


No...  
Impossible...

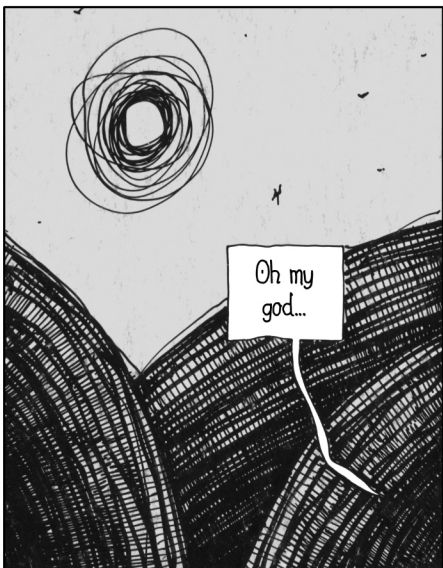
Did she ever sleep?  
Was she tired?  
Did you see her corporal  
functions, did she sweat,  
breathe, get dirty?



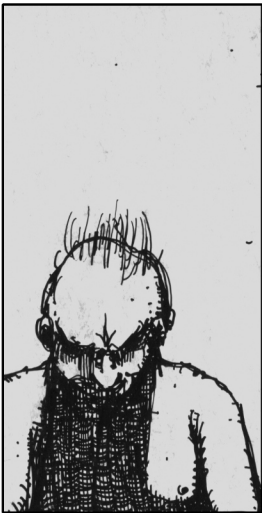
You experienced a great happiness, my friend.  
Sometimes we meet something so wonderful  
that memory of it stays with us forever  
sweet as a dream and bitter as everything lost.




Oh my  
god...







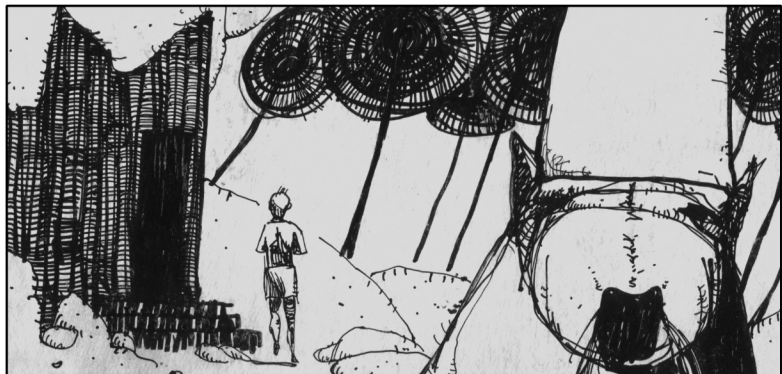
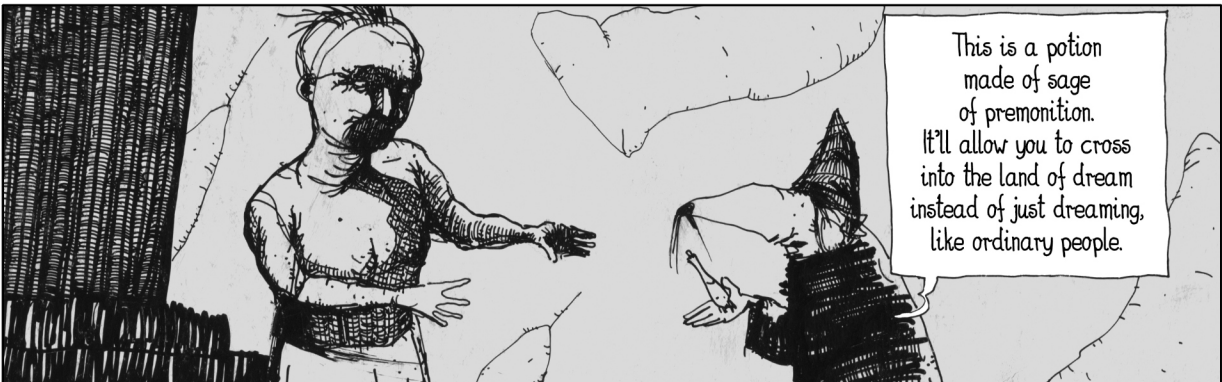
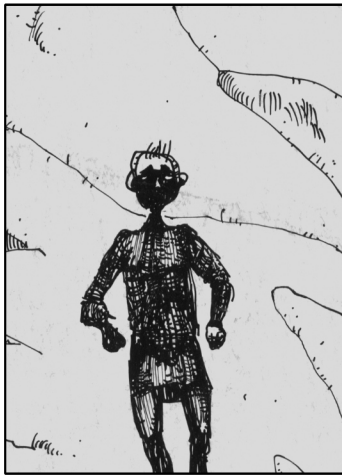
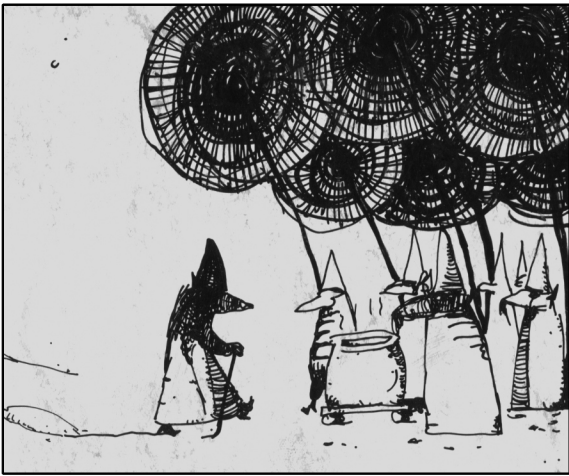
You said she  
went back to  
the land of dreams.

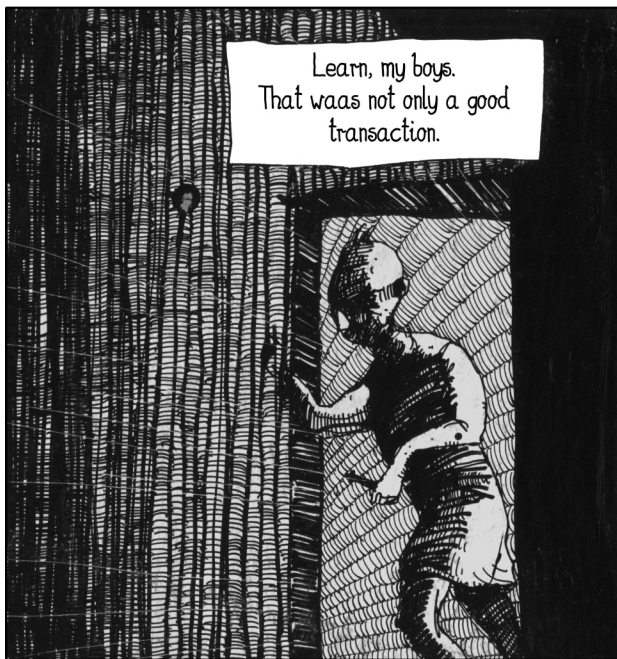


Yes. And me, Gornik,  
can help you search  
for her over there.

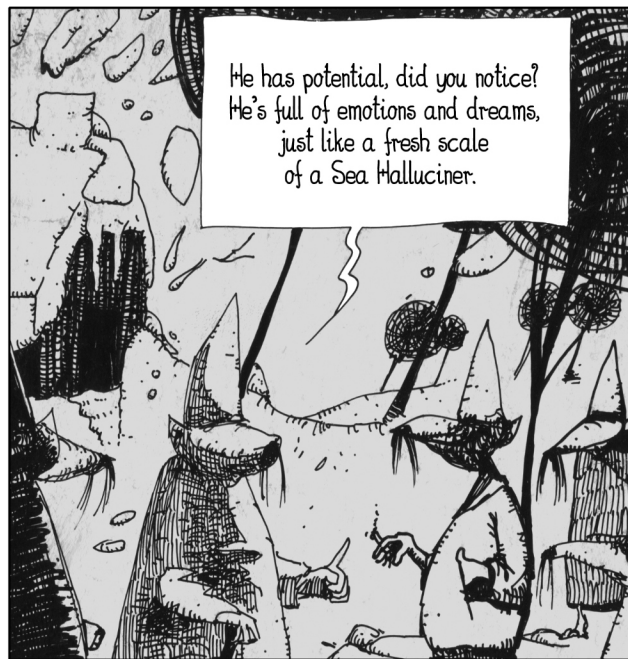


Wait a  
minute.

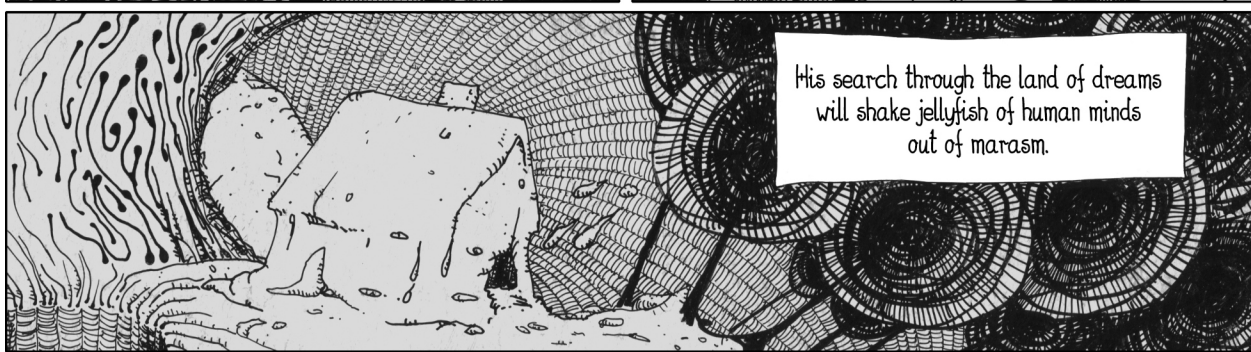




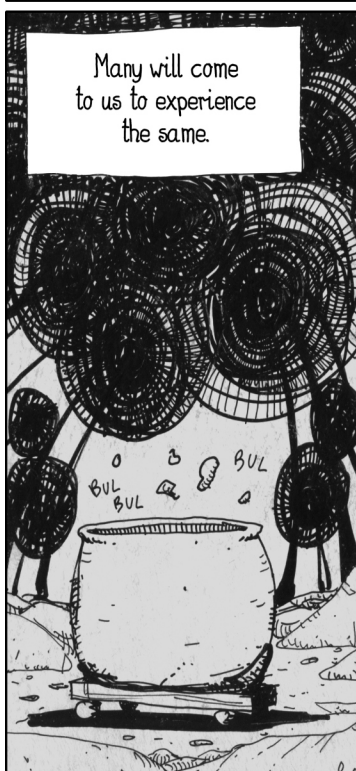
Learn, my boys.  
That was not only a good  
transaction.



He has potential, did you notice?  
He's full of emotions and dreams,  
just like a fresh scale  
of a Sea Malluciner.



His search through the land of dreams  
will shake jellyfish of human minds  
out of marasm.

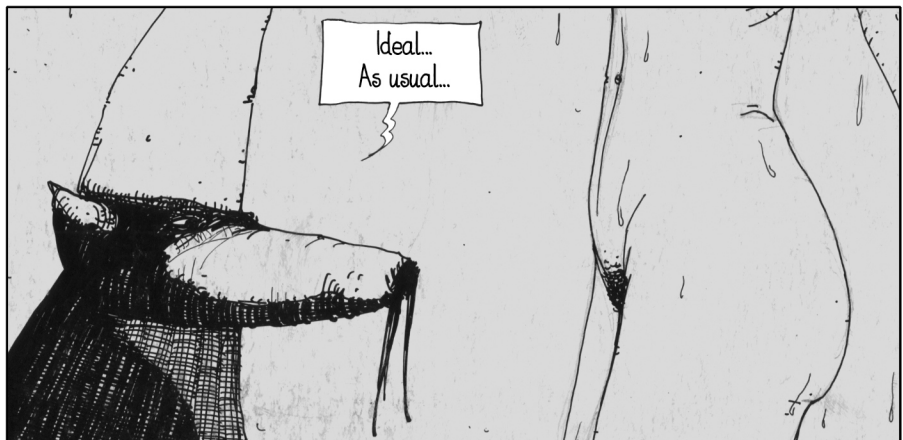
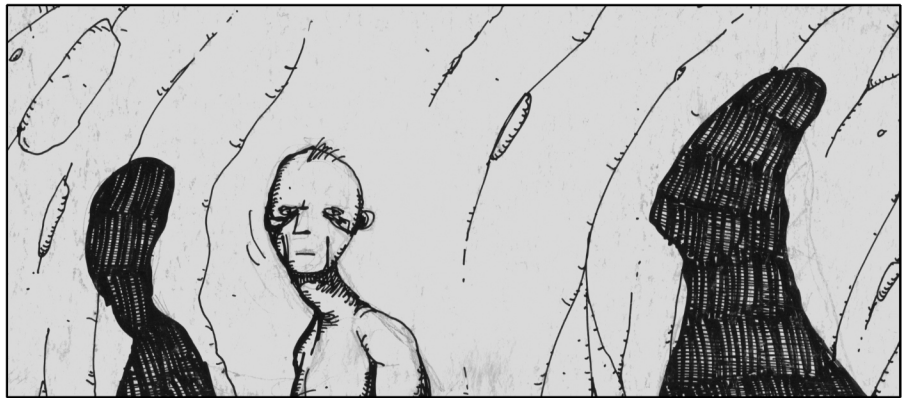
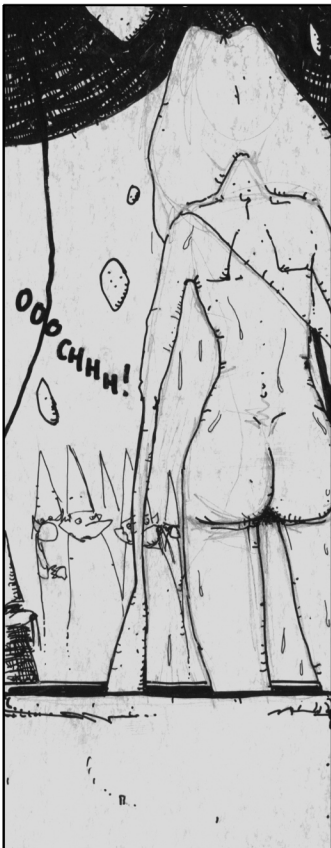
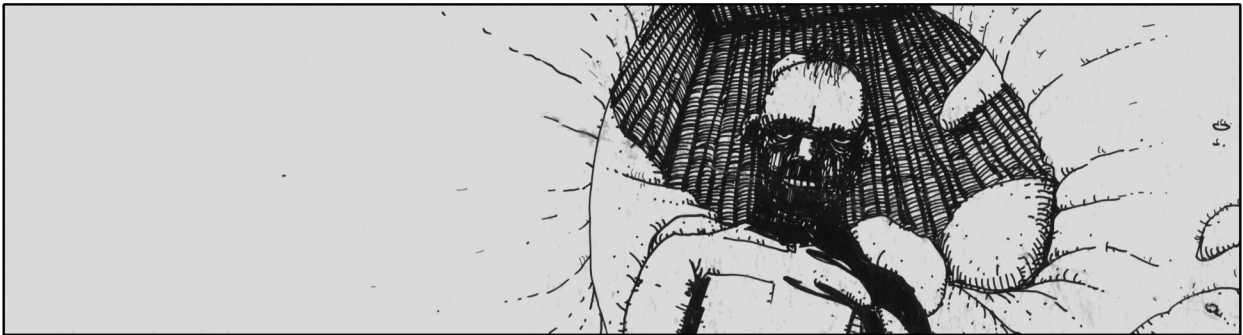
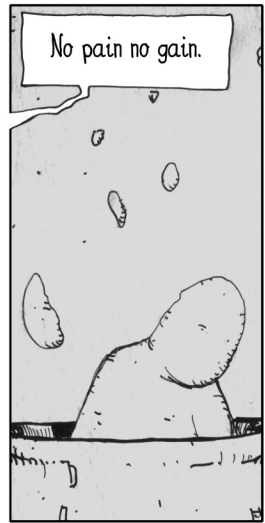
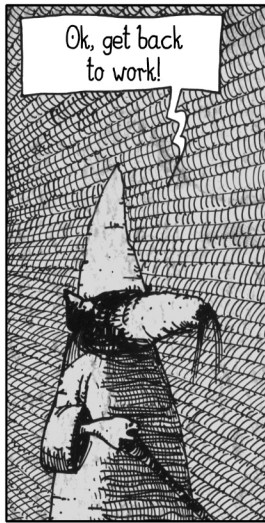


Many will come  
to us to experience  
the same.



This is just  
a beginning.







Mister  
Louvuttu Slitta  
arrived.

Hello, tailor.  
I'm looking for a real artist amongst  
your profession. My dear friend,  
prince Ergenemi recommended you.

You came to the right place.  
Wine? Food? Meth?

No, thank you.  
I'd rather get  
to the point,  
and those blessed commodities  
leave for later times  
after we discuss our matters.

If you're as good  
as they say,  
my order will  
be easy for you.

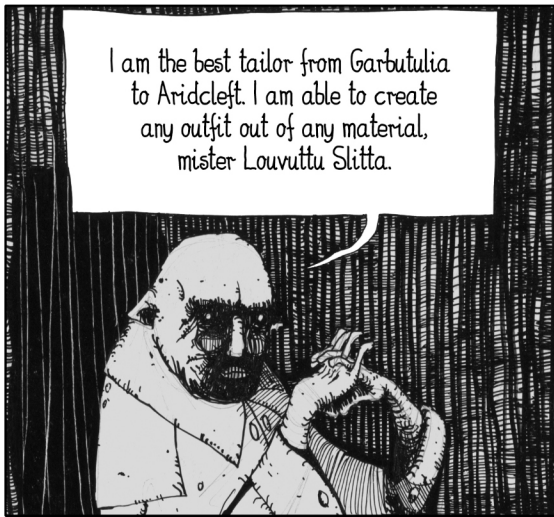
My lord... I'm better  
than what they say.



This is Siola, a dancer from Mogluk in a dress tailored by me.



And this is Basbug, prince of Garbutulia, in a sleeping gown made out of Siola.



I am the best tailor from Garbutulia to Aridcleft. I am able to create any outfit out of any material, mister Louvuttu Slitta.

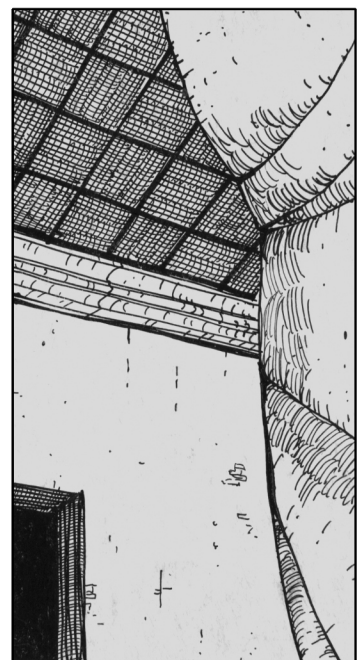
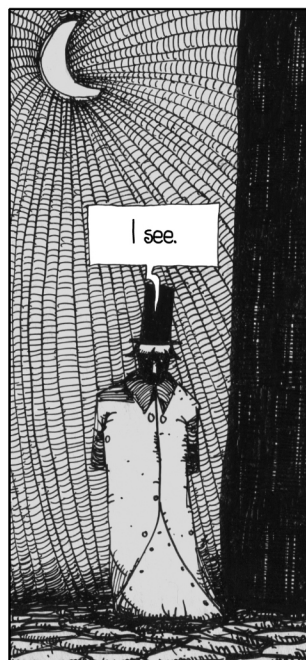


Very well. Autumn Ball is coming up in a month and I need an intricately sewn shirt and accessories. I already found the material.




Here.









Supposedly count  
Drogan Ogul will arrive  
with his new mistress.

Scandalous!

My dear ladies. If we only interbred  
within aristocracy, it would be  
finished after five generations.



Besides that,  
have you perhaps seen  
Louvutu Slitta?  
I can't get a hold  
of him since a month...



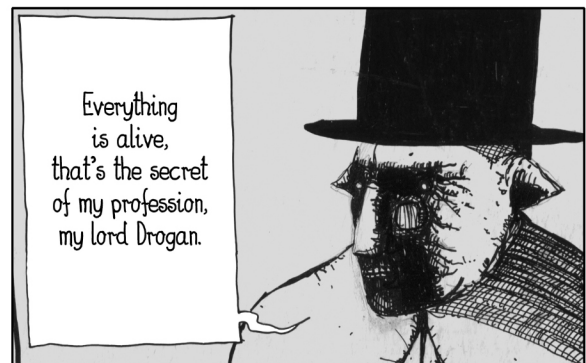
Ach!



This dress is  
a masterpiece.  
It apears almost alive!



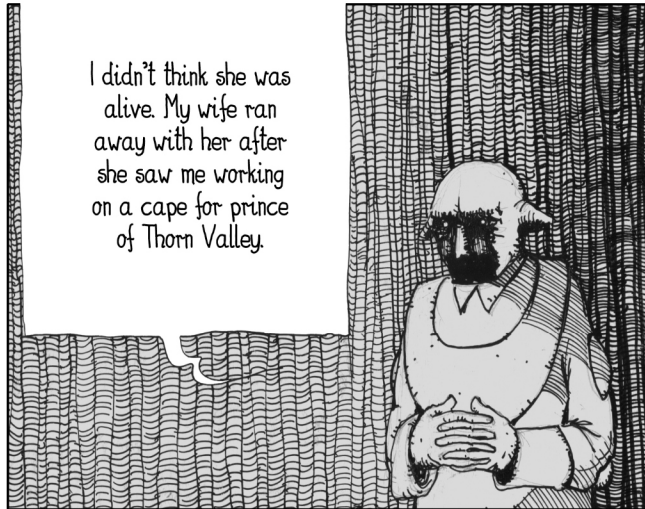
Everything  
is alive,  
that's the secret  
of my profession,  
my lord Drogan.





I had no idea, you had a daughter.  
And that she is so gorgeous.

Thank you,  
my lord.  
You're most  
kind...



I didn't think she was  
alive. My wife ran  
away with her after  
she saw me working  
on a cape for prince  
of Thorn Valley.

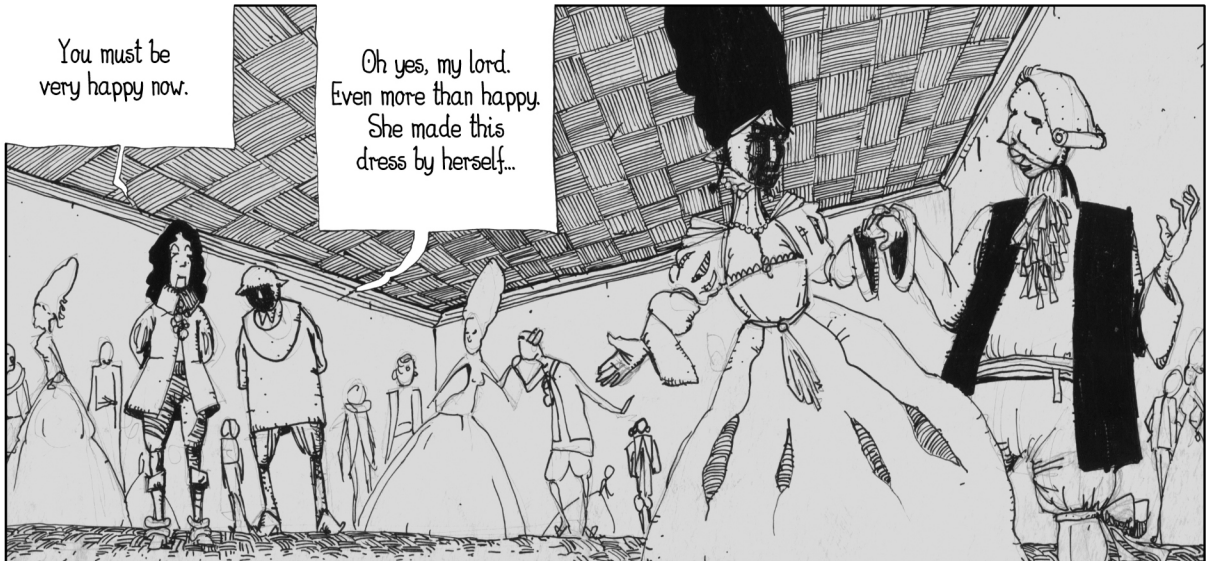


I thought they  
both drowned  
during the flood.



You must be  
very happy now.

Oh yes, my lord.  
Even more than happy.  
She made this  
dress by herself...





End of Old Testament